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# LIFE

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AUNRY BRUCE

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For

MEAD, AND COMPARY

Foresters





# LIFE

OF

# GENERAL OGLETHORPE

BY

# HENRY BRUCE

One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like OGLETHORPE, from pole to pole
POPE

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD, AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Aniversity Press:

John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

## Co my Mother,

THIS, MY FIRST VOLUME, IS DEDICATED.



Beginst of him James Hunter Campbell 1-29-32

### PREFACE.

THE letters and speeches, pamphlets and despatches, of General Oglethorpe, will never be collected now. For this reason, as well as because he wrote an excellent nervous English, I have let him speak for himself wherever it was possible in the following narrative. For similar reasons, I have tried to keep to the words of his friends, or of eyewitnesses, in almost every case.

The fate of General Oglethorpe in biography has been singularly ironical. He might have had so great a biographer as Dr. Johnson:—the greater Boswell actually collected materials for a life of him:—and as it is, he will never have any biographer in the true sense of the word. The bright-eyed, wiry, brave old gentleman who walks through the pages of Boswell's Johnson, friend of letters and of all good causes, oldest general in the British army, is a tantalizing subject. What a life might not have been written had the poet but been at hand to catch









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- 1730. Robert Johnson appointed Royal Governor of South Carolina. — Capture of Job, the Son of Solomon.
- 1732. Bishop Berkeley returns to England. Emigration of the Salzburghers. Death of Lady Oglethorpe (?). General Oglethorpe publishes his "New and Accurate Account of the Provinces of South Carolina and Georgia," and "Essay on Plantations." Colony of Georgia organized, June 9. General Oglethorpe ransoms Job. Sails for Georgia, in November, with 120 emigrants.
- 1733. General Oglethorpe reaches Charleston. Founding of Savannah, February 1st. Great Indian Convention in May. Tomo-chi-chi.
- 1734. Arrival of Salzburghers in Georgia. General Oglethorpe sails for England in April. Job returns to Africa. Last Campaign of Prince Eugene. Tomo-chi-chi in England.
- 1735. General Oglethorpe, with John and Charles Wesley, sails for Georgia in October.
- 1736. General Oglethorpe reaches Savannah in February.

   Founds Frederica in the same month. —
  Charles Wesley, in two months, makes Frederica too hot for him, and returns to England. —
  John Wesley becomes the most hated man in Savannah. Death of Prince Eugene. General Oglethorpe struggles incessantly against the Spaniards for nine months, and in November sails for England.
- 1737. Oglethorpe in England. John Wesley flies from Georgia. — Death of Queen Caroline.

- 1738. Ear of Jenkins re-emerges. Oglethorpe, with Royal troops, reaches St. Simon's in September, as Commander-in-Chief in Georgia and South Carolina. — Fortifies Frederica.
- 1739. General Oglethorpe, in July, meets the Indian nations at Coweta, 500 miles inland. Death of Tomo-chi-chi, aged 97. England, in October, declares war against Spain.
- 1740. General Oglethorpe's unsuccessful expedition, May to July, against St. Augustine. — The Spaniards more quiet for a time. — General Oglethorpe ill. — Colony going to the dogs.
- 1712. Fall of Sir Robert Walpole. General Oglethorpe beats back from St. Simon's, in June and July, a great Spanish Armada.
- 1743. Powder-magazine at Frederica blown up. Death of Toonahowi. — General Oglethorpe, in July, leaves Georgia forever.
- 1744. General Oglethorpe acquitted on court-martial. —
  Death of Alexander Pope; born 1688. Marriage of General Oglethorpe.
- 1745. Prince Charlie's Rebellion. Oglethorpe, as one of the four active Major-Generals, at Shap in December.
- 1746. General Oglethorpe court-martialled and acquitted.
   His career ruined by the idiotcy of the Duke of Cumberland.
- 1747. Oglethorpe Lieutenant-General.
- 1750. General Oglethorpe prominent in Parliament.
- 1752. Trustees of Georgia throw up their trust.
- 1754. General Oglethorpe defeated for Parliament, after sitting for thirty-two years.
- 1760. Death of George II.

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- 1763. Florida comes at last to England.
- 1765. Death of Duke of Cumberland; born 1721.—
  Oglethorpe obtains full rank of General.
- 1769. Benjamin Franklin, agent in London for Georgia.— Population of Georgia 5,000.
- 1774. Death of Oliver Goldsmith; born 1728.
- 1778. Savannah besieged; Frederica destroyed.
- 1783. Florida goes back to Spain.
- 1784. Death of Dr. Johnson; born 1709.
- 1785. Oglethorpe meets John Adams in London; Death of General Oglethorpe, July 1st, at the age of 96.
- 1787. Death of Mrs. Oglethorpe.
- 1788. Death of Charles Wesley; born 1708.
- 1791. Death of John Wesley; born 1703.
- 1795. Death of James Boswell; born 1740.
- 1797. Death of Horace Walpole; born 1717.
- 1833. Death of Hannah More; born 1745, the last of General Oglethorpe's friends.



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## LIFE OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

### CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND FAMILY, 1689.

JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE, the youngest son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, was born on the 1st of June, 1689, and was baptized at St. James's, Westminster, on the following day. The question of the date of his birth is one that has been a good deal vexed. "He was always unwilling," says John Nichols, "to tell his age; perhaps he was not certain about it." For some years before his death, in 1785, it was generally believed about London that he was a hundred; and in Georgia the 21st of December was for a long time celebrated as his birthday, though without any knowledge of the year. His birth has been assigned, for various loose reasons, to the years 1688, 1696, and 1698, but there seems little reason now to doubt that he was born on the 1st of June, 1689.

His family was deeply rooted in England from before the days of the Normans. It was "very antiently situated" at Oglethorpe, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and an Oglethorpe was actually Reeve, or High Sheriff, of the county at the time of the Conquest, and withstood William the Conqueror to the face. "The antient seat at Oglethorpe," says delightful John Nichols (1745–1826), "continued in the family till the Civil Wars, when it was lost for their loyalty; and several of the name died at once in the bed of honour, in defence of Monarchy, in a battle near Oxford."

The last undisturbed baron of Oglethorpe was William, who died in 1634. His daughter, Dorothy, married a French Marquis of Byron; his son Sutton, the grandfather of our General Oglethorpe, was fined £20,000 by the Parliament, and was driven out of his estates, which went to General Fairfax, and afterward formed the nucleus of the Bingley peerage. Sutton Oglethorpe had two sons. The elder son was the uncle of General Oglethorpe, and was stud-master to Charles II. He had three sons, of whom one died in India.

Theophilus Oglethorpe (1652-1702), Sutton's younger son, was born in 1652. He entered as a private gentleman in one of those three superb troops of Life Guards who received four shillings a day at a time when money was worth at least five times its present value, and whom Macaulay has described as affording no unworthy career for the younger sons of great squires. Even here he could not remain a private. By 1677 he had the rank of lieutenant. In 1679 he distinguished himself under the Duke of Monmouth, at the battle of Bothwell

Bridge, "where a tumultuary insurrection of the Scots was suppressed"; and in 1684 he became Lieutenant of the 3d troop of Life Guards, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. The next vear he was sent against the insurgents under his Macaulay mentions him late rash commander. twice in his account of the Western Rebellion; once, as dashing into Keynsham at the head of about a hundred men of the Life Guards, and scattering two troops of rebel horse which ventured to oppose him, and again, as leading a charge at the battle of Sedgmoor. For these services he was knighted. and speedily rose to be Major-General, and First Equerry to King James II.; but, as Mrs. Shaftoe says, "the Prince of Orange came to England, and that spoiled the rise of all their fortunes!" Yet Sir Theophilus had saved enough to purchase, in 1688, the manor of Westbrook, near Godalming, in Surrey. Godalming is a town about thirty miles from London, on the high road to Portsmouth, and Hazlemere, before the Reform Bill, was a delightful little pocket borough, at the extreme south-eastern corner of Surrey, ten miles beyond Godalming. In 1608 Sir Theophilus was elected M. P. for Hazlemere, and he represented it in the last two Parliaments of King He died on the 10th of April, 1702, and William. was buried in the church of St. James's, Westminster, where his wife put up a monument to him with a Latin inscription and a wrong date.

This is almost the sum of what we know of the father of General Oglethorpe. Mrs. Shaftoe, in her

lying narrative, represents him not inaptly as laughing, and saying, "He was always the last that gave his vote against King James." And once, more than eighty years after his death, when Dr. Johnson remarked, "What we did at the revolution was necessary, but it broke our constitution," General Oglethorpe replied, "My father did not think it necessary."

It ought to be added that Miss Strickland, in her excellent lives of Queen Mary and of Queen Anne, makes several references to Sir Theophilus as "Colonel Oglethorpe," on the authority of the Birch MS. and of others. In her account of the Whitehall fire, April, 1691, she says: "The conflagration of Whitehall certainly originated by accident, for Oueen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite being contiguous to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, the flames had communicated to the latter before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress into St. James's park. Here new adventures befell her, for Colonel Oglethorpe and Sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, leaders of the Jacobite party, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her." "She was notoriously insulted by them," repeats another manuscript authority.

Again, Miss Strickland says: "Arrests of the

most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled Oueen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and, like that bird, he still flew free from danger himself. 'Mr. Oglethorpe,' wrote the indefatigable Renaud. 'has almost entirely supported Crosby in prison, who has confided to him the letters (to the Jacobites) in England, which have since been destroyed by that gentleman. Oglethorpe has since aided the escape of divers of our people; among others, of a young lady, a relative of Mr. Jones (King James), who has been employed in sundry political messages seldom confided to persons of her sex. All this became known to the Prince of Orange (William III.). who gave orders to arrest her, and she was thrown And still again, Miss Strickland states into prison." that Sir Theophilus had a part in Sir George Barclay's plot for murdering King William in 1696. Barclay "was leagued," she says, "with Sir John Fenwick, with Colonel Olgethorpe, and many other persons of the most opposite principles, republicans as well as Jacobites." Somehow these statements do not seem to carry any inward voucher of veracity; and Mr. Wright, though coming after Miss Strickland, has made no reference to them. In her Life of Mary of Modena, Miss Strickland also says: "Lady Oglethorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told Sir John Reresby in confidence, 'that the king (James II.) was so deeply affected when the Princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding; a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle."

Sir Theophilus Olgethorpe married Eleanor Wall, "of a considerable family in Ireland." connected with many noble houses, and, among others, with the Scottish house of Argyle. She survived her husband thirty years, and she seems, for some years at the close of the reign of Oueen Anne. to have been a personage of considerable importance at court. Mrs. Oliphant has told us how "the politicians of the time stood upon their watch-towers straining their eyes to note all the comings and goings, and throwing a thousand straws into the air to see how the wind blew. On the whole, it is clear that most of them felt the slumberous wind from Whitehall to be breathing faintly and fitfully toward the little peevish court under the trees at St. Germains." Lady Oglethorpe had no doubts upon the ., subject, and she appears to have been the first to set the example of those evil Jacobitical practices which were followed by so many of her family, and the mere suspicion of which was the greatest bar to the advancement of her youngest son. Mrs. Shaftoe, whose word must be taken for what it is worth, describes "Madame Oglethorpe" as boasting that, "let times go how it would, she could always make friends," and again, as pretending to be a Protestant, and "whining upon the countrymen's wives

with many whining ways, to get the women to get their husbands to give their votes for Sir Theophilus Olgethorpe to be a member of Parliament, which they did." The picture does not seem to lack vraisemblance.

Lady Oglethorpe was an intimate of the savage and unhappy Swift (1667-1745), during his kingly time in London. She is often mentioned in the Journal to Stella, casually, or as introducing him to Lady Rochester or the Duchess of Hamilton. Once, under the date of December 12th, 1711, when the Duke of Ormond was in trouble, Swift says: "I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with Lady Oglethorpe, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice."

General Oglethorpe had three elder brothers, who all died childless, and generations before his own death. Lewis Oglethorpe (1681-1704) was born in 1681, and entered Corpus Christi College, at Oxford, in 1699. He was equerry to Queen Anne, and in 1702 succeeded his father as member for Hazlemere, in the first parliament of the new reign. John Evelyn (1620-1705) has a dry entry in his diary for the year 1703: "Sir Richard Onslow and Mr. Oglethorpe (son of the late Sir Theo. O.) fought on occasion of some words which passed at a committee of the house. Mr. Oglethorpe was disarmed." Lewis Oglethorpe served under the Duke of Marlborough, and on the 2d of July, 1704, when the French and the Bavarians were driven from the heights of

Schellenberg, on the Danube, he received a wound, from the effects of which he died at the Hague before the end of the same month. He was buried in St. James's church, and a Latin inscription, in which he is said to have died in the 22d, instead of in the 24th, year of his age, was engraved upon the same tablet with that of his father. Theophilus Oglethorpe, the next brother, who was born in 1682, and succeeded to the family estates on the death of Lewis in 1704, seems to have taken to dark courses. He was aide-de-camp at one time to the unfortunate second Duke of Ormond (1665-1745), who succeeded Marlborough as captain-general in 1712, and he represented Halzemere in the years 1708 and In 1714 he was defeated in a contest for the same borough, petitioned, and found his petition rejected for some technical reason. He lost his head. and left England forever, as so many Jacobites left it in that year. He went to Sicily, and thence drifted, by some irresistible fatality, to "the little peevish court under the trees at St. Germains." would seem impossible that he could have continued to hold his English estates, but we know nothing. In 1717, at the age of thirty-five, he was created a Jacobite baron, and he died childless in France at some date between 1717 and 1722. The third brother, Sutton, who was born in 1686, three years before General Oglethorpe, died as a child. There were five sisters in the family. Of two of these we know nothing but the names. The third sister, Ann, was a violent Jacobite. She lived long at St. Germains, and in 1722 was created a countess of Ireland. The very fact of her life and of her position must have been a constant menace to her brother's career. The two remaining sisters, Eleanor, the eldest of the five, and Frances Charlotte, formed great continental marriages, and will make themselves heard of.

In 1707 there appeared in London a tawdry pamphlet of thirty-one pages, without any publisher's name, and with the following title: "Mrs. Frances Shaftoe's Narrative-containing an account of her being in Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe's family; where hearing many treasonable things, and among others, that the pretended Prince of Wales was Sir Theophilus's son, she was trick'd into France by Sir Theophilus's daughter, and barbarously us'd to make her turn Papist and nun, in order to prevent a discovery; but at last made her escape to Suisserland, and from thence arrived in England, in December, 1706." It relates how Mrs. Shaftoe went down at Christmastide of 1600 to Sir Theophilus's "house at Godlyman" (Godalming), "to help sowing of linen." Here, among other things, "Ann Oglethorpe told me, that the first pretended Prince of Wales (the 'Old Pretender,' born in St. James's Palace, June 10th, 1688, died at Rome, January 12th, 1766) died of convulsion fits at the age of five or six weeks old, but her mother had a little son some days older than the Prince of Wales, and her mother took her little brother James, all in haste, and went up to London with him, for she had been at her country house, but her little brother was sick, the prince and he was both sick together, and her little brother died, or was lost, but that was a secret betwixt her mother and Oueen Mary, as Ann Oglethorpe told me, Frances Shaftoe, when she was in great joy for the Duke of Gloucester's death." Does not the reader of such a sentence begin to wonder whether General Oglethorpe died in infancy, or was really the son of James II.? The whole narrative is equally false and delirious. At this date it is impossible to tell whether its purpose was merely political, to revive the warming-pan story, or whether it may not actually have been written by some discarded serving-wench. It is principally interesting now as enabling us to trace the probable genesis of a falsehood which has circled the earth. Millions of persons who know no other fact about General Oglethorpe than that he founded Georgia, think that they know also that he was the foster-brother of the Pre-Hannah More, in 1784, is the first, so far as I am aware, to make the preposterous statement: "He was foster-brother to the Pretender"; and from Miss Hannah More to the millions the distance has never been very great. In truth, Mrs. Shaftoe's account would not need to have been repeated many times by the loose-minded, between 1707 and 1784, in order to assume its ultimate shape.

General Oglethorpe was born, of course, not in the sumptuous England of to-day, but in the sylvan little England of five millions, which Macaulay has so wonderfully described in his third chapter. The mansion-house of Westbrook still stands in its amphitheatre of hills, sheltered from the blasts of the north, and overlooking its tributary village and the peaceful Wey. Falsehood is strong, and Mr. Wright tells us that no rustic of the region doubts to this day that the Pretender was once secreted there for a long period, or that his indignant ghost yet walks the battlements on windy midnights.

#### CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES AND GUESSES AT HIS FIRST FORTY YEARS, 1689-1729.

## 1. Army and Oxford.

Of the first sixteen years of General Oglethorpe's life we know absolutely nothing. But in the Marlborough Correspondence for 1705 we find a letter, addressed to Lady Oglethorpe, which probably concerns him:

"CAMP AT WALSBERGEN, September 17th, 1705.

MADAM: There being now an opportunity, the first that has happened since I left England, of providing for your son in the Guards, if you please to send me the young gentleman's Christian name, his commission shall be despatched immediately.

I am, with truth, madam, etc.,

M."

This letter must refer either to James Oglethorpe, or to his brother Theophilus, who was twenty-three years old at the time; and there seems little doubt that it refers to the former, who was to be, eighty years later, the oldest general in the army. The writer was the first Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722),

- "Jack of Marlborough,
- "Who beat the Frenchmen through and through,"

and the date was in the fourth of those ten glorious years (1702-1711), the first ten of Queen Anne, when his genius had full swing.

- "Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
- " Is gone to the war in Flanders;
- "His fame is like Alexander's;
  - "But when will he come home?"

The obscurity which surrounds our own young hero is even more dense. Whether he actually received the commission, whether he went to Flanders at all, we can but guess. It was in the year of lull between Blenheim and Ramillies, the year which Mr. Henry Esmond spent at home before getting his "company in the campaign of 1706"; and we can only refer the reader to Thackeray's noble romance for an idea of the life of an officer of the period.

Certain it is that Oglethorpe served at some time under Marlborough, and in the midst of these floods of conjecture we are grateful for one foothold of assurance. On General Oglethorpe's monument in Cranham church we read that in 1714 he "was captain-lieutenant in the 1st troop of Queen's Guards."

Among the men of his time who were certainly known to Oglethorpe, and who must have most largely influenced his own career, was George Berkeley (1685–1753), four years older than himself.

This noble idealist and most lovable of philosophers is principally remembered now by reason of three snatches of verse; his own

- "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  - "The first four acts already past,
- "A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
  - "Time's noblest offspring is its last,"

### Pope's

- "Manners with candour are to Benson given,
- "To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven."

## and, best of all, Byron's

- "When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
  - "Why then it was no matter what he said."

In 1712, after having done the philosophical work of his life, he came to London. "He was introduced and recommended specially, it would seem, by Swift, who was one of his many friends," says Mrs. Oliphant, "to that strange hero of romance, the Earl of Peterborough (1658-1735), then about to start upon a mission as ambassador to the court of Sicily and other Italian States-and became his secretary and chaplain. In the suite of this remarkable and eccentric personage, Berkeley left philosophy and England, and went out, wandering on an errant course which lasted for years, abroad into the world. A natural, genial, joyous young soul, the very best and highest type of the adventurer, going blithely out to face the world and seek his fortune; and yet already the author of works, one of which had made an epoch in science, and the

other an epoch in metaphysics! Such wonders happen but rarely in this limited world. It is evident that he carried all that weight of learning lightly as a flower, and went away with the simplicity of genius, glad of opportunities of speaking French, and writing such letters to his 'dear Tom' as any young Irish chaplain on his travels might have written." Now it happens that in one of these letters to "dear Tom" (Mr. Thomas Prior), dated Turin, January 6th, N. S., 1714, he says, after mentioning that he was allowed the choice of coming from France to Italy by water or by land: "I chose the latter route, though I was obliged to ride post, in company of Colonel du Hamel and Mr. Oglethorpe. adjutant-general of the queen's forces, who were sent with a letter from my lord (of Peterborough) to the king's mother at Turin." From the preceding letter, dated six weeks earlier, it appears that Colonel du Hamel, at least, had been Berkelev's companion during a great part of the journey from London.

Both of General Oglethorpe's more important biographers have been glad to rest themselves upon this little shoal of certainty. But Mr. Wright, the more recent and careful of the two, says that it could not have been our hero, because he could not possibly have been an adjutant-general so early, and that Berkeley's companion must have been Theophilus Oglethorpe. There are also good reasons, not worth detailing, for questioning Mr. Wright's conjecture. At least let us be thankful for this casual glimpse of one or other of the brothers riding

post in the middle of winter through Savoy and across the Alps.

This year, 1714, is a comparatively comfortable one for General Oglethorpe's biographers. the year in which the Brunswick Stuarts came to England, probably to the despair of Lady Oglethorpe, and in which Theophilus Oglethorpe left England forever. And in July, 1714, as still appears from the buttery-book of Corpus Christi College, General Oglethorpe matriculated there, like his brothers before him. He was now twenty-five years of age, and the improbability of his entering college so late has been taken by some as sufficient ground for altering the date of his birth. But it was a common thing in the days of Queen Anne for young gentlemen to wait until the war was over before going to college. The only wonder would have been if the son and brother of soldiers had been able to live on at Oxford while Malbrouck was fighting in Flanders. The conduct of many thousands of young men in America during the late Civil War will illustrate this. Oglethorpe never completed, he could not have completed, his course at Oxford, for in 1716 we find him serving as a volunteer with Prince Eugène. But in 1731 he was created an M.A.

Among the truest of Oglethorpe's friends, now and for life, was the second Duke of Argyle (1678–1743). He was a distant kinsman, as we have seen, of Lady Oglethorpe. Pope has celebrated him in one of those clinging and ringing couplets in which

he delighted to embalm the memory of the few whom he cared to honour:

- "Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
- "And shake alike the Senate and the field."

and Scott has made him known to millions more as the protector of Jeannie Deans and of Scotland. This was the period of his greatest influence, for in 1714 he was more than any other man the means of seating King George on the throne, and in 1715 he overcame the Scottish Rebellion. And about the same time either Argyle or Marlborough, but much more probably Argyle, introduced Oglethorpe to Prince Eugene.

# 2. Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter.

Prince Eugene of Savoy (1663-1736), the greatest general, by universal consent, who has ever served in the armies of Austria, was a scion of that brave and time-serving dynasty which has so steadily grown to the dominion of all Italy. He was born in Paris on the 18th of October, 1663, precisely 150 years, as Sybel has remarked, before the Battle of the Nations at Leipsic. His father was a brave Count of Soissons, who was also a Prince of the House of Bourbon, and whose chief claim to remembrance is that by his astonishment on being told that he talked prose he furnished a jest ready-made to Molière. His mother was a niece of the superb Mazarin (1602-1661), and an old love of Louis XIV. (1638-1715), one of that pleiad of sisters and cousins of whom Ninon de l'Enclos said that the Mazarin blood was the very well-spring of charm.

He early showed a passion for arms; but Louvois. the great minister (1639-1691) had taken a spite at him, and he was refused a commission. In life-long rage and grief he went over to his kinsman the Emperor, then the only emperor in Christendom. Here he quickly showed that military genius which seems to be a common heritage in the House of Savoy. Before he was twenty-five he became Major-General, and he served as such at a siege of Belgrade in 1688. But his laurels were in vain. At the instigation of Louvois a decree was issued banishing all Frenchmen who continued to serve in foreign armies. "I shall return into France in spite of him," said Eugene, when he heard the news. continued his brilliant service abroad, but the deepest stimulus to his ambition was now the hope of being able one day to enter his native country as an invader. All his other hopes were destined to be gratified to repletion, but this hope, after the obstinate way that life has, was to be gratified never.

Nobly he served the Emperor, on the Turkish frontier, and against the French in Italy. Once he actually entered the confines of Dauphiné, but was obliged, by some fatality, to fall back. About this time Louis is said to have offered him the baton of a Marshal of France, with pensions and governments, but the offer came too late to give any pleasure, and of course was refused. He won a huge victory against the Turks at Zenta in 1697, and soon after,

in Italy, had the curious experience of almost ruining himself by capturing the opposing general, Villeroi, who was replaced by the far abler Vendôme.

During Marlborough's ten supreme years (1702–1711) Eugene seconded him with a singlehearted devotion of which there is no other example.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good I'rince Eugene."

Sometimes he was with Marlborough, the joint hero of Blenheim and of Malplaquet, sometimes in Italy on his own account, checked by Vendôme at Cassano, or winning his greatest victory at Turin the year after, 30,000 against 80,000, in a campaign which has been well called the prototype of Marengo. About this time, in pure loyalty to his master, the Emperor, he refused the throne of Poland at the hands of Peter the Great. In January of 1712, just after the removal of Marlborough, he paid an unsuccessful visit to England. The English would not fight any longer, and he was obliged to carry on the last campaign alone, with the sluggish aid of the Dutch.

Such was General Oglethorpe's master in war. Italian by descent, French by birth and education, German by truest allegiance, and signing himself in three languages, as Carlyle loved to remark, "Eugenio von Savoye"—a "bright little soul, with a flash in him as of Heaven's own lightning," and not yet grown too "old and snuffy."

In 1716 the Emperor again declared war against

the Turks. Prince Eugene, of course, commanded, and all we know is that Oglethorpe was with him as volunteer, or secretary, or aide-de-camp. But we know that the events of this and of the following campaign formed the heroic period of General Oglethorpe's life. The recollection of them made the greenest island in his imagination, and two generations later, when the old soldier would fight his battles over again, it was of Peterwaradin and of Belgrade that he loved to talk.

At the battle of Peterwaradin, Eugene, with 50,-000 soldiers, routed in open field an army of 150,000 Turks. This victory made a huge noise in Europe, and one of General Oglethorpe's biographers has moved the contempt of the other by giving a long description of the battle, and then remarking that Oglethorpe, "though present was not perhaps actively engaged." In the following year, 1717, Eugene advanced with 40,000 men and seated himself before Belgrade. This is the siege which Oglethorpe used to illustrate in after-years with drawings of wine on his uncovered dinner-table: this is the siege which forms one of the very few thrilling or poetic episodes in the history of Austria. the "white town," is a city of 30,000 inhabitants on the lower Danube, at the junction of the Save. is the capital of modern Servia, and is the same place where we now see with wonder illustrations of the meeting of constituent assemblies. But for centuries after the capture of Constantinople the possession of Belgrade was almost the vital question between Christendom and Islam. Its sieges are without number. In 1688, the year before Oglethorpe's birth, Eugene was here, at its taking from Two years later, the Turks took it the Turks. again. And now, in 1717, Eugene is here again. with his poor 40,000 men. "He would take it." "wollt kriegen," says the glorious old Austrian student's song. But there was a big garrison, of uncertain bigness, within, and there was a Turkish army of 150,000 without, and the dysentery came, and smote him, and carried off half his men, and the Turkish shot plunged day and night into his camp and into his very tent. At last, after six weeks, on the 21st of August, when all the world thought he must capitulate, he rose and fell upon the enemy. "He did like a lion in the fight," says the song; he received his thirteenth wound on this day, and to the world's astonishment, and probably his own, he took Belgrade and scattered the Grand Vizier's army of 150,-000.

Such was the victory of Belgrade. It created a rage of delight throughout Europe such as it is now hard to realize. Even Alexander Pope (1688-1744), writing to Edward Blount, says: "I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest." Dr. Warton (1722-1800), in a note to this passage, remarks on the word "victory," "At which General Oglethorpe was present, and of which I have heard him give a lively description."

In the year 1718 Prince Eugene again took the

field. His hopes flew high, and he even had thoughts of being able to take Constantinople. But the treaty of Passarowitz put an end to any such dreams. It is safe to conclude that General Oglethorpe served with him through these three campaigns of 1716, 1717, and 1718.

Dr. Warton, in another note on Pope, says of General Oglethorpe's early soldiering: "His first campaign (?) was made under Prince Eugene, against the Turks; and this great general always spoke of Oglethorpe in the highest terms. Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me (for I had the pleasure of knowing him well) that Eugene, speaking of Marlborough, said: 'There is a great difference in making war en maître, or en avocat!' But his settlement of the colony in Georgia gave a greater lustre to his character than even his military exploits."

James Boswell (1740–1795), to whom we owe almost every detail that now gives any interest or personality to General Oglethorpe, unfortunately belonged to the loose-minded brotherhood, and he has written Bender instead of Belgrade, thus mixing Oglethorpe up with all sorts of illegitimate Charles XII. associations. But his way is so inimitable that I must quote the greater part of his account of one famous evening:

"On Friday, April 10th (1772), I dined with him (Dr. Johnson) at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.

"Armorial bearings having been mentioned, John-

son said they were as ancient as the siege of Thebes, which he proved by a passage in one of the tragedies of Euripides.

"I started the question whether duelling was consistent with moral duty. The brave old general fired at this, and said, with a lofty air, 'Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour.'

"Goldsmith (turning to me): 'I ask you first, sir, what would you do if you were affronted?' I answered I should think it necessary to fight. 'Why then' (replied Goldsmith), 'that solves the question.'

"Johnson: 'No, sir, it does not solve the question. It does not follow that what a man would do is therefore right.' I said, I wished to have it settled, whether duelling was contrary to the laws of Chris tianity. Johnson immediately entered on the subject and treated it in a masterly manner; and so far as I have been able to recollect, his thoughts were these: 'Sir, as men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise: which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be Before men arrive at this artificial reeasily hurt. finement if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow; but in a state of highly polished society, an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must therefore be resented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it; as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up

with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self-defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence; to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel.'

"Let it be remembered, that this justification is applicable only to the person who *receives* an affront. All mankind must condemn the aggressor.

"The general told us that when he was a very young man, I think only fifteen, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a prince of Wirtemberg. The prince took up a glass of wine and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly, might have fixed a quarrelsome character upon the young soldier, to have taken no notice of it might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his highness had done in jest, said, 'Mon prince, --- ' (I forget the French words he used, the purport, however, was), 'That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England;' and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general who sat by, said, '!! a bien fait, mon prince, vous l'avez commencé:' and thus all ended in good humour.

"Dr. Johnson said, 'Pray, General, give us an account of the siege of Belgrade.' Upon which the general, pouring a little wine upon the table, described everything with a wet finger: 'Here we were, here were the Turks,' etc., etc. Johnson listened with the closest attention.

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"The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day. That upon that day a battle took place with the French: that after it was over, and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him, where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered. 'I shall die, notwithstanding what you see.' Soon afterward, there came a shot from a French battery. to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not yet reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocketbook the following solemn entry:

"[Here the date.] Dreamt—or — (Here was a blank, which may be filled up thus:—'was told by an apparition';—the writer being probably uncertain whether he was asleep or awake, when his mind was

impressed with the solemn presentiment with which the fact afterward happened so wonderfully to correspond.) 'Sir John Friend meets me' (here the very day on which he was killed, was mentioned). Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and enquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel."

It is with grief that we close our Boswell now for many years to come. Apropos of the duello, it may be worth remarking that Oglethorpe is said to have sent a challenge within three years of his death, and that Boswell's eldest son, Sir Alexander Boswell, fell in a duel. The statement that Oglethorpe was only about fifteen at the time of the wine story has proved a snag to many, and has even induced some to try and arrange the date of his birth to suit. Perhaps a certain mental peculiarity in Boswell, noted above, will sufficiently account for any discrepancy, and it is perfectly possible that Oglethorpe may have served with Prince Eugene in other campaigns years before the Turkish War. The Prendergast here mentioned was Colonel Sir Thomas Prendergast, or Prendergrass, of the 22d foot, who was killed at Malplaquet on the 31st of August, Macaulay calls him "a Roman Catholic gentleman of known courage and honour." In 1606 he informed the government of that plot to assassinate King William III. in which General Oglethorpe's father, according to Miss Strickland, had a large share, and in which Sir John Friend was not at all a leader, as Mr. Hill says, but merely a silent and disapproving accessory. Macaulay calls Friend a "silly, ill-educated gentleman." Swift has the following couplet against Prendergast's son:

"What! thou the spawn of him who shamed our isle, "Traitor, assassin, and informer vile."

Croker, in his own detestable way, has tried to prove that Oglethorpe was a liar, because the Colonel Cecil mentioned in this anecdote could not have been a colonel in 1709.

# 3. In Parliament.

By 1722 the unfortunate Theophilus Oglethorpe, the make-believe baron, must have been dead in his exile, for in this year we find General Oglethorpe in undisputed possession of the family estates. He was thirty-three years of age. About twenty years later he casually remarked that he could sell his estates for £45,000. Now to have an estate worth £45,000 in the reign of George II. was not such a very different thing from owning a million dollars at the present day. At least, then, by the time that he was thirty-three, General Oglethorpe was firmly established in the most enviable position that this earth has to offer—that of a great English gentleman.

In 1722 he was elected a member of Parliament for Hazlemere, which his father and his two elder brothers had represented before him, but by no means without breaks in the succession. This borough, previous to the Reform Bill, returned two members, and we are told that until the union of interests in the hands of the Earl of Lonsdale it was frequently the scene of expensive contests. But General Oglethorpe continued to represent Hazlemere, through all changes of life and of administration, for thirty-two years. His principles, now as always, were High Tory. The history of some members of his family must have proved either a strong temptation for him to join the Jacobites, or an equally strong warning, but it is certain that he never deviated in his lifelong loyalty to his country and to the Protestant succession.

In this year, also, 1722, the great Duke of Marlborough died: his

"Race of glory run, and race of shame."

When Oglethorpe entered Parliament, Sir Robert Walpole (1676–1745) was already firmly established in that long ministry which was to leave the old limited England transformed into the boundless England of to-day. There is little room for question as to whether this change was desirable; it was inevitable, and Sir Robert enabled it to be successful. Perhaps no minister was ever to an equal degree the father and the maker of his country. English commerce, English manufacture, every form of the stupendous modern English prosperity, had its birth during the generation of peace which he had the

1722

courage and the force to command. "For more than twenty years," says Mrs. Oliphant, "sometimes with the generous and intelligent aid of a great princess, sometimes in spite of all the baffling perversities of an ignorant and unenlightened king. against opposition, conspiracies of friend and foe, popular discontent, abuse, every kind of vexing contradiction, he stood steadily at the helm of state, to use the most hackneyed yet the most true of similes, with a clear sight which seldom failed him, and a patience and steadfastness beyond praise. He served England in spite of herself, earning little gratitude by his exertions. He ruled her as a prudent man rules his household, regarding not so much any theory of government as its practical needs and possibilities, with a wonderful indifference to blame, and with something of that noble self-confidence with which a man of genius feels himself the only man answerable for an emergency." This was the great minister who was in power when Oglethorpe entered public life, and who continued in power throughout all the period of Oglethorpe's active public career. We shall hear of him frequently, and perhaps some will have reason to complain that he was defectively appreciative of philanthropists. On all merely political questions Oglethorpe, of course, was bound to oppose him.

We get hardly more than a glimpse or two of General Oglethorpe's early Parliamentary career, and one glimpse will suffice. In 1723 the brilliant and restless and high-flying Francis Atterbury (1662–

1732). Bishop of Rochester, was driven out of England for treasonable dealings with the Pretender. There was a fierce struggle to secure him immunity. In the House of Lords, for instance, Pope's friend, Lord Bathurst, after telling a story about a Frenchman with an infernal machine, and another about "that wicked politician, Cardinal Mazarin," turned upon the bench of bishops, who had shown particular malignity against Atterbury, and remarked that "he could hardly account for the inveterate hatred and malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless it was that they were intoxicated with the infatuation of some of the wild Indians, who fondly believed they inherit not only the spoils, but even the abilities of any great enemy they kill." In the House of Commons, among other events, Mr. Lawson represented, "That the evidence against the bishop being all either hearsay, or conjecture, and therefore not to be depended upon, he ought to have no punishment." And thereupon, as Cobbett's meagre but excellent old Parliamentary History puts it, "Mr. Oglethorpe was of the same opinion, but gave it another turn; he said, 'It was plain the Pretender had none but a company of silly fellows about him; and it was to be feared that if the bishop, who was allowed to be a man of great parts, should be banished, he might be solicited and tempted to go to Rome, and there be in a capacity to do more mischief by his advice than if he was suffered to stay in England under the watchful eve of those in power."

All was in vain, and Atterbury had to go. The fact that such a man could be so suddenly and terribly stricken down is a sufficient proof of the disjointed condition of the times. On landing at Calais he met Bolingbroke (1678-1751), "noble of style and poor of heart," returning from exile. "We are exchanged," said Atterbury, with a smile.

It is also significant to learn that General Oglethorpe vehemently opposed in Parliament the impressment of seamen, and that in 1728, he published a pamphlet on this subject called "The Sailor's Advocate"

# 4. The Ever-vext Bermoothes.

In 1724 George Berkeley, not yet bishop, but already the richest dean in Ireland, and with a reputation "at a height which only one or two men in a century ever gain," set out for England once more. "An idea had seized upon his busy brain more dangerous," says Mrs. Oliphant, "than any onslaught upon matter. It had occurred to him some fine day, no one knows how-in the learned babble of Leicester Fields, perhaps, or on the Italian hills, or amid the salt spray on the shores of his own island -to think of certain ignorant savages far away over the seas, where a new English empire seemed forming on the shores of America. America itself was hidden in the mists of the future, and no premonition warned Dean Berkelev of that immeasurable Yankee nation which was so soon to come into being. It was 'a scheme for converting the savage

Americans to Christianity' that began to work in his teeming brain. The unhappy red men, so dwindled, so miserable and hopeless, bore an interest then which it seems now strange to contemplate. . . . Accordingly the new dean is scarce warm in his seat before this idea, howsoever conceived or suggested. begins to work so strongly in him that he cannot rest. Derry and £1,100 a year, and all the advantages of place and position, become as nothing in comparison with those savage Americans. there is a certain statesman-like calm even in his It is no wild, solitary expedition on which fervour. he longs to set out. His scheme is to carry a staff with him—to go accompanied with his brotherhood, a colony of evangelists."

One of the letters of introduction which Dean Berkelev carried with him, addressed from Dean Swift to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says: "... He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power, and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academic-philosophic of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where

he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left at your excellency's disposal. I discourage him by the coldness of courts and minsters, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I do humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design, which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."

This "little tract" was published in 1725. it, and from other sources, we gather that Berkeley's object was nothing less than to reclaim the whole red race. To do this he proposed a plan which has been adopted in recent days with at least as much success as has attended any other missionary scheme —that of training young natives as missionaries to their countrymen. But in order that this training might be given with any hopes of lasting effect it would be necessary, he thought, to detach the victims, during the process, from all contact with their natural savagery. He did not dare, therefore, to establish his Indian college at any point on the American continent, but chose the beautiful Bermuda Islands, precisely in the latitude of Oglethorpe's future city of Savannah, but 500 miles out at sea.

"Such," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was the philoso-

pher's dream. Rock-encircled islands, so defended by nature that foe or pirate could not come near them, lavishly supplied with all that nature needs: tranquilly free from trade, yet with a little navy of sloops coming and going between them and the world; a vast sea around, which cools the hot breezes and softens the northern winds: a climate 'like the latter end of a fine May': tall cedars to shelter the orange-trees; the calm of philosophy, the light of love (for was not the missionary sage about to be married?), a splendid aim and a hundred pounds a year!" We all know how the philosopher's dream came out. He got rid of his deanery, he got a charter for his college, and he got, in words, a grant of £20,000. "His heart was so moved by his success that, so far as we are informed, for the only time in his life, Berkeley burst into song." In August, 1728, he married, and in September he set sail, with his wife and his companions, in a "hired ship of 250 tons." In January he landed—in the harbour of Newport, Rhode Island. How had this happened? Updike, in his rare and curious "History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett," gives as naif an account as any: "The captain of the ship in which he sailed could not find the island of Bermuda, and having given up the search for it, steered northward until they discovered land unknown to them, and which they supposed to be inhabited by savages."

And Berkeley actually never saw the remote Bermudas! We know how he lived for nearly four

years in Newport, loved by the fine old slave-holding aristocracy of Rhode Island, and throwing an illumination, by his presence, over all that dim New England period: one of the most interesting chapters in American history might be written on Berkeley's stay in Newport. Here his first child was born, and was a "great joy" to him. He was writing the "Minute Philosopher" to refute the freethinkers of his day, and was waiting for his £20,000. "His letters," says Mrs. Oliphant, "convey the idea to us of a man on a headland straining his eyes out to sea for ships which will not come."

At last Sir Robert Walpole told the bishop of London, Berkeley's friend, that, speaking as a minister, the money would most undoubtedly be paid; "but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £20,000, I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations."

"And so the whole chivalric scheme," Mrs. Oliphant goes on, "broke down. Berkeley had wasted four years in the blank existence of the little New England town, had 'expended much of his private property,' and spent infinite exertions and hopes in vain. He gave up, on the whole, some seven years of the flower and prime of his life to the scheme thus cruelly and treacherously rendered abortive. . . . Berkeley returned in 1732 to England, his hopes over, so far as the New World was concerned, his deanery gone in the Old World, his money spent,

and the cares of a growing family upon him. Had he but contented himself with pleasant Derry and  $\mathcal{L}_{1,100}$  a year, as any other philosopher would! But here our idealist stands alone among philosophers, and in a very small minority among men."

The fact that Berkeley bears something of the same suggestive relation to Oglethorpe which Oglethorpe in turn bears to two such different philanthropists as John Howard (1726–1790) and William Wilberforce (1759–1833) will justify the space here given to him. Perhaps it is not too hard on Berkeley to say that the contrast between his settlement of Bermuda and Oglethorpe's settlement of Georgia immediately after marks "the difference between the man who can and him who cannot."

# 5. Of the Persecuted Protestants in Salzburg.

During all these years (1727-1732) Oglethorpe's heart was burning within him as he read and heard of the wrongs of the Salzburgers. We shall hear much, in years to come, of these good people: foremost among all the secondary motives for the founding of Georgia was the desire to afford them a refuge. Carlyle has described their sad case in a way which would make it fatuous for any one else to try to tell the story:

"For three years past there has been much rumour over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign prince so-styled; it is from him and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crozier, that the noise originates. Strange rumour of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote mountains, and getting miserably ill-used, by the right reverend father in those parts. Which rumour, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded.

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"The Salzburg country, north-eastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys. and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundarylands; seen the wooden-clock making, salt works, toy manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch hats; and can bear some testimony of the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the archbishop's city, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was. A romantic city, far off among its beautiful mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn. into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Barbarossa; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm [1688 - 1740 - father of Frederick the

Great] makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

"It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty Years' War, the fair chance was Austria, too, would all become Protestant: an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria, too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries. having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue official and papal. Highest rank had its Thirty Years' War, 'its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hvacinth in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-armour'; and, by working late and early, then and afterward, did manage at length to trample out Protestantism-they know with what advantage by this time. Trample out Protestantism: or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. the imperial free-towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg country is one of these nooks; an extensive crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely fowarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe

the vital air than those dissentient Salzburgers; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

"Successive archbishops had known of this crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All the attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring up strife, had been discontinued for many generations; and the crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical, romantic object, ignored by official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new archbishop, one 'Firmian,' Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

"Right Reverend Firmian had not been very long in Salzburg till he smelt out the crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and, in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumours that had risen over Germany in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling out some German Bible or devout book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; hauling them to the Right Reverend Father-in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation; for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch hats almost to mankind in gen-

eral, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. 'Cannot, your reverence; must not, dare not!' and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising 'Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, article so-and-so.' 'Treaty of Westphalia?' Leave Salzburg?' shrieked the right reverend father; 'Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!' shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments—Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

"Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser; to the King of England, King of Denmark;—orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up;—bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, 'That unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps': 'reprisals' the first step. according to the old method of his Prussian majesty. Rumour of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every corpus, evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian: intimates at last to him, that he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate, if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"'Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate,' answers Firmian: 'the sooner the better!' And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some nine hundred of them over the frontiers: 'Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!' -'And our properties, our goods and chattels?' ask they. 'Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!' And the poor nine hundred had to go out, in the rigour of winter, 'hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time': and seek quarters in the wide world mostly unknown Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr: to them. accquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the hill here—but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

"Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, that their establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it;—and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till the weather mend, and his Prussian

majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them."

The touching and picturesque details of the emigration which followed, in 1732, belong to German history and literature. "Readers know," asks Carlyle, "of a book called *Hermann and Dorothea?* It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg pilgrimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more (1749 was Goethe's birth year). In middle life he threw it into hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more."

It is a pleasure to be able to extract from Carlyle's account of this emigration the following bit about one of the three commissioners who were appointed by King Friedrich Wilhelm to superintend the long march from Salzburg to Preussen: "Commisarius First: 'Herr von Reck was a nobleman from the Hanover country; of very great piety; who, after his commission was done, settled at Halle; and lived there, without servant, in privacy, from the small means he had; seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on the Theological and Ascetic College Lectures, where I [Buchholz] used to see him constantly in my student time.'"

This nobleman from the Hanover country had to wander further than Preussen before he could indulge himself in that stimulating life where attendance on college lectures formed the sole satisfaction. He it was who carried out the first company of Salzburgers to Georgia, and the early histories speak of him indifferently as "Baron von Reck" and as "Mr. Commisary von Reck." His journal, published in London in 1734, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, contains facts, most of them, like himself, a little dim.

"We have only to add or repeat," says Carlyle, "that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year (1732); and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; 'but George II. took a certain number,' say the Prussian books (George II., or pious trustees instead of him), 'and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia'—read, Ebenezer in Georgia, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a colony. There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell;—but have never heard of them since."

#### CHAPTER III.

#### DEBTORS IN ENGLAND, 1729-1732.

"In the days," says Mr. Bancroft, "when protection of property was avowed to be the end of government, the gallows was set up as the penalty for a petty theft. Each year, in Great Britain, at least four thousand unhappy men were immured in prison for the misfortune of poverty; a small debt exposed to a perpetuity of imprisonment; one indiscreet contract doomed the miserable dupe to lifelong confinement."

Oglethorpe's attention seems to have been first drawn to the subject by the hideous death of his friend, Mr. Robert Castell. This gentleman was a scholar, and a loving amateur in architecture. He is still dimly known for his able work called "The Villas of the Ancients Illustrated." It is one of those superb folios which Englishmen in the last century had yet the secret of making. It is dedicated to the same Earl of Burlington to whom Pope's Fourth Epistle is addressed, and it was intended as an introduction to a translation and explanation of Vitruvius. It was "printed for the author" in 1728, probably but a few months before his death. General Oglethorpe's name is among

those of the few subscribers taking "two books." It appears that in July, 1729, after Mr. Castell's death, some copies were standing over to be disposed of for the benefit of his unfortunate wife and family.

The circumstances of his death are thus narrated by Oglethorpe himself, in one of the official reports: "These sponging houses were further used by the aid Bambridge (warden of the Fleet prison) as a rror for extorting money from the prisoners, who, ecurity given, have the liberty of the rules; of Mr. Robert Castell was an unhappy instance: born to a competent estate; but being unforby plunged in debt, was thrown into prison: ...e was first sent (according to custom) to Corbett's [Bambridge's "tipstaff"]; from whence he, by presents to Bambridge, redeemed himself, and giving security, obtained the liberty of the rules; notwithstanding which he had frequently presents (as they are called) extracted from him by Bambridge, and was menaced, on refusal, to be sent back to Corbett's again.

"The said Bambridge having thus unlawfully extorted large sums of money from him in a very short time, Castell grew weary of being made such a wretched property, and resolving not to injure farther his family or his creditors, for the sake of so small a liberty, he refused to submit to further exactions; upon which the said Bambridge ordered him to be re-committed to Corbett's, where the smallpox then raged, though Castell acquainted him with his not

having had that distemper, and that he dreaded it so much, that the putting him into a house where it was, would occasion his death, which, if it happened before he could settle his affairs, would be a great prejudice to his creditors, and would expose his family to destruction; and therefore he earnestly desired that he might either be sent to another house, or even into the jail itself, as a favour; the melancholy case of this poor gentleman moved the very agents of the said Bambridge to compassion, so that they also used their utmost endeavours to dissuade him from sending this unhappy prisoner to that infected house; but Bambridge forced him thither, where he (as he feared he should) caught the smallpox, and in a few days died thereof, justly charging the said Bambridge with his death, and unhappily leaving all his affairs in the greatest confusion, and a numerous family of small children in the utmost distress."

Is not this enough? Gladly, if it were possible, would readers and author avoid the details which ought to follow. But we are bound to remember that such things were in England a hundred and sixty years ago, and that it is by reason of the course which he took in the midst of such things that Oglethorpe has a right to be remembered in the history of humanity.

In the baffling impersonality which seems to fold every period of his career, we know not how Oglethorpe received the death of his friend—in what lonely place the sudden news of it stung and smote him, kindling within him the fierce unaltering resolve to strive to leave the world at his own death, a little purified of ancient crime and folly. We can but know him now by what he did, and we know that he immediately brought the subject before the House of Commons with such effect that a committee of fourteen, with himself as chairman, was appointed on the 25th of February, 1729, to inspect the debtors' prisons in London. As chairman of this committee he brought in three several reports, on the 20th of March and the 14th of May, 1729, and on the 11th of May, 1730, as to the state of the Fleet prison, of the Marshalsea, and of the King's Bench. These reports lie before me now, in sixty or seventy of the dim and stained pages of Cobbett's old Parliamentary History. They are not exhilarating reading. Here are a score of cases as bad as Castell's; here are some cases much worse. The vellow pages, like the leaves in Dante's dolorous wood, seem to cry out with strong agony as one touches them.

I can only quote a few of the milder facts which were brought to light.

"John Huggins, Esquire, by giving £5,000 to the late Lord Clarendon, did, by his interest, obtain a grant of the said office [warden-ship of the Fleet] for his own son's life."

"That the said John Huggins, growing in years and willing to retire from business, and his son [this son grew literary, and published an absurd translation of Ariosto long after], not caring to take upon him so troublesome an office,"—in short, sold it to Thomas Bambridge for £5,000. Bambridge appears to have been a genius, for in a year or two he had made his office worth a yearly income of £5,000.

"That in some rooms, persons who are sick of different distempers are obliged to lie together, or on the floor; one, in particular, had the smallpox, and two women were ordered to lie with her."

"That Thomas Hogg, who had been a prisoner in the Fleet prison, and was then discharged by order of court, about eight months after such discharge, passing by the door of that prison, stopped to give charity to the prisoners at the grate, and being seen by James Barnes (one of the said Bambridge's agents, and accomplices) the said Barnes seized, and forced him into Corbett's spunging house, where he hath been detained ever since (now upward of nine months) without any cause, or legal authority, whatsoever."

"He (Huggins) owned that he has in his custody fifty-two discharges more, which ought to have been long since discharged, and amount to very great sums of money."

"Bambridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon, called the strong room of the master's side. This place is a vault, like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons, dying in the said prison, are usually deposited, till the coroner's inquest hath passed upon them. . . . And the committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him; for

on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again as warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth and nose."

"And he put irons upon his legs which were too little, so that, in forcing them on, his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured; upon which the prisoner complaining of the grievous pain, and straitness of the irons, Bambridge answered that he did it on purpose to torture him. . . . After long application his irons were changed, and a surgeon directed to dress his legs, but his lameness is not, nor ever can be, cured. He was kept in this miserable condition for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced, and in danger of being lost."

"When the miserable wretch hath worn out the charity of his friends, and consumed the money, which he hath raised upon his cloathes and bedding, and hath eat his last allowance of provisions, he usually in a few days grows weak, for want of food, with the symptoms of a hectic fever; and, when he is no longer able to stand, if he can raise 3d. to pay the fee of the common nurse of the prison, he obtains the liberty of being carried into the sick ward, and lingers on for about a month or two, by the assistance of the above-mentioned prison portion of provision, and then dies.

"The committee saw in the women's sick ward, many miserable objects lying without beds, on the floor, perishing with extreme want; and in the men's sick ward yet much worse; for along the side of the walls of that ward boards were laid upon trestles, like a dresser in a kitchen; and under them, between those trestles, were laid on the floor one tire of sick men, and upon the dresser another tire, and over them hung a third tire in hammocks."

When a little liquid food was given, with all caution, to one of these wretches, he died, and the jury pronounced that he died of want. A certain Sir Villiam Rich was found by the committee loaded with irons in a peculiarly atrocious manner: they ordered him to be released, but as soon as their backs were turned the redoubtable Bambridge threw him into worse confinement than before. The seals of prisoners were used to obtain money; in the Marshalsea pirates were kept with the debtors. . . . "After this he was carried into the strong room, where, besides the other irons, which he had on, they fixed on his neck and hands an iron instrument called a collar. like a pair of tongs; and he being a large, lusty man, when they screwed the said instrument close, his eyes were ready to start out of his head, the blood gushed out of his ears and nose, he foamed at the mouth, the slober ran down, and he made several motions to speak, but could not."

"The various tortures and cruelties, before mentioned, not contenting these wicked keepers in their said pretended magistracy over the prisoners, they found a way of making within this prison a confinement more dreadful than the strong room itself, by coupling the living with the dead; and have made

a practice of locking up debtors, who displeased them, in the yard with human carcases."

Such are a few only of the less offensive of the details brought to light by the committee. "If this be law," says Oglethorpe, "all England may be made one extended prison."

That the labours of the jail committee did not fail to arouse a large amount of public interest is evident from several contemporary testimonials. James Thomson, for instance (1700-1748—"O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!"), the really noble poet of the "Castle of Indolence" and of parts of the "Seasons," has two passages on Oglethorpe. Neither of these is in his happiest manner, yet the lines which he inserted in his "Winter," first published in 1726, have a certain fine ring:

- "And here, can I forget the generous band
- "Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
- "Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
- "Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
- "Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
- "And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
- "While in the land of liberty, the land
- "Whose every street and public meeting glow
- " With open freedom, little tyrants raged :
- "Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
- "Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed;
- "E'en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep:
- "The freeborn Briton to the dungeon chained,
- "Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
- "At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes:
- "And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
- "That for their country would have toiled or bled.

- "O great design! if executed well,
- "With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
- "Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
- "Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
- "Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
- "And bid the cruel feel the pains they give! . . . "

It is disappointing to learn that Bambridge, with the accumulations of his £5,000 a year, and most of his fellow-wardens, escaped all the attempts that were made to "bid the cruel feel the pains they give." But for the future the worst abuses, at least, of this ancient iniquity were abolished; and it is evident that Oglethorpe was already meditating the details of the scheme by which he was to offer a home to hundreds to whom England had become homeless, at the same time that he threw himself as a forlorn hope into those narrowing regions between the southern colonies of England in America, and the ever-encroaching Spaniard.

During these years Oglethorpe's name appears rather frequently in the Parliamentary debates. These speeches, in the form in which they have come down to us, are not without a suspicion of platitude; in fact, most of them would make intolerable reading. I will give two specimens of them at their very best.

In January, 1731, Oglethorpe took part in opposing an unlimited vote of thanks for the king's speech. Smollet says: "Mr. Oglethorpe, a gentleman of unblemished character, brave, generous, and humane, affirmed that many other things related more imme-

diately to the honour and interest of the nation, than did the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction. said that he wished to have heard that the new works at Dunkirk had been entirely razed and destroved: that the nation had received full and complete satisfaction for the depredations committed by the natives of Spain; that more care was taken in the disciplining of the militia, on whose valour the nation must chiefly depend in case of an invasion; and that some regard had been shown to the oppressed Protestants in Germany. He expressed his satisfaction, however, to find that the English were not so closely united to France as formerly, for he had observed that when two dogs were in a leash together, the stronger generally ran away with the weaker; and this, he feared, had been the case between France and Great Britain."

At the end of 1731 occurred an event which seems like an anticipation of some modern financial transactions. A huge "Charitable Corporation" for advancing money to the poor, etc., which had been running for a quarter of a century, and which numbered some of the greatest of the land among its officers, suddenly blew up. The managers went to France; and only £30,000 could be found with which to answer claims of £500,000 or £600,000. In one of the debates on this subject early in the following year, "Mr. Oglethorpe stood up and spoke," among other things, as follows: "For my own part, I always was for encouraging the design upon which this corporation was at first established:

people may call it charitable or not, as they please; but I always looked upon it as an act of charity to let necessitous persons have money to borrow upon easier terms than they could have it elsewhere: money, like other things, is but a commodity, and in the way of dealing, the use thereof, as well as of other things, is looked upon to be worth what people can get for it; if this corporation let necessitous people have the use of their money, at a cheaper rate than any other person would lend money at. they were certainly useful to the public, and were so far to be reckoned a charitable corporation; and if they had asked more than what was usual to be given, they could not have had any customers: the design was therefore in itself good and useful, but the better the design was, the more those persons deserve to be punished, who, by their frauds, have disappointed the public of reaping the benefit which might have accrued by an honest and faithful execution of so good an undertaking."

About this time, probably in 1732, died Lady Oglethorpe—she who is said to have boasted that she could always make friends, "let times go how it would," and whom even the cunning Swift esteemed a cunning devil. Certain it is that her son was yet to feel, for more than fifty years, some of the results of her cunning courses.

#### CHAPTER IV.

### ONE REMEDY, 1732.

In 1732 William Bowyer (1699–1777), the last of the really learned printers of England, published two anonymous tracts: "A New and Accurate Account of the Provinces of South Carolina and Georgia," and "An Essay on Plantations; or, Tracts Relating to the Colonies." We know by the testimony of Bowyer's pupil, John Nichols, that these were the productions of General Oglethorpe.

The Essay on Plantations I have been unable to lay hands on. But the Account of South Carolina and Georgia still remains, and it is a truly noble memorial of the author. I shall have to tell what he succeeded in doing, under the baffling conditions of life; here is the dream of what he aspired to do. The Account is a pretty pamphlet of seventy-six pages. It was sold at a shilling; and except for an exasperating number of capitals and italics, it would do credit to any modern press. It has a preface, and six chapters, of which the first two are introductory. We need only premise that George II. had already, in General Oglethorpe's language, "incorporated a considerable number of persons of quality and distinction, and vested a large tract of South

Carolina in them, by the name of Georgia, in trust to be distributed among the necessitous."

In the third chapter, after speaking of the failure of the recent attempts to populate South Carolina. General Oglethorpe says:

"But all this encouragement was not sufficient to people this country: they who can make life tolerable here are willing to stay at home, as 'tis indeed best for the kingdom that they should, and they who are oppressed by poverty and misfortunes are unable to be at the charges of removing from their miseries. These were the people intended to be relieved, but they were not able to reach the friendly arm extended for their relief, something else must be done, of which more shall be said in a proper place. us in the mean time cast our eves on the multitude of unfortunate people in the kingdom of reputable families, and of liberal, or at least, easy education; some undone by guardians, some by law-suits, some by accidents in commerce, some by stocks and bubbles, and some by suretyship. But all agree in this one circumstance, that they must either be burthensome to their relations, or betake themselves to little shifts for sustenance, which ('tis ten to one) do not answer their purposes, and to which a well-educated mind descends with the utmost constraint. various misfortunes may reduce the rich, the industrious, to the danger of a prison, to a moral certainty of starving! These are the people that may relieve themselves and strengthen Georgia, by resorting thither, and Great Britain by their departure.

"I appeal to the recollection of the reader (tho' he be opulent, tho' he be noble) does not his own sphere of acquaintance? (I may venture to ask) does not even his own blood, his set of near relations furnish him with some instances of such persons as have been here described? Must they starve? What honest mind can bear to think it? Must they be fed by the contributions of others? Certainly they must, rather than be suffered to perish. Are these wealth to the nation? Are they not a burden to themselves, a burden to their kindred and acquaintance? A burden to the whole community?

"I have heard it said (and 'tis easy to say so) let them learn to work: let them subdue their pride and descend to mean employments, keep ale-houses or coffee-houses, even sell fruit, or clean shoes, for an honest livelihood. But alas! these occupations, and many more like them, are overstocked already by people who know better how to follow them, than do they whom we have been talking of. Half of those who are bred in low life, and well versed in such shifts and expedients, find but a very narrow maintenance by them. As for labouring, I could almost wish that the gentleman, or merchant, who thinks that another gentleman, or merchant in want, can thresh, or dig, to the value of subsistence for his family, or even for himself; I say I could wish the person who thinks so, were obliged to make trial of it for a week, or (not to be too severe) for only a day; he would find himself to be less than the fourth part of a labourer, and that the fourth part of a labourer's wages could not maintain him. I have heard it said, that a man may learn to labour by practice; 'tis admitted; but it must also be admitted that before he can learn, he may starve. Suppose a gentleman were this day to begin, and with grievous toil found himself able to earn three pence, how many days, or months, are necessary to form him that he may deserve a shilling per diem? Men, whose wants are importunate, must try such expedients as will give immediate relief. 'Tis too late for them to begin to learn a trade when their pressing necessities call for the exercise of it."

Then, speaking of the alleged inability of these people to labour, Olgethorpe says: "Give here in England ten acres of good land to one of these helpless persons, and I doubt not his ability to make it sustain him, and this by his own culture, without letting it to another: but the difference between no rent, and rack-rent, is the difference between eating and starving. If I make but twenty pound of the produce of a field, and am to pay twenty pound rent for it, 'tis plain I must perish if I have not another fund to support me; but if I pay no rent, the produce of that field will supply the mere necessities of life."

"These trustees," adds Oglethorpe, referring to the Board of which he was himself the soul, "these trustees not only give land to the unhappy who go thither, but are also impowered to receive the voluntary contributions of charitable persons to enable them to furnish the poor adventurers with all necessaries for the expense of the voyage, occupying the land, and supporting them 'till they find themselves comfortably settled. So that now the unfortunate will not be obliged to bind themselves to a long servitude, to pay for their passage, but they may be carried gratis into a land of liberty and plenty; where they immediately find themselves in possession of a competent estate, in an happier climate than they knew before, and they are unfortunate indeed if here they can't forget their sorrows."

The first part of the fourth chapter is devoted to a refutation of the fallacy, accredited to Sir William Petty and Sir William Temple, that numbers, taken absolutely, constitute wealth. Prisoners, Oglethorpe here calls "a slow fire, and hectick fever to consume the vitals of the state." "This colony," he says later, "is chiefly intended for the unfortunate, there being no danger of the departure of such as are able to maintain themselves here." "The lots to be assigned to each family, as 'tis said, will be about fifty acres."

Speaking of the Salzburgers, he says: "It is also highly for the honour and advancement of our holy religion to assign a new country to the poor Germans, who have left their own for the sake of truth. It will be a powerful encouragement to martyrs and confessors of this kind to hold fast their integrity, when they know their case not to be desperate in this world. Nor need we fear that the King of Prussia will be able to engross them all, we shall have a share of them if we contribute chearfully to

their removal. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts have gloriously exerted themselves on this occasion."

"The encrease of our people on this fruitful continent," he resumes, "will probably, in due time, have a good effect on the natives, if we do not shamefully neglect their conversion; if we were moderately attentive to our duty on this head, we have no reason to doubt of success. The Spaniard has at this day as many Christians, as he has subjects, in America, negroes excepted." And this notwithstanding the cruelty of the Spaniards. "One of their own friers who had not relinquished his humanity, tells us of an Indian prince, who just as the Spaniards were about to murder him, was importuned by one of their religious to become a Christian: the priest told him much of heaven and hell, of joy and misery eternal; the prince desired to be informed which of the two places was allotted for the Spaniards? 'Heaven,' quoth the priest; says the prince, 'I'm resolved not to go there.'"

General Oglethorpe informs us that at this time the wages of a common man in England were one shilling, and in Carolina three shillings. He lets us see the terror in which many of the Carolinians stood, lest they should be overwhelmed by their own negroes. And he also remarks: "I can't dismiss this inquiry concerning the proper persons to plant this colony without observing that the wisdom of the Roman state discharged not only its ungovernable distressed multitude, but also its Emeriti, its soldiers, which had served long and well in war, into colonies

upon the frontiers of their empire. 'Twas by this policy that they elbowed all the nations round them. Their military hospital went a progress, we can trace its stages northward from the Tiber to the Po, to the Rhone, to the Rhine, to the Thames; the like advances they made on all sides round them, and their soldiers were at least as fond of the estates thus settled on them, as ours can be of their pensions."

The fifth and sixth chapters are devoted to considerations of the trade of the colonies with England and with other nations, all as it might be supposed to affect England: for we must not forget that we are still in the days when the most liberal-minded citizen could not bring himself to think for an instant of a colony, except as existing in one way or another for his benefit at home. General Oglethorpe does not forget to have a fling at Sir Robert Walpole and at "pacifick Ministers." "The British Neptune slept," he says, "or slumbered, most part of the time, from the reign of King Edgar to that of Queen Elizabeth; in her days he sprung up with vigour, being roused by Spain, which was then the greatest maritime power on earth. From Queen Elizabeth to our own time, our naval strength has gradually encreased, insomuch that at this day, the Spanish fleets opposed to ours, would make but a very contemptible figure on the ocean; we now have it in our power to lord it over the watery world." This change he attributes to the fact that English products in America were bulky, enforcing a large shipping, while the case was opposite with the Span-"Spain, indeed, has greater countries and iards.

more subjects in America than we have, and vet does not navigate in that trade a tenth part of the shipping that we do. By a lucky kind of poverty our dominions there have no mines of gold, or silver. .... Thus has the Almighty placed the true riches of this earth on the surface of it: our rice and tobacco are more real and permanent wealth than their richest minerals. They are wealth which create a power to defend our possession of them." General Oglethorpe's political economy is a little askew, but he has admirable observations, for instance, upon the commercial history of the Dutch, and upon the fineness of English woollens as compared with German "The multitude," he says, "doesn't much value the fineness of their garments, they only desire to be warm; 'tis the cloathing of the Millions that produces millions of money: and this is what other countries will certainly have their share in."

And he concludes: "'Tis needless to expatiate in the just commendation of the trustees for establishing the colony in Georgia. They have, for the benefit of mankind, given up that ease and indolence to which they were entitled by their fortunes and the too prevalent custom of their native country. They, in some degree, imitate their Redeemer in sympathizing with the miserable, and in labouring to relieve They take not for their pattern an epicurean deity; they set before their eyes the Giver of all good gifts, who has put it into their hearts, (and may He daily more and more enable their hands) to save multitudes of his living images from perdition."

## CHAPTER V.

#### GEORGIA BEFORE OGLETHORPE.

#### I. Eldorado.

POE has told us the whole history of the first Spaniards in Florida:

- "Gaily bedight,
- "A gallant knight,
- "In sunshine and in shadow,
  - "Had journeyed long,
  - "Singing a song,
- "In search of Eldorado.
  - "But he grew old-
  - "This knight so bold-
- "And o'er his heart a shadow
  - " Fell, as he found
  - "No spot of ground
- "That looked like Eldorado.
  - " And as his strength
  - "Failed him at length,
- "He met a pilgrim shadow;
  - "'Shadow,' said he,
  - "' Where can it be,
- "" This land of Eldorado?"
  - " 'Over the Mountains
  - "'Of the Moon,
- "'Down the Valley of the Shadow,
  - "' Ride, boldly ride,'
  - "The shade replied,
- "'If you seek for Eldorado!""

The first authentic expedition to Florida was made by Ponce de Leon in 1512. This was seven vears before Cortez entered Mexico, and the history of Florida consequently goes further back than that of any other spot on the continent. Ponce de Leon was a brave soldier, who had sailed with Columbus on his second voyage, and had finally been made governor of the island of Porto Rico. "But he had heard of the fountain of youth," says Colonel Higginson, in his classically simple way, "and resolved to discover it; and so sailed westward from Porto Rico in March, 1512, on that errand. At last, on Easter Sunday - a day which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, or Flowery Easter-land was seen. It was the peninsula of Florida, then thought to be an island; and its blossoming forests seemed to him so beautiful, that he gave it this name.

"Ponce de Leon landed near what is now St. Augustine. He explored the coasts and islands for many weeks, and then returned home. He visited the flowery land again, five years after, meaning to establish a colony, but was driven away by the Indians, was wounded with an arrow, and went back to Spain to die, with out ever finding the fountain of youth."

The next memorable expedition to Florida was made under Pamphilo de Narvaez. He will always be remembered for the supremely absurd way in which he went to Mexico in 1520 to capture Cortez, and was himself, with his whole army, captured by Cortez. But now, in 1527, he hoped to find an-

other Mexico somewhere in the interior of the vast country which went by the name of Florida. set out with six hundred of the "ocean chivalry of Spain," but his pilots deceived him, his ships were wrecked, and he had to set out again the following vear with only four hundred men. His pilots landed him in the wrong place, but he plunged headlong into the unknown interior. Everything went wrong: his golden cities turned out to be miserable Indian · hamlets, and famine in its most terrible forms came upon him. After sufferings too great to be told, after more than five hundred miles of delirious wanderings through the foodless jungles he came upon the Gulf of Mexico once more, with a fraction of his men. With the skill of desperation they built five little boats and put to sea, keeping near the shore. Things went better for a little while, until they reached the chaos of waters where the Mississippi enters the main. Their boats were upset: some of the men escaped, turning up at random here and there over the American continent for the next eight years. Narvaez perished futile, as he had Florida was still undiscovered: and "the lived. Spanish voyager, as his caravel ploughed the adjacent seas, might give full scope to his imagination, and dream that beyond the long, low margin of forest which bounded his horizon lay hid a rich harvest for some future conqueror."

Soto, the companion of Pizarro, was the next. His expedition has been made much of by Georgian historians, because it is in the accounts of it that we first get undisputed news of Georgia. Even upon this portion of the narrative we cannot dwell. Unfortunately, we know too much of the expedition of Soto, and the trees have availed to hide the forest.

He set out in 1538 with six hundred as highlyborn and highly-trained soldiers as ever tempted the wonders of the New World. He landed at Tampa Bay in Florida, and pursued much the same route that Narvaez had followed, though on a larger arc. "The clangor of trumpets," says Mr. Parkman, "the neighing of horses, the fluttering of pennons, the glittering of helmets and lances, startled the ancient forest with unwonted greeting." Religion was not forgotten, nor wine and bread for the Eucharist: and besides fetters to bind the Indians, and bloodhounds to hunt them, he brought priests and monks for the saving of their souls. For month after month and for year after year he pursued his phantom march, everywhere inflicting and enduring misery. He traversed great portions of the present States of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, but he nowhere found Eldorado. Georgia he is said to have entered at the southwest, near the river Ocklockony. He passed through Georgia on a northeasterly line, so says General Jones, and came out at a place called Cutifachiqui, which nobody can The Georgia Indians are said to have been far superior, in beauty and in civilization, to any whom the Spaniards had yet encountered, and their stay in Georgia was signalized by rather peculiar sufferings and atrocities. At last, in 1541, one hundred and thirty-two years before its second discovery by Marquette, he reached the Mississippi. Another bitter year he spent hereabouts, harassed by famine and by Indians furious as mad dogs. Soto, though "a stern man and of few words," was broken in heart and in nerve, and he succumbed to a fever in 1542. "To preserve his body from the Indians, his followers sank it at midnight in the river, and the sullen waters of the Mississippi buried his ambition and his hopes."

These were the days when Spain was the incubus of Europe, when, to the rest of the world, the Spanish soldier seemed "a machine of steel, with a devil inside it." It is one of the last and hardest lessons of history to be able to see that, as Carlyle says, in the sixteenth century the Spaniards, with their Inquisition and their Philip II., were yet the noblest nation in Europe.

# 2. The Huguenot Settlements.

At this time, when France still seemed to hesitate for an instant between Protestantism and the Pope, two attempts were made, more or less directly under the auspices of Admiral Coligny (1517-1572), to plant Huguenot colonies upon the perilous coasts between Carolina and Florida.

The history of the first attempt is included within one terrible year, 1562-1563. On the 30th of April, 1562, seven years after the failure of the Huguenot

colony at Rio Janeiro, Jean Ribaut of Dieppe, nearing Florida with two vessels, "saw the long, low line where the wilderness of waves meets the wilderness of woods." On the next day, which was May Day, he discovered the St. John's River, and named it the River of May. At their approach the Indians ran to meet them, offering them their own garments, and pointing out their chief, who remained sitting on boughs of laurel and palm. The Frenchmen moved slowly northward, naming the rivers which they found after the loved rivers of their na-They were delighted with all they saw. The waters "were boyling and roaring, through the multitude of all kind of fish." The natives were "all naked and of a goodly stature, mightie, and as well shapen and proportioned of body as any people in ye world; very gentle, courteous, and of a good nature." As they viewed the country they pronounced it "the fairest, fruitfullest, and pleasantest of all the world, abounding in honey, venison, wilde foule forests, woods of all sorts, Palm-trees, Cypresse and Cedars, Bayes ve highest and greatest. . . . And the sight of the fair medowes is a pleasure not able to be expressed with tongue. . . . Also there be Conies and Hares, Silk Wormes in merveilous number [these, by the way, were caterpillars], a great deale fairer and better than be our silk wormes. To be short, it is a thing unspeakable to consider the thinges that bee seene there and shal be founde more and more in this incomperable lande, which, never yet broken with plough vrons.

bringeth forth al things according to his first nature wherewith the eternall God indued it." Such is our earliest description of Georgia. Many of the scenes in these expeditions are preserved for us in the drawings of the artist Le Moyne.

Although his expedition was only designed for preliminary observation, Ribaut could not resist the temptation to leave thirty volunteers, under Albert de Pierria, at Port Royal, to hold it for the King. "They were alone," says Mr. Parkman, "in those fearful solitudes. From the North Pole to Mexico there was no Christian denizen but they." They came, through many picturesque adventures, to as miserable ends as men can reach—to murder, mutiny, famine, and cannibalism. Their remnant was picked up, in 1563, by an English bark, floating helpless and dying in a crazy extemporized boat within sight of the shores of France.

The second and last attempt was comprised within a period hardly longer (1564–1565). In 1564 René de Laudonnière sailed into the St. John's with three ships. He found the Indians, according to the artist, engaged in decking with flowers the pillar which Ribaut had set up there two years before. They hailed him with yells of delight, with worship and with wild gymnastics; they ran into the water to meet him, bearing mulberries and other fruits in baskets; for they recognized in his features the brother of their Sun-God. Landonnière thought it could not fail to be a good country where he was so justly appreciated. He sailed an hour's journey

up the St. John's. Here, five miles from its mouth, on the Southern bank, he built a fort, and named it Fort Caroline, as he called the whole country Carolina, in honor of his young king, the destined hero of St. Bartholomew.

Many of the Huguenots seem to have had just enough religion to make them bad men of the world. Certainly these colonists, for one reason or another, were not fitted to survive. Mr. Parkman has recorded their fate in his splendid narrative. nies broke out: prisoners escaped, and carried the secret to Havana: famine appeared in hideous shapes. The great English navigator, Hawkins, came sailing by just in time. He generously relieved their distress: he gave them one of his ships, at their own price, to go home in, and he took their cannon in partial payment. They were preparing to return in this ship when Ribaut himself appeared with seven ships, and with every comfort and reinforcement for the suffering colonists.

He only came to increase the number of victims. "At half-past eleven, on the night of Tuesday, the fourth of September [1565], the crew of Ribaut's flagship anchored on the still sea outside the bar, saw a huge hulk, grim with the throats of cannon, drifting toward them through the gloom; and from its stern rolled on the sluggish air the portentous banner of Spain."

It was Pedro de Menendez (1519-1574), coming on a bitter crusade, with nearly three thousand soldiers, with thirty-four ships, the largest of a thousand

tons, and with unlimited commission to assert the Spanish authority over the entire continent, from Labrador to Darien. He had but just founded St. Augustine, and had introduced negro slavery into America by setting to work upon the ramparts the negroes whom he had brought with him for the purpose. The French cannon were gone cannon, what could they have done against such an armada? Le Moyne, the artist, escaped: and he says that Menendez also left alive a drummer, a fiddler, and a fifer. He had sworn on the Bible and on the Cross, he had delivered his sealed promise, to save his prisoners: but he hanged them on some trees by the river, and over them he set the inscription: "I do this not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

It rested, not with a Protestant, but a Catholic, to avenge this insult to France. There was a gentleman of Mont-de-Marsan, Dominique de Gourgues, who could not eat or sleep when he heard of the fate of the Huguenots. He sold his property: he fitted out three ships, and he set sail, saying that he was going to Africa for negroes. But he went to Florida instead, and with the aid of the Indians, who have always and everywhere loathed the Spanish name, he fell upon the unsuspecting Spaniards. Menendez was in Spain, reaping high honours, and the fulness of poetic justice could not be done. But Gourgues utterly slew and overcame the garrisons at Fort Caroline and at St. Augustine. He sought out the trees on which the Huguenots had been hanged,

and on these trees he hanged his prisoners, with the inscription: "I do this not as to Spaniards or Moors, but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

But Gourgues had come to plant no colony. The attack of the fiery Gascon was but a passing storm. He left not a stone standing in any Spanish fort, and then he sailed away to die obscurely a few years later. The Spaniards settled down once more like a nightmare upon all the teeming regions that embosom the Gulf of Mexico. "To plant religious freedom on this Western soil," says Mr. Parkman, "was not the mission of France. It was for her to rear in Northern forests the banner of Absolutism and of Rome; while, among the rocks of Massachusetts, England and Calvin fronted her in dogged opposition."

# 3. Carolina and Spain.

In 1663, just a century after these attempts of the Huguenots, King Charles II. granted to a company of eight Proprietors all the countries beyond Virginia, stretching south to an indefinite extent against the Spaniards, and westward for three thousand miles to the Pacific. This vast region is often said to have been called Carolina after Charles II., but we have seen that the French settlers had already so called it after their miserable Charles IX. One of the eight Proprietors of Carolina was the first Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683), "the formidable cripple," and another was the great historian Clarendon (1609-1674), the grandfather of Queens of Eng-

land to be, to whom John Huggins, Esquire, paid £5,000 for the Wardenship of the Fleet Prison. They employed John Locke, the philosopher (1632-1704), to invent a constitution for their new empire. We saw how another philosopher succeeded at the Bermudas sixty years later: on this occasion John Locke invented a constitution which has generally been admitted to be the most foolish thing ever done by a wise man. But Carolina seemed to prosper in spite of her Constitution. We are not able to dwell upon the somewhat unstimulating details of her early history: how the settlers in the mountainous northern country, scattered on their distant farms, with all their mountain industries, and the southern planters, seated patriarchally in the midst of vast, steaming rice-fields tilled by negroes, soon began to pull apart; or how both sections found the government of the Proprietors intolerable, and wrangled and fought incessantly with the Spaniards.

About 1719 the people actually began to rebel against the Proprietary Government. A great deal of confusion, as to dates and everything else, ensued; but a dozen years later we find North and South Carolina well separated, taken under the longed-for immediate control of the King, and Mr. Robert Johnson, the newly-appointed Royal Governor (arrived December, 1730) of South Carolina. General Oglethorpe, writing in 1732, says: "And yet such are the natural advantages of this happy climate, that, even under these discouragements, the colony grew so considerably that Charles-Town has

now near six hundred good houses, and the whole Plantation [probably North and South] has above forty thousand negro slaves, worth at least a million of pounds sterling, besides an infinite number of cattle. Tho' it was only within these four years that an end was put to their sorrows; for about that time, the Lords Proprietors and Planters (who had long been heartily tired of each other) were, by the interposition of the Legislature, fairly divorced forever, and the property of the whole vested in the Crown."

The 40,000 slaves of whom Oglethorpe speaks were an abiding terror and menace to the colonists. These were the days when England had the monopoly of the African trade, and forced her colonies to take the slaves whether the colonies wanted them or not:-when Mr. Bancroft estimates the numbers imported into the West Indies and the continental English colonies by English ships within a century to have been at least three millions, besides "more than a quarter of a million purchased in Africa, and thrown into the Atlantic on the passage." our pious nobleman from the Hanover country. Mr. Commissary von Reck, estimated the number of slaves in South Carolina alone at 30,000. Bancroft thinks that this is somewhat exaggerated, but it cannot be far from the truth. We know that the slaves in South Carolina outnumbered their masters about sixfold. It was the time when most of the slaves were in the first generation from the Gambia or the Congo; when less than a quarter of them were women, and hardly any were children; when it was not thought worth while to import a man over thirty or a woman over twenty-two; when they were pagans, with no mental power awakened except the capacity to remember their wrongs. The planter could not ride into Charlestown, or even visit his next neighbour, without the fear that his fair white home was rising in flames above his butchered family. Yet he would not have dispensed with his slaves entirely for any consideration: without them, he thought, he could not subsist in that demoralizing climate; — certainly he could not have spent half the year luxuriously in the beautiful seahaven which was already becoming the social capital of America.

The Spaniard was an intolerable thorn in the side of the South Carolina planter. There seemed no bound to his insolence. He was always stirring up the slaves to rebel: he enticed them over to Florida by the thousand, and there formed them into negro regiments, treating them well. He tampered with the Indian tribes. He claimed all the country as far north as the Savannah, and beyond. The English, on the other hand, claimed all the country at least as far as the St. John's. Thus it was a little more than the whole of the present State of Georgia that was in dispute.

Possession was the only law in America. It was notorious that the Spanish settlement in Florida consisted only of St. Augustine, and of a few outlying forts. If English colonists could but be thrown

into the vacant spaces to the north, the country was theirs.

In 1717 a Scottish Baronet, named Sir Robert Montgomery, had tried to do this. We are not told whether he was a philosopher, but he was a capital example of a man who cannot. He obtained from the Proprietors of Carolina a grant of all the lands lying between the Savannah and the Alatamaha, on certain conditions, to himself and to his heirs forever. This was to form what he called the "Margravate of Azilia": of course he was to be the first Marquis. He published a "Discourse" on this subiect, which we still have. He begins by praising the climate of Azilia, calling it "the most amiable country of the universe." "Nature," he says, "has not blessed the world with any tract which can be preferable to it: Paradise with all her virgin beauties may be modestly supposed at most but equal to its native excellences." "It lies," he continues, "in the same latitude with Palestine herself, that promised Canaan which was pointed out by God's own choice to bless the labours of a favourite people." This favoured land was to be settled by himself on an original and infallible plan. The whole colony was to form a vast square, surrounded by ramparts, forts, etc. In the centre was to be what he calls a hollow square, full of streets crossing each other. This was the city, just in the centre of which was to be his own house. The rest of the space was to be divided into a hundred and sixteen squares, each square of a mile on each side, for the estates of the

gentry. There is a plan to illustrate all this. The gentlemen, being precluded from extending their estates, would try to improve them proportionally in quality; bond-servants, taken out for a given number of years, would afterward prevent the "necessity to use the dangerous help of Blackamoors, or Indians," etc., etc. Everything went to water, as it is apt to do with men like Sir Robert Montgomery. In 1720 he found himself without colonists, and his charter expired by its own conditions.

In 1720 King George I., apprehending that the Spaniards would try to get possession of the Alatamaha, determined to seize it himself. A fort was established in that vicinity, and garrisoned by a hundred men from South Carolina. The fort was burnt by accident, and was rebuilt: but in a few years it "abandoned itself," by causes unconscious and inevitable. Toward 1729 George II. ordered it to be re-instated, but it was of no use. treaty of Seville, in 1729, Commissioners were appointed to try and settle the southern boundary of South Carolina, but again nothing was done. And about this time, Captain, or Colonel, Purry, a Swiss gentleman of Neufchatel, took out a colony of 600 Swiss and settled them on the left bank of the Savannah, a little way up, at a place called Purrysburg, of which we shall often hear. It is interesting, amid these faint annals, to find distinct evidence that for at least a hundred years after the founding of Saint Augustine (1565) the Spaniards worked the gold and silver mines in what is now Northern Georgia.

Several travellers bear testimony to this. A German traveller, for instance, who wrote in Latin, about 1670, saw pieces of the ore in the hands of the natives, and brought back samples with him. "Had I had with me," he says, "half a score of resolute youths who would have stuck to me, I would have pushed on to the Spanish mines."

It is somewhat difficult to appreciate the respect which the English of this age felt for the Spaniard. with all their hatred. We have to remember that, as Macaulay puts it, "the American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the North of Cancer and far to the South of Capricorn." They extended for twenty degrees to the north and to the south of these lines, or from Cape Horn to Vancouver. All these islands and continents were divided into the three Vice-Royalties of Peru, of Terra Firma, and of New Spain. The Spaniards in Florida might at no time have been many thousands, but they leaned upon Cuba, the ever-faithful isle, and through Cuba upon Mexico and New Spain and all the prestige of the Spanish Empire. The accumulated terror of the Spanish name had not even yet "How little the risk of being betraved to subsided. the Spaniard would alarm any British cruiser nowadays!" says Mrs. Oliphant, commenting on a passage in the Narrative of Admiral Anson. "Indeed, . . . every reference to the yet unfallen, yet powerful, sea-going empire, with its colonies and fabulous galleons, strikes one as the most curious sarcasm. Spain and England rivals for the dominion of half a

world! By what wonderful magic of evil can that old noble heroic country have come to be the insignificance it is?" It was no insignificance when Oglethorpe was in his prime, as such a passage from the Reverend Mr. Walter, Anson's Chaplain, will show. "Nor let it be imagined," he says, "that the impressions which the Spaniards thus received to our advantage is a matter of small import; for not to mention several of our countrymen who have already felt the good effects of these prepossessions, the Spaniards are a nation whose good opinion of us is doubtless of more consequence than that of all the world beside!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S ACCOUNT OF GEORGIA, 1732.

ABOUT twenty years after this time General Oglethorpe was so kind as to contribute a description of Georgia for the fourth edition of Salmon's delightful "Modern History," in three sumptuous folio volumes. Both because the account is his, and because no better account has yet been written, I will quote it entire, with the exception of a few passages. It may only be premised that the Georgia of to-day is bounded, as the schoolbooks say, on the north by Tennessee and North Carolina, on the north-east by South Carolina, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Florida, and on the west by Alabama; and that it has an area of 60,000 square miles, or more than that of England and Wales, and a population of all but 2,000,000.

# "Account of Carolina and Georgia.

"Carolina is part of that territory which was originally discovered by Sir Sebastian Cabot. The English now possess the sea-coast from the river St. John's, in 30 degrees, 21 minutes, north latitude. Westward the King's charter declares it to be bounded by the Pacific Ocean.

"Carolina is divided into North Carolina, South Carolina, and Geòrgia; the latter is a province which his Majesty has taken out of Carolina, and is the southern and western frontier of that province, lying between it and the French, Spaniards, and Indians.

"The part of Carolina that is settled is for the most part a flat country. All, near the sea, is a range of islands, which breaks the fury of the ocean. Within is generally low land for twenty or twenty-five miles, where the country begins to rise in gentle swellings. At seventy or eighty miles from the sea, the hills grow higher, till they terminate in mountains.

"The coast of Georgia is also defended from the rage of the sea by a range of islands. Those islands are divided from the main by canals of salt water, navigable for the largest boats and even for small sloops. The lofty woods growing on each side of the canals make very pleasant landscapes. The land, at about seven or eight miles from the sea, is tolerably high; and the further you go westward, the more it rises, till at about one hundred and fifty miles distance from the sea, to the west, the Cherokee or Appalachean mountains begin, which are so high that the snow lies upon them all the year.

"This ridge of mountains runs in a line from north to south, on the back of the English colonies of Carolina and Virginia; beginning at the great lakes of Canada, and extending south, it ends in the province of Georgia at about two hundred miles from the bay of Appallachee, which is part of the Gulf of Mexico. There is a plain country from the foot of these mountains to the sea.

"The face of the country is mostly covered with The banks of the rivers are in some places woods. low, and form a kind of natural meadows, where the floods prevent trees from growing. In other places, in the hollows, between the hillocks, the brooks and streams, being stopt by falls of trees, the water is penned back. These places are often covered with canes and thickets, and are called, in the corrupted American dialect, swamps. The sides of the hills are generally covered with oaks and hickory, or wild walnuts, cedar, sassafras, and the famous laurel tulip, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The flat tops of the hillocks are all covered with groves of pine trees, with plenty of grass growing under them, and so free from underwood, that you may gallop a horse for forty or fifty miles an end. In the low grounds and islands in the river, there are cypress, bay-trees, poplar, plane, frankincense or gum-trees, and aquatic shrubs. All parts of the province are well watered; and, in digging a moderate depth, you never miss of a fine spring.

"What we call the Atlantic Ocean, washes the east and southeast coast of these provinces. The gulf stream of Florida sets in with a tide in the ocean to the east of the province; and it is very remarkable that the banks and soundings of the coast extend twenty or twenty-five miles to the east of the coast.

"The tides upon this coast flow generally seven feet. The soundings are sand or ooze, and some oyster banks, but no rocks. The coast appears low from the sea, and covered with woods.

"The point of Tybee island makes the entry of the Savannah river. Upon that point the Trustees of Georgia [not yet!] have erected a noble signal or lighthouse, ninety feet high, and twenty-five feet wide. It is an octagon, and upon the top there is a flagstaff thirty feet high.

"The Province of Georgia is watered by three great rivers, which rise in the mountains, namely, the Alatamaha, the Ogechee, and the Savannah; the last of which is navigable six hundred miles for canoes, and three hundred miles for boats.

"The British dominions are divided from the Spanish Florida by a noble river called St. John's.

"These rivers fall into the Atlantic ocean; but there are, besides these, the Flint and the Cahooche, which pass through part of Carolina or Georgia, and fall into the gulf of Appellachee or Mexico.

"All Carolina is divided into three parts: 1. North Carolina, which is divided from South Carolina by Clarendon river, and of late by a line marked out by order of the Council: 2. South Carolina, which, on the south, is divided from 3. Georgia by the river Savannah.

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"The Indians are a manly, well-shaped race. The men tall, the women little. They, as the ancient Grecians did, anoint with oil, and expose themselves

to the sun, which occasions their skins to be brown of colour. They paint themselves of various colours, red, blue, yellow, and black. The men wear generally a girdle, with a piece of cloth drawn through their legs and turned over the girdle both before and behind so as to hide their nakedness. women wear a kind of petticoat to the knees. **Both** men and women in the winter wear mantles, something less than two yards square, which they wrap round their bodies, as the Romans did their toga, generally keeping their arms bare; they are sometimes of woollen, bought of the English; sometimes of furs, which they dress themselves. They wear a kind of pumps, which they call moccasons, made of deer-skin, which they dress for that purpose. They are a generous, good-natured people; very humane to strangers; patient of want and pain; slow to anger, and not easily provoked, but, when they are thoroughly incensed, they are implacable; very quick of apprehension and gay of temper. Their public conferences show them to be men of genius, and they have a natural eloquence, they never having had the use of letters. They love eating, and the English have taught many of them to drink strong liquors, which, when they do, they are miserable They have no manufactures but what each sights. family makes for its own use; they seem to despise working for hire, and spend their time chiefly in hunting and war; but plant corn enough for the support of their families and the strangers that come to visit them. Their food, instead of bread,

is flour of Indian corn boiled, and seasoned like hasty-pudding, and this is called hommony. They also boil venison, and make broth; they also roast, or rather broil their meat. The flesh they feed on is buffalo, deer, wild turkeys, and other game, so that hunting is necessary to provide flesh; and planting for corn. The land [that is, the homestead] belongs to the women, and the corn that grows upon it; but meat must be got by the men, because it is they only that hunt; this makes marriage necessary, that the women may furnish corn, and the men meat.

"They have also fruit-trees in their gardens, namely, peaches, nectarines, and locust, melons and watermelons, potatoes, pumpkins, onions, etc., in plenty; and many kinds of wild fruits and nuts, as persimons, grapes, chinquepins, and hickory nuts, of which they make oil. The bees make their combs in the hollow trees, and the Indians find plenty of honey there, which they use instead of sugar. They make what supplies the place of salt, of wood ashes; use for seasoning, long-pepper, which grows in their gardens; and bay-leaves supply their want of spice. Their exercises are a kind of ball-playing, hunting and running; and they are very fond of dancing. music is a kind of drum, as also hollow cocoanut shells. They have a square in the middle of their towne, in which the warriors sit, converse, and smoke together; but in rainy weather they meet in the King's house. They are a very healthy people, and have hardly any diseases, except those occasioned by the drinking of rum, and the small-pox. Those who do not drink

rum are exceedingly long-lived. Old Brim, emperor of the Creeks, who died but a few years ago, lived to one hundred and thirty years; and he was neither blind nor bed-rid till some months before his death. They have sometimes pleurisies and fevers, but no chronical distempers. They know of several herbs that have great virtues in physic, particularly for the cure of venomous bites and wounds.

"The native animals are, first, the urus or zorax described by Cæsar, which the English very ignorantly and erroneously call the buffalo. They have deer, of several kinds, and plenty of roe-bucks and There are bears and wolves, which are small and timorous: and a brown wild-cat, without spots, which is very improperly called a tiger; otter, beavers, foxes, and a species of badger which is called raccoon. There are rattle-snakes, but not near so frequent as is generally reported. There are several species of snakes, some of which are not There are crocodiles, porpoises, sturvenomous. geon, mullet, cat-fish, bass, drum, devil-fish; and many species of fresh-water fish that we have not in Europe: and ovsters upon the sea-islands in great abundance.

"What is most troublesome, there, are flies and gnats, which are very numerous near the rivers; but, as the country is cleared, they disperse and go away.

"The vegetables are innumerable; for all that grow in Europe grow there; and many that cannot stand in our winters thrive there."

And in General Oglethorpe's admirable "New and Accurate Account of the provinces of South Carolina and Georgia," published in 1732, the year in which he first sailed to Georgia, and some twenty years before the description above quoted, is a chapter on the "Air, Soil, Climate," etc., of these provinces. It is even better written than the later account, but it must be remembered that in 1732 General Oglethorpe was writing from hope and not from experience. I will quote parts of it:

"The new Province of Georgia is taken out of it [South Carolina], and divided from it on the North by the River Savannah, equal to the Rhine; its Southern boundary is the river Alatamaha; it lies about the 30th and 31st Degree, North Latitude, in the same climate with Barbary, the North part of Aegypt, the South part of Natolia, or Asia Minor, and the most temperate parts of Persia and China.

"The air is healthy, being always serene, pleasant, and temperate, never subject to excessive heat or cold, nor to sudden changes; the winter is regular and short, and the summer cool'd with refreshing breezes; and tho' this country is within three hundred miles of Virginia, it never feels the cutting North-West Wind in that uneasy and dangerous degree that the Virginians complain of. This wind is generally attributed to the great seas of fresh water which lie to the North-west beyond the Appalachean Mountains. It seems a journey of an hundred leagues in that warm climate blunts the edge which the wind gets in its passage over those prodigious

lakes. Nor, on the other hand, doth this country ever feel the intense heats of Spain, Barbary, Italy, and Aegypt; probably because, instead of the scorching sands of Africa and Arabia, it has to the Southward the spacious Bay of Mexico, which is much more temperate in its effect upon the winds than are those burning sandy desarts.

"... They make their Lime of oystershells, of which there are great quantities on banks near the shore. All things will undoubtedly thrive in this country that are to be found in the happiest places under the same latitude. Their rice, the only considerable staple which requires many of their hands at present, is known to be incomperably better than that of the East Indies. . . . All sorts of corn yield an amazing increase, an hundred fold is the common estimate, tho' their husbandry is so light, that they can only be said to scratch the earth and meerely to cover the seed. . . . "

"The wild beasts are deer, elks, bears, wolves, buffaloes, wild-boars, and abundance of hares and rabbits. They have also the cata-mountain, or small leopard; but this is not the dangerous species of the East Indies. Their fowls are no less various; they have all the sorts that we have in England, both wild and tame, and many others either useful or beautiful. It would be endless to enumerate their fishes, the river Savannah is plentifully stocked with them of many excellent kinds: no part in the world affords more variety or greater plenty. They have oak, cedar, cypress, fir, walnut, and ash, besides the sassa-

fras. They have oranges, lemons, apples, and pears, besides the peach and apricot mention'd before; some of these are so delicious, that whoever tastes them will despise the insipid watry taste of those we have in England; and yet such is the plenty of them that they are given to the hogs in great quantities. Sarsaparilla, cassia, and other sorts of trees grow in the woods, yielding gums and rosin, and also some oil excellent for curing wounds."

"... And a brisk gust of wind fells many acres [of wounded trees] for you in an hour, of which you may then make one brisk bon-fire. Such will be frequently here the fate of the pine, the walnut, the cypress, the oak, and the cedar. Such an air and soil can only be fitly described by a poetical pen, because there's but little danger of exceeding the truth. Take therefore part of Mr. Waller's description of an island in the neighborhood of Carolina to give you an idea of this happy climate.

The Prince of Trees, is fuel for their fires.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

—The kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live,
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives or dies before his time.

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,

Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed, To show how all things were created first.

"The thought of the poet in the last couplet is adopted by the ingenious Dr. Burnet in his Theory

of the Earth, with many fine improvements of it." [Here follows the ingenious theory]. . . . "He thinks that a person born in Bermudas, and continuing there all his life-time, has a moral probability of living three hundred years. This conjecture seems to be supported by what we are told in Purchas his Pilgrimage of one of the Indian kings of Florida, who was three hundred years old, and his father was fifty years older, and then living. The father is described as a skeleton covered with skin: his sinews, veins, and arteries, and other parts, appeared so clearly through his skin, that a man might easily tell and discern them the one from the other. His son showed five generations descended from himself. 'Twas such a figure as this Indian king which induced the antients to feign that Tithonus being very old was changed into a grasshopper.

Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.-Hor.

Now Georgia is just about the middle of Purchas his Florida. . . . There are now several aged persons living at Charles Town, who were of that little number that first settled there and hewed down timber above sixty years ago.

"By the healthiness of this climate, and some accounts of Spanish expeditions hither in early times, which were vigorously repulsed by great armies of the natives, one would expect to find the country by this time fully peopled with Indians. It is indeed probable that they were much more numerous in those days than they are at present, or

else they could not have defended themselves against the Spaniards as they did." But wars, famine, and the small-pox had reduced them. "Rum also has been a fatal liquor to them; many of them have been inclined to drink it to such an excess as we sometimes hear of at home in the abuse of Geneva, and sometimes they are so little masters of their reason. when intoxicated, as to be too apt to commit murders: but there are many sober men among them who abhor the abuse of this liquor. . . . But to return to the opposition against the Spaniards. 'Tis also probable that many tribes were leagued together in the common cause, and that the Spaniards were thence induced to think the people of this part of the continent much more numerous than in truth they were. 'Tis most certain that the nations of Carolina in our days have exactly answered in all respects the descriptions we have of the inhabitants of Virginia, when we first got footing there in the beginning of the last century. Captain Smith (next to Sir Walter Rawleigh) the most industrious and resolute planter of Virginia in those days, computed that all the tribes in a country much more fertile and little less in extent than England, could not draw into the field above five thousand fighting men. tho' the tract of land is sufficient to maintain more than ten millions of people.

"This is confirmed and illustrated by the wellattested story that one of their little kings instructed his minister, who was coming hither, to number our Tribe; the minister at his arrival attempted to execute his commission by making notches on a stick, but soon grew tired of his arithmetick, and at his return expressed the multitude of our fore-fathers by pointing to the stars, and to the fallen leaves of a wood in autumn."

## CHAPTER VII.

FIRST VOYAGE TO GEORGIA, 1732-1733.

On the oth of June, 1732, a charter from George II. erected the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha, and from the head springs of those rivers due west to the Pacific, into the province of Georgia, and placed it for twenty-one years under the guardianship of a corporation, "in trust for the poor." As this charter has at least one sentence containing a thousand words, I shall carefully refrain from quoting it. We are reminded here of a detail in the history of Carolina. When the seven other Proprietors of Carolina sold out to the King, Lord Carteret, Baron of Hawnes, it seems, had retained his eighth share. Accordingly the Royal grant of the Province of Georgia, to be built up out of the territory of Carolina, is good for only seven-eighths of the territory lying between the Savannah and the Alatamaha. Lord Carteret, while retaining his hold on the Carolinas, had already; by a deed of gift, dated the February before, passed over to the Trustees his eighth share in the territory of the future Georgia. In the charter the King recites with much pomp the benevolent motives which actuate him, copied from the petitions of the Trustees. In reality the urgency

of Captain Purry, of Purrysburg, to receive countenance in his schemes for Swiss immigration, and the anxiety which all thoughtful men at home and in America felt at the unprotected condition of the Southern colonies, must have had quite as much to do with it. Sir Robert Walpole would not be provoked into fighting the Spaniard, but he was willing to use Oglethorpe for a shield.

By their large influence in Parliament and at Court the Trustees were enabled to get a grant of £10,000 in furtherance of their objects. This sum came out of the £00.000 which had recently been gained by the sale of lands in the island of St. Christopher, and was a portion of the scandalous £20,000 which had been promised but never paid to Bishop Berkeley. It was with Berkeley's special consent that the deviation in its purpose was now made. The remaining £80,000 of the St. Christopher money went toward the marriage, nearly two years later, of the Princess Anne, eldest daughter of the King, to that Prince of Orange who walks through parts of the Voltaire correspondence,—Carlyle's "vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back." The King, after whom our Colony was named "Georgia Augusta," was of course the foolish little monarch who was fond of saying that Charles I. had been governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, etc., etc., and then, turning to his hearers with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, "And who do they say governs now?" It was of him that the people were singing outside:

- "You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain.
- "We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reign."

As the £10,000 of the Parliamentary grant was nowhere sufficient for their purpose, the Trustees opened public subscriptions. They issued frequent accounts of the sums received, and we can still inspect these entries of subscriptions ranging from many hundred pounds to a shilling. By their organization they were forbidden to receive any remuneration in any form for their exertions, and in the charter they had been specially precluded, at their own request, from receiving any grants of land in Georgia. The common seal of the corporation represented a group of silk-worms at their toils. with the noble motto, "non sibi sed aliis"—"Not for themselves, but for others." On the other side of the device were represented two figures reposing on urns, emblematic of the boundary rivers, and having between them the genius of Georgia Augusta, with a cap of liberty on her head, a spear in one hand, and the horn of plenty in the other. The cap of liberty was, for a time at least, as Mr. Bancroft remarks, a false emblem, as every legislative and executive power, and the institution of courts, had been placed in the hands of the Trustees and of their Council.

Among the Trustees were some noble and interesting figures. At their head stood the beautiful, and picturesque, and good Lord Perceval. made Earl of Egmont the following year, partly, it was said, in acknowledgment of his having been the

first President of the Georgia Board. He was the father-in-law of that Lord Rawdon who won a rather dark reputation as a guerilla leader in the Revolutionary War. Second in the list was Edward Digby, the eldest grandson of Pope's Lord Digby, and the third was George Lord Carpenter. Oglethorpe's name comes only fourth. Among the others on the first year's Board the most noticeable name is that of Dr. John Burton, President of Corpus Christi, Oglethorpe's own college. He was a friend of John Wesley, and once gave him some advice which we shall heed when we come to it, though Wesley did not. Dr. Burton died in 1771, and was one of the last clergymen who ever had a life of him written in Shaftesbury, fourth Earl of the name, son of the philosopher, and great-grandson of the formidable cripple, was not elected until the following year. He is not mentioned in the charter. He was not one of the original founders, nor, though he was afterward an indefatigable member of the corporation, does he ever seem to have taken quite the same position of easy leadership that Lord Perceval always had. Mr. Bancroft is therefore mistaken in saving that Shaftesbury was at the head of the council in 1732. "So illustrious," adds Mr. Bancroft, "were the auspices of the design, that hope painted visions of an Eden that was to spring up to reward such disinterested benevolence. kindly sun of the new colony was to look down on purple vintages, and the silk-worm yield its thread to British looms." It is sadly significant of the times that "Papists" were the only portion of mankind excluded from the benefit of such an enterprise.

"But while the others," resumes Mr. Bancroft, "gave to the design their leisure, their prayers, or their wealth, Oglethorpe devoted himself to its fulfilment." At his own request he was appointed to conduct the colonists to their destination; and as soon as it was known that he was to go the number of those who wished to go too was at once quadru-Many, many piteous scenes occurred: for his resources were limited, and if he wished for success he was obliged to regard to some degree the quality of the people he took with him. Half the population of the debtors' prisons of course wished to emigrate. This question was dealt with as tenderly as might be. Committees were appointed to examine minutely the applicants from the prisons, and some of the most deserving and the most unhappy were released on compromise with their creditors. But scores of individuals and of families, in prison and out, had to be rejected; and many of the latter went away declaring that they could struggle no longer, but must infallibly perish in the ensuing winter.

There were several superficial peculiarities about the organization of the new community. It was not forgotten that it was, before all, a military colony General Oglethorpe felt that if this side of the question were neglected, not only would Georgia fail to be any defence to Carolina, and thus fail to justify her existence politically, but she would be unable herself to stand for more than a moment. Accordingly, as soon as applicants had been accepted they were formed into little brigades and were drilled daily by sergeants from the Royal Guards. consequence of the same determination, it was provided that the colonists should be granted their estates only in tail male. This means simply that their daughters were to be unable to inherit their farms, as female proprietors could not sufficiently provide for the military defence of a community situated like Georgia. This provision caused an exceeding amount of vexation, and it was done away with by the colonists when they began to govern themselves twenty years later. Perhaps in the beginning it was necessary.

Another issue, in great part at least, of the military determination, was the prohibition of negro slavery. If the farmer were at liberty to go away and leave his slaves behind to work for him it was thought that the country would be denuded in this way of its natural defenders; and General Oglethorpe dreaded the presence of a great hostile population in the heart of the land. He probably had other reasons still against slavery, but he did not talk about them at first, so far as we know. "The purchase of negroes is forbidden," wrote von Reck a little later, "on account of the vicinity of the Spaniards." Moreover, Georgia was designed as an asylum for the distressed, and it was thought that it would never do to permit slaves in such a country, "for slaves starve the poor labourer."

A pamphlet published in 1734 gives another point of view. "No settlement," it says, "was ever before established on as humane a plan. Slavery, the misfortune, if not the dishonour, of other plantations, is absolutely proscribed. Let avarice defend it as it will, there is an honest reluctance in humanity against buying and selling, and regarding those of our own species as our wealth and possessions. . . . The name of slavery is here unheard, and every inhabitant is free from unchosen masters and oppression." Such words have a good ring across the five dead generations. Oglethorpe's own ideas on slavery seem to have developed with time, and in later life he uses language which would almost make us hail him as the first prominent abolitionist. "Slavery," he relates, "is against the gospel, as well as fundamental law of England. We refused, as trustees, to make a law permitting such a horrid crime." The permanent panic of the South Carolina planters in regard to their slaves was a point so pertinent, that the Georgians seem to have submitted to this restriction, for a while, with more grace than they sometimes showed. Yet it was not three years before "the better sort of people in Savannah" began petitioning the Trustees for the use of negroes. This agitation grew ever louder, and twenty years later, when Oglethorpe's back was turned, and the agitators had George Whitefield to help them, they succeeded in introducing slavery. "My friends and I," wrote Oglethorpe, sadly, "settled the colony of Georgia, and by charter were established trustees. We determined not to suffer slavery there; but the slave merchants and their adherents not only occasioned us much trouble, but at last got the government to sanction them."

A third, and by far the most vexatious, of all the General's fads, was his crusade against rum and other spirits. It would be unjust to call him, in any sense of the word, a father of modern teetotalism: he loved his wine, and he brewed beer for his colonists. But he undoubtedly wished to protect the Indians from what was for them the liquor of death. And he had strongly defined ideas about hygienics, one of them being that the climate of Georgia rendered the use of spirits impossible to a quite peculiar degree. We believe that the Georgians of no time have had the honour of agreeing with him.

Thirty-five families, amounting to nearly 120 persons, had been carefully sifted out by the Trustees from the many hundreds of applicants. Who were they? A little imagination will give us a bleak enough glimpse down the vistas of English poverty. families, God help them! were sent to Gravesend in the dim early days of November, and embarked on board the "Anne" lying there at anchor. "Anne" was to be their Argo: it was a little ship of 200 tons, Captain Thomas, which had been chartered by the Trustees. It had been carefully stowed. not only with such provisions as were a luxury to these emigrants, but with seed-grains, with agricultural implements, and whatever other comforts a weak colony would feel the most importunate need of during the first months. One finds it hard not to shudder in reading the desolate details. The Reverend Henry Herbert was to go with them as chaplain; and "Mr. Amatis," a Piedmontese, probably a scoundrel, who was to teach the Georgians that silk culture which turned out such a miserable failure. We learn that the Trustees had employed a skilled botanist, the only salaried person connected with the enterprise, to travel through the countries lying in the same latitude with Georgia, with an eye to botanical products in general: he, too, was very likely aboard the "Anne."

Such was the band to conduct which General Oglethorpe was leaving England and his splendid position there. He was forty-three years of age. Of course he was no General vet. He seems to have been sometimes called Colonel, but he had not even that rank in the army. From this moment for a dozen years there is no lack of facts about him: the only difficulty will be to find a single fact that has life and colour in it. He embarked in the middle of the month, ten days later than the emi-The following "account of their setting grants. forth" is from the contemporary "Gentleman's Magazine": "The Ann galley, of about two hundred tons, is on the point of sailing from Depford, for the new Colony of Georgia, with thirty-five families, consisting of carpenters, brick-layers, farmers, etc., who take all proper instruments for their employment on their arrival. The men are learning military discipline of the guards; and are furnished with

muskets, bayonets, and swords, to defend the colony in case of an attack from the Indians. The vessel has on board ten tons of Alderman Parsons's best beer, and will take in at Madeira five tons of wine for the service of the colony. Many of the Trustees were on board for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were suitably accommodated and provided for: and to take leave of the worthy gentleman of their own body, who goes with them to take care of them, and to direct in laying out their lands, and forming a town."

The "Anne" stopped at Madeira, as intended, for the desirable five tons of wine. On the voyage General Oglethorpe is said not only to have provided for himself and his servants, but to have contributed largely to the comfort of the emigrants. icate infants died on the way, but no other recorded misfortune befell. After a passage of 4,000 miles, and of nearly sixty days, the "Anne" cast anchor, on the 13th of January, 1733, outside the bar of Charleston.

The Governor and people of South Carolina seem at first to have received the wanderers well. eral Oglethorpe remained in Charleston but ten Sending on the emigrants to Port Royal, with the King's Pilot to conduct them, he went overland himself, accompanied by Colonel William Bull and other gentlemen, to select the site of his capital. The mutual adventures of landsmen and of seamen for the next fortnight have just the faintest sort of provincial suggestion of some of the wanderings of Æneas, but as it is, they are not worth detailing. Governor Johnson, of South Carolina, writes at this time: "I am informed Mr. Oglethorpe is mighty well satisfied with Georgia, and that he says, Things succeed beyond his expectation." And the South Carolina Assembly voted, among other kind things, "That a present be given to Mr. Oglethorpe for the new settlement of Georgia forthwith, of an hundred head of breeding cattle, and five bulls, as also twenty breeding sows, and four boars, with twenty barrels of good and merchantable rice; the whole to be delivered at the charge of the public, at such place in Georgia as Mr. Olgethorpe shall appoint."

The site which General Oglethorpe chose for his city was, as is well known, the broad, low headland where the Savannah bends like a sickle before rolling to the sea. "On the first day of February," says Mr. Bancroft, "... the colonists, on board of a small sloop and periaguas, arrived at the place intended for the town, and before evening encamped on shore near the edge of the river. Four beautiful pines protected the tent of Oglethorpe, who for near a twelvemonth sought no other shelter. The streets of Savannah were laid out with the greatest regularity; in each quarter, a public square was reserved; the houses were planned and constructed on one model, each a frame of sawed timber, twenty-four feet by sixteen, floored with rough deals, the sides with feather-edged boards unplaned, and the roof unshingled. Such a house Oglethorpe afterward

hired as his residence, when in Savannah. Ere long a walk, cut through the native woods, led to the large garden on the river-side, destined as a nursery of European fruit and of the products of America." We have plans of early Savannah; and some of the Trustees' Accounts, published at home, have a very droll frontispiece, representing in the background the square city, as it "might or could or would or should" have been, on the right some emigrants and Indians felling trees and raising logs, on the left General Oglethorpe leaning on a cane the size of a post, and superintending the erection of a frame-house.

On the first morning after their arrival at Savannah General Oglethorpe called the settlers together and made them a tender and solemn address. reminded them of their duties as the founders of a new colony, and told them that the seed sown by themselves would, morally as well as literally, bring forth its increase, either for good or for evil, in after generations. He spoke to them on his favourite subject of rum in terms which almost reconcile us to his position. If not for their own sakes, though so many of them were drunkards, he begged them to keep their hands from smuggled rum for the sake of their Indian neighbours. "But it is my hope," he added, "that through your good example, the settlement of Georgia may prove a blessing, and not a curse, to the native inhabitants."

There is a letter of Oglethorpe's to the Trustees, addressed "From the Camp near Savannah," Feb-

ruary 10th, 1733, and printed the same year in a pamphlet by Benjamin Martyn, which gives such a picture of the making of a city as no secondary description can:

"... I fixed upon a healthy situation about ten miles from the sea. The river here forms a halfmoon, along the South side of which the banks are about forty foot high, and on the top a flat, which they call a bluff. The plain high ground extends into the country five or six miles, and along the river-side about a mile. Ships that draw twelve foot water can ride within ten yards of the bank. Upon the river-side in the center of this plain I have laid out the town. Opposite to it is an island of very rich pasturage, which I think should be kept for the Trustees' cattle. The river is pretty wide, the water fresh, and from the key of the town you see its whole course to the sea, with the island of Tybe, which forms the mouth of the river; and the other way, you see the river for about six miles up into the country. The landskip is very agreeable, the stream being wide, and bordered with high woods on both sides. The whole people arrived here on the first of February. At night their tents [probably of branches and boards] were got up. Till the seventh we were taken up in unloading, and making a crane, which I then could not get finished, so took off the hands, and set some on the fortification, and began to fell the woods. I marked out the town and common; half of the former is already cleared, and the first house was begun yesterday in

the afternoon. Not being able to get negroes, I have taken ten of the Independent Company [from South Carolina] to work for us, for which I make them an allowance. . . . I am so taken up in looking after a hundred necessary things, that I write now short, but shall give you a more particular account hereafter. A little Indian nation, the only one within fifty miles, is not only at amity, but desirous to be subjects to his majesty, King George, to have lands given them among us, and to breed their children at our schools. Their chief, and his beloved man, who is the second man in the nation, desire to be instructed in the Christian religion."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## томо-сні-сні, 1733.

GENERAL JONES has chosen admirably the motto to his monograph on Tomo-chi-chi:

"Fragments of a fire immortal, "With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust."

Tomo-chi-chi was the chief of the "little Indian nation, the only one within fifty miles," of which General Oglethorpe speaks above. He lived on Yamacraw bluff, hardly half a mile from the site of Savannah. From the first, before General Oglethorpe had brought his "whole people" up the river, Tomo-chi-chi had welcomed and honoured the white strangers. General Jones says, and perhaps it is not too much to say, that in the beginning Tomochi-chi could easily have overwhelmed the recent settlement, and that by his favour to the colonists he was as truly the founder of Savannah as Oglethorpe. He is certainly the most picturesque figure in the early history of Georgia, one is tempted to say, the only genuinely picturesque figure, and the historian is bound to exploit him.

There is a noble portrait of Tomo-chi-chi by Verelst, painted during his visit to England, and frequently reproduced. It represents him standing beneath his native forests, holding about him with his right hand some superb robe of fur, and resting his left hand on the shoulder of his little nephew and adopted son, Toonahowi, who holds an eagle in his arms. When the English came to Savannah Tomo-chi-chi is said to have been over ninety years of age, but from this portrait he need not have been within thirty years of it. I shall try, so far as possible, to keep to the words of witnesses.

A great deal of breath, not always of the wisest, has been spent upon the kinships of the Indian It will be sufficient for us to accept Gentribes. eral Oglethorpe's statement that the three more important tribes of the immediate vicinity were the Upper Creeks, the Lower Creeks, and the Uchees. At a later date a traveller estimates the entire population of the Upper and the Lower Creeks at 15,ooo, and their fighting men at 3,000. Another important tribe was the Yemasee. Tomo-chi-chi was by birth a Lower Creek. For some barbarian reason he had been driven, without any disgrace from his native tribe. He went out, like any little Romulus, to found a nation for himself. After many adventures he succeeded in founding a tribe, composed partly of Yemasees, and partly of disaffected Lower Creeks who seem to have gone out with him. This new nation was the Yamacraw: he established it on Yamacraw Bluff. Thus he was at once the father and the founder of the Yamacraws, and an honoured kinsman of the Lower Creeks. Before the arrival of Oglethorpe an Indian trader named Musgrove had settled among the Yamacraws. This was in contravention of the existing treaties between South Carolina and the Indians, which forbade any trader to advance South of the Savannah. He married a wretched Indian woman named Mary, who learned the English language. When Oglethorpe appeared, Mary Musgrove's services as an interpreter were very valuable. He gave her a pension of a hundred pounds, but many years later she tried to set up as an Indian Empress, and almost ruined the colony.

In his next letter but one to the Trustees, after that quoted in the last chapter, General Oglethorpe says: "This province is much larger than we thought, being 120 miles from this river to the Alatamaha. The Savannah has a very long course, and a great trade is carried on by the Indians, there having above twelve trading-boats passed since I have been here. There are in Georgia, on this side the mountains, three considerable nations of Indians: one called the Lower Creeks, consisting of nine towns, or rather cantons, making about a thousand men able to bear arms. One of these [the Yamacraw] is within a short distance of us, and has concluded peace with us, giving us the right of all this part of the country: and I have marked out the lands which they have reserved to themselves. Their King [Tomo-chi-chi] comes constantly to church, is desirous to be instructed in the Christian religion, and has given me his nephew, a boy who is his next heir to educate. The two other nations are the

Uchees and the Upper Creeks; the first consisting of two hundred, the latter of eleven hundred men. We agree so well with the Indians that the Creeks and the Uchees have referred to me a difference to determine, which otherwise would have caused a war. Our people still [March 17th] lie in tents, there being only two clapboard houses built, and three sawed houses framed. Our crane, our battery cannon, and magazines, are finished. This is all that we have been able to do by reason of the smallness of our number, of which many have been sick, and others unused to labor; though, I thank God, they are now pretty well, and we have not lost one since our arrival here."

Mr. Bancroft says that at the Revolution Georgia was the most prosperous settlement in America. How had this happened? Perhaps we can trace something of the same connection which Mr. Parton traces between the character of William Penn and the early prosperity of Pennsylvania; perhaps it was because Oglethorpe, also, was a just man, that the Georgians prospered. Certain it is that no American settlement which touched the Indians at all had so little trouble with them as had Georgia and Pennsylvania.

General Oglethorpe had for some time desired a convention of all the chiefs of the Lower Creeks, in order that he might obtain a fair and peaceable cession of most of the territory between the Savannah and the Alatamaha. This convention was brought about at Savannah in May, 1733, by the help of

Tomo-chi-chi. I will give parts of the account which appeared in the "Political State of Great Britain": "The Lower Creeks are a nation of Indians who formerly consisted of ten, but now are reduced to eight tribes or towns, who have each their different government, but are allied together and speak the same language. . . . Mr. Oglethorpe received the Indians in one of the new houses that afternoon. . . .

"The Indians being all seated" one of them, with a name which I will not spell, "a very tall old man, stood up, and with a graceful action and a good voice, made a long speech. . . . He first claimed all the land to the southward of the Savannah, as belonging to the Creek Indians. Next he said that although they were poor and ignorant, he who had given the English breath had given them breath also; that he who had made both, had given more wisdom to the white men; that they were formerly persuaded that the Great Power which dwelt in heaven and all round (and then he spread out his hands and lengthened the sound of his words), and which had given breath to all men, had sent the English thither for the instruction of them, their wives and children; that therefore they gave them freely their right to all the land which they did not use themselves, and that this was not only his opinion, but the opinion of the eight towns of the Creeks, each of whom having consulted together, had sent some of their chief men with skins, which is their wealth. He then stopped, and the chief men of each town brought up a bundle of buckskins, and laid eight bundles from the eight towns at Mr. Oglethorpe's feet. He then said, those were the best things they had, and therefore they gave them with a good heart. He then thanked him for his kindness to Tomo-chi-chi, mico, and his Indians, to whom he said he was related; and said, that though Tomo-chi-chi was banished from his nation, he was a good man, and had been a great warrior, and it was for his wisdom and courage that the banished men chose him king.

"Tomo-chi-chi, mico, then came in, with the Indians of Yamacraw, to Mr. Oglethorpe, and, bowing very low, said; 'I was a banished man; I came here poor and helpless to look for good land near the tombs of my ancestors, and the Trustees sent people here; I feared you would drive us away, for we were weak and wanted corn; but you confirmed our land to us, gave us food and instructed our children. The chief men of all our nation are here to thank you for us; and before them I declare your goodness, and that here I design to die; for we all love your people so well that with them we will live and die. We do not know good from evil, but desire to be instructed and guided by you, that we may do well with, and be numbered amongst, the children of the Trustees.' He sat down, and Yahou-Lakee, mico of Coweeta, stood up and said, 'We are come twenty-five days' journey to see you. I have been often, often advised to go down to Charles-Town, but would not go down because I thought I might

die in the way: but when I heard that you were come, and that you were good men, I knew you were sent by Him who lives in Heaven, to teach us Indians wisdom: I therefore came down that I might hear good things, for I knew that if I died in the way I should die in doing good, and what was said would be carried back to the nation, and our children would reap the benefit of it. I rejoice that I have lived to see this day, and to see our friends that have long been gone from amongst us. Our nation was once strong, and had ten towns; but we are now weak, and have but eight towns. You have comforted the banished, and have gathered them that were scattered like little birds before the eagle. We desire therefore to be reconciled to our brethren who are here amongst you, and we give leave to Tomo-chi-chi, Stimoiche, and Illispelle, to call the kindred that love them out of each of the Creek towns, that they may come together and make one town. . . . '"

Oglethorpe himself, referring to this occasion, says: "Tomo-chi-chi, in his first set speech to'me, among other things, said: 'Here is a little present;' and then gave me a buffalo's skin, painted on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle. He desired me to accept it because the eagle signified speed and the buffalo strength. That the English were as swift as the bird and as strong as the beast; since, like the first, they flew from the utmost parts of the earth, over the vast seas, and like the second, nothing could withstand them. That the feathers

of the eagle were soft, and signified love; the buffalo skin was warm, and signified protection; therefore he hoped that we would love and protect their little families."

At this convention the Creeks ceded to England the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha, as far as the tide waters flowed, with the islands on the coast, from Tybee to St. Simon's, reserving to themselves only the islands of Ossabau, Sapelo. and St. Catherine, with a suitable camping-ground at Savannah whenever they should choose to visit their white friends. This arrangement was afterward confirmed by the Trustees, and a more formal treaty concluded, in which the Creeks also engaged themselves to have no correspondence with the Spaniards or the French. "And to show," the Indians engaged, "that we, both for the good of ourselves, our wives, and children, do firmly promise to keep the talk in our hearts as long as the sun shall shine or the waters run in the rivers, we have each of us set the marks of our families." The Creeks agreed not to trade except with licensed traders. and the English agreed not to let the traders charge Some of the prices settled above a certain rate. are suggestive. A white blanket, for example, was worth only one buck-skin, but a blue blanket was worth five; a gun was worth ten buck-skins, and a knife one doe-skin. At the close of the conference General Oglethorpe gave laced hats, coats, and shirts to the chiefs, guns and other presents to the warriors, tobacco, ammunition, provisions, etc., to them all, and sent them away very happy.

Writing to the Trustees in July, about two months later, General Oglethorpe says: "There seems to be a door opened to the colony toward the conversion of the Indians. I have had many conversations with their chief men, the whole tenor of which shows that there is nothing wanting to their conversion, but one who understands their language well, to explain to them the mysteries of religion; for, as to the moral part of Christianity they understand it, and do assent to it. They abhor adultery and do not approve of a plurality of wives. is a thing not known among the Creek Indians, though frequent and even honourable among the Uchees. Murder they look on as a most abominable crime: but do not esteem the killing of an enemy, or one that has injured them, murder. The passion of revenge, which they call honour, and drunkenness, which they learn from our traders, seem to be the two greatest obstacles to their being truly Christians; but upon both these points they hear reason; and with respect to drinking rum I have weaned those near me a good deal from it. As for revenge, they say, as they have no executive power of justice amongst them, they are forced to kill the man who has injured them, in order to prevent others doing the like; but they do not think any injury, except adultery or murder, deserves revenge. They hold that if a man commits adultery, the injured husband is obliged to have revenge by cutting off the ears of the adulterer; which, if he is too strong or sturdy to submit to, then the injured

husband kills him the first opportunity he has to do it with safety. In cases of murder, the next of blood is obliged to kill the murderer, or else he is looked on as infamous in the nation where he lives: and the weakness of the executive power is such, that there is no other way of punishment but by the revenger of blood, as the scripture calls it; for there is no coercive power in any of their nations; their kings can do no more than to persuade. power they have is no more than to call their old men and captains together, and to propound to them the measures they think proper; and after they have done speaking, all the others have liberty to give their opinions also; and they reason together with great temper and modesty till they have brought each other into some unanimous resolution. they call in the young men and recommend to them the putting in execution the resolution, with their strongest and most lively eloquence. And indeed, they seem to me, both in action and expression, to be thorough masters of true eloquence. In speaking to their young men, they generally address the passions. In speaking to the old men they apply to reason only."

The Reverend Mr. Bolzius, who came out with the Salzburgers in the following year, has also some interesting observations:

"This afternoon [March 14th, 1734], we were carried to a camp which some Indian hunters had in this neighbourhood, who were in such condition as made our hearts bleed; for in the absence of their

chiefs they had much disordered themselves with drinking of rum, a liquor very pernicious to them, and which has occasioned the death of great numbers. They were painted with red, and made strange postures. The most part of them are marked with blue figures on their necks, faces, and bodies. They have beads about their necks, and rings or coloured feathers in their ears. [Another witness tells of Indians who wore tame snakes in their ears. I ... They are unwilling to talk to profane people about religion. They are very ambitious; for which reason they make war, but not to gain land. They love to be praised; though they seem to turn it off, and transfer it to others. They show great respect to old people, to whom one must speak first before one can speak to the young people. If any one dishonours them, they are not to be reconciled. . . He that does a kindness to them, they will remember forever. And they likewise are willing to give what one desires of them, though they should want it themselves. If Mr. Oglethorpe was to desire one of them to go with him to England, or any other place, he would be willing; unless he had an old father who was helpless and wanted his assistance. They love one another so that they venture their lives for one another. . . . They honour Mr. Oglethorpe as their father, and ask his advice in all their circumstances. He understands somewhat of their language. . . .

"When they promise a thing they keep their word, and would rather die than go from it. If they

find one in a lie they account him unworthy to look upon, or shake hands with. . . . They seldom ask for anything from anybody, but if one offer them anything, they do not refuse it. They love equality, and will be pleased with our Salzburgers, who both eat and labour in common. They very much observe people's behaviour. They hate self-interested people. They reckon themselves all gentlemen, and will do nothing but what they think to be generous. They account labouring and working for hire to be a slavery; therefore they will not work for gain. They reckon it a shame to wear breeches. . . ."

I shall quote but one more witness—the naturalist, Bartram, who came a good deal later: Muscogulgee [i.e., Creek] women, though remarkably short of stature, are well formed, their visage round, features regular and beautiful; . . . they are. I believe, the smallest race of women vet known: seldom above five feet high, and I believe the greater number never arrive to that stature; their hands and feet not larger than those of Europeans of nine or ten years of age; yet the men are of gigantic stature, a full size larger than Europeans; many of them above six feet, and few under that, or five feet eight or ten inches; their complexion much darker than any of the tribes to the north of them that I have seen. . . . The national character of the Muscogulgees, when considered in a political view, exhibits a portraiture of a great or illustrious hero. . . ."

A story or two is told of Tomo-chi-chi during the first days of the colony. In June, 1733, for exam-

ple, while General Oglethorpe was absent in Charleston, an Indian was found shot dead. thought that the English had murdered him. A great hullaballoo arose among the Indians. The uncle of the murdered man was a powerful "war-king," and he would be content with nothing less than the extermination of the English. Tomo-chi-chi tried hard to hold the Indians in until General Oglethorpe should return. When nothing else would do, he bared his breast to the raging uncle, and said: "If you desire to kill any one, kill me; for I am an Englishman." In the nick of time evidence arose to show that the dead man had committed sui-He had long been dejected, and had gone around (what a serio-comic picture!) begging different Indians to shoot him. As no one was good enough to do this for him, he did it himself: an Indian boy had seen him put his gun under his chin and pull the trigger with his toe.

And again, in this same month, it happened that one of the Carolina boatmen got drunk, and beat an Indian. General Oglethorpe ordered him to be tied to a gun until he was sober, in order that he might be whipped. Tomo-chi-chi begged General Oglethorpe to pardon the man, but this he refused to do unless the Indian who had been beaten should also unite in the request. This Indian's name was Fonseka; and for a long time he would not surrender the sweets of revenge. But Tomo-chi-chi would not let him be. "O Fonseka," he said, "this Englishman, being drunk, has beaten you; if he is

whipped for so doing, the Englishmen will expect that if an Indian should insult them when drunk, the Indian should be whipped for it. When you are drunk you are quarrelsome, and you know you love to be drunk, but you don't love to be whipped." The ad hominem argument worked admirably. Fonseka joined in begging General Oglethorpe to pardon the culprit; and when their request was granted the two Indians ran and untied him, in order to show that he owed his release to their intercession.

# CHAPTER IX.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS, 1733-1734.

In March, 1733, some Carolina gentlemen paid a visit to Savannah, and to one of them we owe a good little glimpse of the rising settlement:

"I went on board a canoe," with two friends and four negroes. "... Some time before we came to the landing the sentinel challenged us, and understanding who we were, admitted us ashore. This is a very high bluff,—forty feet perpendicular from highwater mark.... It is very sandy and barren, and consequently a wholesome place for a town or city. There are on it 130 odd souls; and from the time they embarqued at London to the time I left the place, there died but two sucking children, and they at sea....

"Mr. Oglethorpe is indefatigable, takes a vast deal of pains; his fare is but indifferent, having little else at present but salt provisions; he is extremely well beloved by all his people; the general title they give him is father. If any of them is sick he immediately visits them, and takes a great deal of care of them. If any difference arises, he is the person that decides it. Two happened while I was there, and in my presence; and all the parties went

away, to outward appearance, satisfied and contented with his determination. He keeps a strict discipline: I neither saw one of his people drunk or heard one swear all the time I was there; he does not allow them rum, but in lieu gives them English It is surprising to see how chearfully the men go to work, considering they have not been bred to it; there are no idlers there; even the boys and girls do their parts. There are four houses already up, but none finished. He was palisading the town round, including some part of the common, which I do suppose may be finished in a fortnight's time. In short, he has done a vast deal of work for the time, and I think his name justly deserves to be immortalized.

"Mr. Oglethorpe has with him Sir Walter Raleigh's [1552-1616] written journal, and, by the latitude of the place, the marks and tradition of the Indians, it is the very first place where he went ashore and talked with the Indians, and was the first Englishman that ever they saw; and about half a mile from Savannah is a high mount of earth under which lies their chief king; and the Indians informed Mr. Oglethorpe, that the king desired, before he died, that he might be buried on the spot where he talked with that great good man. [All this refers to an old legend not worth believing or detailing.]

"The river water is very good, and Mr. Oglethorpe has proved it several ways, and thinks it as good as the river of *Thames*. On Monday, the 19th, we took our leave of Mr. Oglethorpe, at nine o'clock

in the morning, and embarked z  $\in$   $\mathbb{C}$  harles Town; and when we set off he was pleased to honour us with a volley of small arms, and the discharge of five cannon; and coming down the rivers, we found the water perfectly fresh six miles below the town, and saw six or seven large sturgeon leap, with which fish that river abounds, as also with trout, perch, cat, and rock-fish, etc., and in the winter season there is variety of wild fowl, especially turkeys, some of them weighing thirty pounds, and abundance of deer." Of these turkeys General Oglethorpe has told us that the Indians would bring in a turkey of forty pounds weight for two pence.

No ill blood had as yet arisen on the part of Carolina, and the exchange of courtesies was frequent. It was, indeed, largely for the protection of Carolina that Georgia had been established, and a London poet of the day thus expresses the pleasant view of things:

- "To Carolina be a Georgia joined!
- "Then shall both colonies sure progress make,
- "Endeared to either for the other's sake;
- "Georgia shall Carolina's favour move,
- "And Carolina bloom by Georgia's love."

We hear of General Oglethorpe being at Charleston in May, 1733. In the following month he went there again, and delivered an address before the Assembly. "I am to thank you," he said, among other things, "not only in the name of the Trustees, and the little colony now in Georgia, but in behalf of all the distressed people of Britain, and perse-

cuted Protestal and of Europe, to whom a place of refuge will be secured by this first attempt.

"Your charitable and generous proceeding, besides the self-satisfaction which always attends such actions, will be of the greatest advantage to this province [South Carolina]. You, gentlemen, know that there was a time when every day brought fresh advices of murders, ravages, and burnings; when no profession or calling was exempted from arms; when every inhabitant of the province was obliged to leave wife, family, and useful occupations, and undergo the fatigues of war for the necessary defence of the country; and all their endeavours scarcely sufficient to guard the western and southern frontiers against the Indians.

"It would be needless for me to tell you, who are much better judges, how the increasing settlement of a new colony upon the southern frontiers will prevent the like danger for the future. Nor need I tell you how every plantation will increase in value by the safety of the province being increased; since the lands to the southward already sell for above double what they did before the new colony arrived. . . . "

Nor was South Carolina the only colony to extend a kind hand to the youngest sister. Pennsylvania, though fifty years old, was the youngest colony after Georgia, and had been founded upon similar principles of peace and good-will Thomas Penn, the proprietor who meets us in Mr. Parton's "Franklin," now wrote to the Trustees from Philadelphia,

expressing every good will, sending £100, and saying that he was engaged in collecting larger sums. At about the same time Governor Belcher of Massachusetts wrote to General Oglethorpe, warmly congratulating him, and urging him to visit Boston. A report had actually spread in Boston that Oglethorpe was coming, and resolutions were passed by the Assembly, honourary committees and escorts appointed, etc.

General Oglethorpe, in a letter to the Trustees, gives a further description of his capital. "... I pitched on this place not only for the pleasantness of its situation, but because from the above-mentioned, and other, signs, I thought it healthy; for it is sheltered from the western and southern winds (the worst in this country), by vast woods of pine trees, many of which are an hundred, and few under seventy, foot high. There is no moss on the trees, tho' in most parts of Carolina they are covered with it, and it hangs down two or three foot from them; the last and fullest corroboration of the healthfulness of the place was that an Indian nation, who know the nature of this country, chose it for their habitation."

We have seen that in February, 1733, the colonists numbered barely 120. Early in March they were "130 odd souls," and in that month they began to be recruited by small accessions from London. Some of the new adventurers came at their own expense, and all found their way to Savannah through the intermediate port of Charleston. The first ship

that came direct from London to Savannah was the "James," of 110 tons. The event is proudly recorded in the "Gentleman's Magazine": "This ship rode in 2 fathom and a half water close to the town at low water mark. The captain received the price [prize] appointed by the Trustees for the first ship that should unload at this town, where is safe riding for much larger vessels." The "James." brought seventeen persons who had been approved by the Trustees, and sent at their expense. Many of these were Piedmontese, and were sent out to further that silk culture which proved such a failure in Georgia. They were pledged not to keep their secrets to themselves, but to instruct the colonists in the art. Jews, who now number perhaps 25,000 in Georgia, began to contribute their matchless knowledge of life, and unswerving submission to its laws, to the feeble fortunes of the debtors' colony. these earliest Jews it is well to remember and honour the name of Dr. Nunis. There was some trouble about them, and but for General Oglethorpe's resolution, they would not have been admitted into Georgia at all. It seems that three Portuguese Iews in London, of the Assyrian type, had been commissioned to receive contributions for the Trustees. These three gentlemen, instead of handing over the money collected, chartered a ship and wanted to establish an exclusively Jewish colony in Georgia on their own account. The Trustees were exceedingly vexed, and forbade all Jews to go to Georgia. - But Oglethorpe understood too well the value of

this people in any human community not to be their friend, and after a little he succeeded in pacifying the Trustees.

It is probable that by the end of 1733 there were several hundreds of people in Georgia. General Oglethorpe had already found the labours of sole government too severe, and had established a Court of Justice. He had built one strong outpost on the Ogechee, and called it Fort Argyle, after his early patron. A smaller fort was constructed at Thunderbolt. Many little settlements were formed in all the country round, the details of which concern no mortal. Some of these failed, others last to this day.

The most important event in the second year of the colony was undoubtedly the arrival of the Salzburgers, under our Hanoverian Baron von Reck. I cannot resist the temptation to copy Mr. Bancroft's interesting reduction of their tedious narrative:

"A free passage;" he says, "provisions in Georgia for a whole season; land for themselves and their children, free for ten years, then to be held for a small quit-rent; the privileges of native Englishmen; freedom of worship—these were the promises made, accepted, and honourably fulfilled. On the last day of October, 1733, 'the evangelical community,' well supplied with Bibles and hymn-books, catechisms and books of devotion; conveying in one wagon their few chattels, in two other covered ones their feebler companions, and especially their little ones,—after a discourse and prayer and benedictions, cheerfully, and in the name of God, began their pil-

grimage. History need not stop to tell what charities cheered them on their journey, what towns were closed against them by Roman Catholic magistrates, or how they entered Frankfort-on-the-Main, two by two in solemn procession, singing spiritual songs. As they floated down the Main, and between the castled crags, the vineyards, and the white-walled towns that adorn the banks of the Rhine, their conversation, amidst hymns and prayers, was of iustification, and of sanctification, and of standing fast in the Lord. At Rotterdam they were joined by two preachers, Bolzius and Gronau, both disciplined in charity at the Orphan House in Halle. A passage of six days carried them from Rotterdam to Dover, where several of the Trustees visited them, and provided considerately for their wants. In Tanuary, 1734, they set sail for their new homes. The maiesty of the ocean quickened their sense of God's omnipotence and wisdom; and, as they lost sight of land, they broke out into a hymn to his glory. The setting sun, after a calm, so kindled the sea and the sky that words could not express their rapture, and they cried out: 'How lovely the creation! How infinitely lovely the Creator!' When the wind was adverse, they prayed; and, as it changed, one opened his mind to the other on the power of prayer, even the prayer 'of a man subject to like passions as we are.' . . . At Charleston, Oglethorpe bade them welcome; and, in five days more, the wayfaring men, whose home was beyond the skies, pitched their tents near Savannah:

"It remained to select for them a residence. To cheer their principal men as they toiled through the forest and across brooks, Oglethorpe, having provided horses, joined the party. By aid of blazed trees and Indian guides, he made his way through morasses; a fallen tree served as a bridge over a stream, which the horses swam, for want of a ford; at night, he encamped with them abroad round a fire, and shared every fatigue, till the spot for their village was chosen, and, like the rivulet which formed its border, was named Ebenezer. There they built their dwellings, and there they resolved to raise a column of stone in token of gratitude to God, whose providence had brought them safely to the ends of the earth."

It is this emigration of the Salzburgers which is said to have inspired the lines of Thomson, in his dull poem against Sir Robert Walpole, called "Liberty," and published a year or two later:

- "Lo! swarming southward, on rejoicing suns,
- "Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
- "Of undeserved distress, the better home
- "Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
- "Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
- "And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey:
- "But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
- "Such as of late an OGLETHORPE has formed,
- "And, crowding round, the charmed Savannah sees."

Baron von Reck has a word or two worth quoting: "I had like to have forgot," he says, "one of the best regulations made by the Trustees for the govern-

ment of the town of Savannah. I mean the utter prohibition of the use of rum, that flattering but deceitful liquor which has been found equally pernicious to the natives and new comers, which seldom fails by sickness and death to draw after it its own punishment." Baron von Reck left Ebenezer in May, to fetch other emigrants. "God bless the good man," says the Salzburgers' Journal, "and send him the fruits of our earnest prayers, and of all his labour of love and faithfulness to us!"

In January, 1734, General Oglethorpe had made an interesting reconnaissance to the south, on which we cannot follow him. He explored the Alatamaha, examined that island of St. Simon's which was to be his future home in Georgia, and named Jekyll Island after his friend Sir Joseph Jekyll. After the Salzburgers were settled, he resolved to return home. He had been fifteen months in Georgia; probably, with all other reasons, he wanted a breath of civil-In his booklet on Georgia, published two years before, General Oglethorpe had insisted upon the importance of persuading "some of the chiefest savages" to visit England from time to time, in order that, "awed with the high idea which our metropolis gives them of the grandeur of this empire, and propagating that idea among their tribes, our planters in their several neighbourhoods may enjoy uninterrupted peace and commerce with them, and even assistance from them, for at least one generation." Accordingly, he resolved to take with him, now, Tomo-chi-chi, his wife Scenauki, his nephew

Toonshowi, and five other chiefs, with their attendants and interpreters.

General Oglethorpe sailed from Charleston in April, 1734, on board the royal ship "Aldborough." He had left behind him in Savannah as Bailiff a man named Thomas Causton, his principal storekeeper, and, unfortunately, a scoundrel.

When General Oglethorpe bade adieu to the people who had accompanied him to Charleston. "they could not refrain their tears when they saw him go who was their benefactor and their father: who had carefully watched over them as a good shepherd does over his flock, and who had had so tender a care of them both day and night." "His undertaking will succeed," said Governor Johnson, "for he nobly devotes all his powers to serve the poor, and rescue them from their wretchedness." "He bears a great love to the servants and children of God," wrote Bolzius; "he has taken care of us to the utmost of his ability. . . . God has so blessed his presence and his regulations in the land, that others would not in many years have accomplished what he has brought about in one."

# CHAPTER X.

### THE STORY OF JOB, 1734.

In the year 1734 the negro gentleman, or prince. Job the son of Solomon, after creating a huge sensation in London, was sent back rich and honoured to his native land. His adventures had truly been worth telling; and they were well told by Mr. Thomas Bluett in one of the popular booklets of the season. which was read and translated everywhere. "Memoirs of the Life of Job," in their wildness, and simplicity, and suggestiveness, make one of the most fascinating little books I have handled. cannot linger long over it here; but some glances into it are necessary, both from the connection which General Oglethorpe had with Job, and from the part which the knowledge of Job's history undoubtedly played in maturing General Oglethorpe's ideas on slavery.

In some copies of the "Life of Job" is inserted a portrait. It represents a highly intelligent and interesting, even a commanding, black face; the long woolly locks are crowned by a white turban; the robes are white, and about the ebony neck a little volume is suspended by a cord. Underneath is the inscription: "Job, Son of Solliman Dgiallo, High

Priest of Bonda in the Country of Foota, Africa." Job, when in England, was said to be thirty-one or thirty-two years of age. I will only state that in January, 1731, General Oglethorpe had been chosen a Director, and that twelve months later he was appointed Deputy Governor, of the Royal African Company, of which the King was Governor.

Job, it seems, was born at the town of Boonda, in the country of Galumbo or Catumbo, in the kingdom of Futa, in Africa. And the kingdom of Futa lay on both sides of the Senegal, and "on the fourth side" reached as far as the Gambia. And these two rivers, Job used to say, ran pretty nearly parallel, but never met. We must take Job's details of the geography of the blind and dumb continent, and be thankful.

Job's grandfather, Abraham, had been the founder He was appointed hereditary High of Boonda. Priest, and Governor for the King of Futa. On his death his son Solomon, the father of Job, became Governor and High Priest. The people were Mohammedans, and of some intelligence. beneficent laws had been ordained by Abraham, as, that no fugitive should be taken for a slave. mon was a man of learning, and under him Prince Sambo, who became King of Futa, was put "to learn the Koran and Arabic language." Job was brought up with Sambo. At the age of fifteen Job married a wife of eleven, the daughter of the Alpha of Tombut. He also began to assist his father, "as Emaum, or Sub-priest." He had a son when

his wife was thirteen, and afterward other children. He also married a second wife, the daughter of another Alpha, and had children by her.

In February, 1730, Job's father, hearing that an English slaver was lying in the Gambia, sent him, with two servants and two slaves, down to the ship. It seems to have been a fortnight's journey. He told Iob to sell the two slaves to the Captain, and to "buy paper, and other necessaries, but he ordered him on no account to cross the Gambia, as the Mandingoes, their enemies, dwelt on the other side." Job could not come to terms with the Captain, and thinking that he knew better than his father, he sent back the two servants to tell him so. Then he engaged as interpreter a man who knew the language of the Mandingoes, and with this man, and his two slaves, he passed over the Gambia into the Mandingo country. Here he quickly sold his slaves for "As he was returning home, he stopped some cows. for some refreshment at the house of an old acquaintance; and the weather being hot, he hung up his arms in the house, while he refreshed himself. These arms were very valuable; consisting of a gold-hilted sword, a gold knife, which they wear by their side, and a rich quiver of arrows, which King Sambo had made him a present of." And of course, while he was refreshing himself, the Mandingoes fell upon him through the back door, and carried him off, together with his interpreter, "who is a slave in Maryland still." He was taken to the same Captain Pike with whom he had failed to come to

a bargain a few days before. And Captain Pike bought him for a pistol and some other articles. The rest supplies itself. When King Sambo heard of what had happened, he made war upon the Mandingoes, "and cut off great numbers of them, upon account of the injury they had done to his schoolfellow"; but Job was landed as a slave at Annapolis.

Arrived in Maryland, Job passed from his first master to one Mr. Tolsey, who set him to work "making tobacco." This soon proved impossible for him, and Mr. Tolsey had to give him easier work, as a cowherd. But he would often leave his cattle, and go into the woods to pray; and there was a beast of a white boy around who would mock him while he was at his devotions, and throw dirt in his face. So Job was very unhappy; and he had no language with which to make his troubles known. At last, grown desperate, he resolved "to travel at a venture," in the hope of finding some kind master. Naturally, having no passport, he was taken up and lodged in prison. While in prison he was visited by our good Mr. Thomas Bluett, and others. They saw at once that he was no common slave; and they guessed, by his refusal of a glass of wine, and by other signs, that he was a Mussulman. But still he had no word of English, and he was in a sad plight until he met an old negro who could speak the Jaloff language, which Job also knew. This was in June, 1731.

By means of the old negro he was put into communication with Mr. Tolsey, who appears to have been a good man. Mr. Tolsey took him back, and was much kinder to him now that he understood his grievances. He gave him "a place to pray in, and some other conveniences, in order to make his slavery as easy as possible." But any form of slavery was intolerable to Job, and he wrote a letter in Arabic to his father, stating all his circumstances. The letter was to be sent to Africa through London. But Captain Pike had already sailed; and the letter was ultimately laid before General Oglethorpe, as Deputy Governor of the Royal African Company. He sent it to Oxford to be translated, and thus became acquainted with the story of Job. What a circle!

Of course General Oglethorpe, "according to his usual goodness and generosity," ransomed Job, and sent for him to England. It would seem that this ransom took place at the end of 1732, just as Oglethorpe was setting sail for Georgia. Job did not get to England until the following spring, and so, on this occasion, they missed each other. But General Oglethorpe returned in June, 1734, and as Job was not sent back to Africa until the end of the July of that year, it is not possible that they should not have met at last.

I must not, and I cannot, tell of what a roaring lion Job was in English society for more than a year; or of how Mr. Bluett was his keeper at first, and afterward the Duke of Montagu; or of the kindness of Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent British Museum, who persuaded Job, in

the intervals of his social obligations, to arrange the Arabic manuscripts for him. Anything that we shall read of Tomo-chi-chi at Court will sound tame in comparison. At last, in July, 1734, the brilliant days had to end. Job was sent back in charge of Mr. Francis Moore, Factor to the Royal African Company. We shall meet this gentleman in Georgia very soon, and be thankful to him; but his "Voyage to Georgia" cannot hold a candle to his fascinating "Travels into the Inland Parts of Africa." With Mr. Francis Moore, then, Job travelled most of the way home, honoured and rich; and it is heartrending to be unable to tell of how they saw blue and red monkeys in the tree tops, who never set their feet on ground; or of how, as Mr. Moore and Job were sitting one evening under a great tree at Damasensa they saw six or seven of the very same Mandingoes who had captured him four years before. Job was wild to fall upon them single-handed, but Mr. Moore persuaded him to sit still, and to enter into conversation with them about himself. heard that the pistol for which he had been sold to Captain Pike had gone to the Mandingo king. The king wore it suspended from his neck by a string, and one day it went off and killed him. At this news Job was wilder still, and fell on his knees to bless Mahomet for such retributive justice. the last thing that I read of Job is his purchase of a woman-slave and two horses to carry to Boonda. He took leave of Mr. Moore with tears, sending back letters to General Oglethorpe, to the Duke of

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Montagu, and to other friends, and promising to learn English, in order that he might write better letters another time.

During this year, 1734, General Oglethorpe's master in arms, the old Prince Eugene, was making his last appearance before the world. In this year the Fourth Part of Pope's Essay on Man was the newest thing in literature:

- "To all beside as much an empty shade,
- "An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
- "Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
- "Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine."

For it was on the Rhine that Eugene was conducting his latest campaign against the French. Princes were thronging to learn of him the art of war. The Prince of Orange was there-Carlyle's "slightly crooked-backed, witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over." Prince Fred of England had wanted badly to get there, and his cousin Frederick the Great, not yet King, actually was there —the rising sun catching the last rays of glory from the sun that was setting, as Frederick's courtiers used to tell him fifty years later. Great things were expected of Eugene, and it began to seem to the world that he was doing nothing. "Seventeen victorious battles," Carlyle represents him as reasoning, "and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?" He was seventy-two years of age—"the bright little soul, with a flash in him as of Heaven's own lightning, but now growing very old and snuffy": in two years more he died. He was commanding the Imperial forces: not at all his old troops, but the hollow, unmanageable Reich's-Contingent, socalled. And thus, while the world looked on and "'Prince Eugenio von wondered, he did little. Savoyer Ach Gott, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since; at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I, too, am nothing like as nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead!' Prince Eugenio von Savove, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner."

And in 1734 appeared Pope's epistle to Colonel Cotterell, called the Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace. It is said to have been written two years before, and at the time when General Oglethorpe was first setting out for Georgia. In it occurs that great, resounding couplet on Oglethorpe which Dr. Warton, no pedant, has hailed as alone sufficient to immortalize any man, and which used to keep repeating itself in Boswell's head as he strolled with Dr. Johnson, a generation later, to dine with the old General. The epistle is a poem of 325 lines. Even Pope has never done more nobly than here. His words are edged like steel: scores of these couplets live still in the memory of millions, though the millions know not whence they come. Oglethorpe, in 1734, was forty-five; he is described as tall, lithe, strong, one of the handsomest men of his generation. Pope was one year older, and was what we all know:—a pain-tormented, helpless, lying dwarf, who loved his friends and was supreme in letters—"Composing songs, for fools to get by heart." When we remember the contrast there is an infinite pathos about such lines:

- "Years following years steal something every day,
- "At last they steal us from ourselves away.
- "In one our frolics, one amusements end,
- "In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
- "This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
  "What will it leave ME if it snatch my rhyme?
- "If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
- "That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?"

The passage in which General Oglethorpe is mentioned, admirable though it be, is almost the poorest in the poem:

- "Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
- "Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
- "Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
- "Ploughs, burns, manures and toils from sun to sun;
- "The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
- "All Townshend's turnips and all Grosvener's mines;
- "Why one like Bubb, with pay and scorn content,
- "Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
- "One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
- "SHALL FLY LIKE OGLETHORPE, FROM POLE TO POLE;
- " Is known alone that directing Power
- "Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
- "That God of Nature, who, within us still,
- "Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
- "Various of temper, as of face or frame,
- " Each individual: His great end the same."

This Lord Townshend, it may be said, was the brother-in-law and the noble rival of Sir Robert Walpole, who refused to annoy an enemy whom he felt to be making England, and contented himself with retiring to Norfolk and introducing the turnip from Germany into Great Britain. Sir Thomas Grosvener was an ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster; and Bubb Doddington, Pope's Bubo and Umbra, was afterward Lord Melcombe, and has been praised by Thomson.

#### CHAPTER XI.

# AT HOME, 1734-1735.

THE "Aldborough" arrived at St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, on the 16th of June, 1734, after a vovage of seventy days. General Oglethorpe at once wrote to his friend, Sir John Phillips, the father of Erasmus Phillips, one of the Trustees: ". . . An aged chief named Tomo-chi-chi, the mico or king of Yamacraw, a man of an excellent understanding, is so desirous of having the young people taught the English language and religion, that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he has come over with me to obtain means and assistant teachers. He has brought with him a young man whom he calls his nephew and next heir, and who has already learned the Lord's Prayer in the English and Indian languages. I shall leave the Indians at my estate [Westbrook] till I go to the city, where I shall have the happiness to wait upon you, and to relate all things to you more fully; over which you will rejoice and wonder."

General Oglethorpe at once went to his house in Old Palace Yard, London. On the 19th of June he waited upon the King and Queen, and on the 21st the Trustees gave a grand entertainment in his honour. Very special resolutions were also passed in acknowl-

edgment of his services. The dim old Magazines of the day abound with his name. Mr. Urban, the omniscient editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," actually offered a prize for the best design for a medal in Oglethorpe's honour, and a medal was eventually cast, the die being destroyed after a few copies had been struck off. It presents a bloated face, by no means as handsome as General Oglethorpe's own is said to have been, but it bears his right motto, Nescit cedere. He knows not how to yield.

At this time the poetical corner in the magazines always opened with long extracts from Mr. Pope's "Essay on Man," then just published in complete form, but room was found for many a copy of verses "To the honourable James Oglethorpe." I shall quote a few couplets from some verses in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, which are not at all bad:

- "--- Let nervous POPE, in his immortal lays,
- "Recite thy actions, and record thy praise;
- "No brighter scenes his Homer could display,
- "Than in thy great adventures we survey.
- "In vain the sun returns with cheerful light,
- "And drives the dusky horrors of the night,
- " If thousands wake but to renew their pains,
- "Pining with want, or held in slavish chains.
- "For these thy generous care redress provides,
- "And to a plenteous, friendly country guides.
- "Thy great example shall through ages shine,
- "A favourite theme! with poet and divine;
- "People unborn thy merits shall proclaim,
- "And add new honours to thy deathless name."

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But I have nowhere met a tribute to General Oglethorpe more honourable than that which occurs in a letter of congratulation from the Reverend Samuel Wesley, the good old father of two young men who were to be a bitter vexation to Oglethorpe. He died within a year; he was now wild with happiness at having been enabled to print his learned and amusing Latin Dissertations on Job, the labour of his lifetime. Oglethorpe, more generous than any other patron, had subscribed for seven copies of this work at three guineas apiece, and also for two large-paper copies. The old gentleman, trembling on the verge of publication and the grave, writes: "Honoured Sir-May I be admitted, while such crowds of our nobility and gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press with my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of UNIVERSAL BENEFACTOR OF MAN-KIND? It is not only your valuable favours on many accounts to my son [Samuel Wesley, Junior], late of Westminster, and myself, when I was not a little pressed in the world, nor your more extensive charity to the poor prisoners; it is not these only that so much demand my warmest acknowledgments, as vour disinterested and immovable attachment to your country, and your raising a new colony, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of wild woods and uncultivated deserts, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their fellow-mortals." The writer then says that he owes

"some account of my little affairs since the beginning of your expedition," and after having given this, closes with the utmost gratitude and respect.

Of course, Tomo-chi-chi did not fail to make a big sensation in London, though nothing comparable to what Job had just been making. He and his companions were furnished with apartments at the Georgia House, and as soon as suitable attire and war-paint could be provided for them, they were taken to Kensington in three of the King's coaches, each drawn by six horses. At the door of the palace they were received by the body-guard, and they were presented by the Duke of Grafton. I shall give the whole account from the "Gentleman's Magazine":

# "Thursday, August 1st, 1734.

"Tomo-chi-chi, the king, Senauki his wife, with Tooanakowki their son, Hillispilli the war-captain, and the other Cherokee Indians brought over by Mr. Oglethorpe from Georgia, were introduced to his Majesty at Kensington, who received them seated on his throne; when Tomo-chi-chi, mico, or king, made the following speech, at the same time presenting several eagle's feathers which are trophies of their country:

"'This day I see the majesty of your face, the greatness of your house, and the number of your people. I am come for the good of the whole nation called the Creeks, to renew the peace which was long ago had with the English. I am come over in my old days, although I cannot live to see

any advantage to myself. I am come for the good of the children of all the nations of the Upper and Lower Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English.

"'These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and which flieth all round our nation. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with you, O great king! as a sign of everlasting peace.

"'O great king, whatsoever words you shall say to me, I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nation.'

"To which his Majesty graciously answered, 'I am glad of the opportunity of assuring you of my regard for the people from whom you come, and am extremely well pleased with the assurances you have brought me from them, and accept very gratefully this present as an indication of their good disposition to me and my people. I shall always be ready to cultivate a good correspondence between them and my own subjects, and shall be glad of any occasion to show you a mark of my particular friendship and esteem.'

"Tomo-chi-chi afterwards made the following speech to her Majesty. 'I am glad to see this day, and to have the opportunity of seeing the mother of this great people. As our people are joined with your Majesty's, we do humbly hope to find you the common mother and protectress of us and all our children.'

"And her Majesty returned a most gracious answer. The war-captain and other attendants of Tomo-chi-chi were very importunate to appear at court in the manner they go in their own country—which is only with a proper covering round their waist, the rest of their body being naked—but were dissuaded from it by Mr. Oglethorpe. But their faces were variously painted after their country manner, some half black, others triangular, and others with bearded arrows instead of whiskers.

"Tomo-chi-chi, and Senauki, his wife, were dressed in scarlet trimmed with gold."

Nor was the element of tragedy wanting amid all this fun. When the Indians went to Kensington, one of their companions had been left behind, sick of the small-pox. Three days later, in spite of every attention, he died. Their grief was uncontrollable. They insisted, at first, on taking him back to Georgia, but it was out of the question. He was buried in St. John's churchyard, Westminster, with as near an approximation as possible to his ancestral rites of sepulture—the first Indian that had slept in English earth. His simple effects were thrown after him into the grave—his arms and blankets, glass beads, and feathers, and silver money;

"Farben auch, den Leib zu malen, "Steckt ihm in die Hand, "Dass er röthlich möge strahlen "In der Seelen Land."

The Indians were so inconsolable for their companion, that General Oglethorpe, with genuine kind-

ness, took them out to Westbrook. Here he kept them for nearly a fortnight, while they bewailed their dead according to the usage of their country, and somewhat recovered from their grief. The deceased was a brother of the queen.

The rest of Tomo-chi-chi's adventures in England, the sights he saw and the remarks he made thereupon, are provokingly suggestive of those recorded in the history of Mother Hubbard's Dog. He went to Lambeth, for example, to see the Primate, Dr. Wake, and very properly omitted the speech he had prepared when he saw that the old man (who could hardly have been older than himself) refused to sit, and was shaking with weakness. He went to Eton, and begged a holiday for the boys. He went to Hampton Court, and walked through the midst of thousands of people gathered to see him.

Tomo-chi-chi was greatly, even mournfully, impressed by the solidity of English architecture, the splendour of English civilization. Perhaps he felt vaguely that his race could not continue to stand in contact with such. He had been four months in England; as the winter began to announce itself, he longed for his free forests once more. The public curiosity to see him was undiminished, but he had seen enough; he wanted a chance to talk to his fellows about these wonders. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for October 30th describes his departure:

"The Indian king, queen and prince, etc., set out from the Georgia office in the King's coaches for Gravesend, to embark on their return home. During their stay in England, which has been about four months, his Majesty allowed them £20 a week for their subsistence, and they have been entertained in the most agreeable manner possible. . . . They had about the value of £400 in presents. Prince William [only thirteen, and not yet the Butcher of Culloden] presented the young mico, John Towanohowi with a gold watch, with an admonition to call upon Jesus Christ every morning when he looked on it; which he promised. They appeared particularly delighted with seeing his Highness perform his exercise of riding the managed horse—the Horse Guards pass in review, and the agreeable appearance of barges, etc., on the Thames on Lord Mayor's day.

"In the same ship embark several relations of the English already in Georgia, who were allowed the preference of going; also Sir Francis Parkhurst, his son, three daughters, and servants, together with fifty-six Salzburgers newly arrived from Rotterdam. These people were at the German church in Trinity Lane, where £47 were collected for them."

The Indians arrived safe in Georgia; and a letter from the captain of their ship tells us how well they behaved while on board, and how they came to see him in harbour on the morning of his expected return. Of Tomo-chi-chi's subsequent opinions on England, Major McCall says: "He acknowledged that the governor of the world, or Great Spirit, had given the English great wisdom, power, and riches, so that they wanted nothing. To the Indians he had given

great extent of territories, yet they wanted everything. Therefore he exerted his influence in prevailing on the Creeks to resign to the English such lands as were of no use to themselves, and allow them to settle among themselves, that they might be thus supplied with useful articles for the cultivation of the soil, and with the necessaries of life." Some of the Indians afterward sent a letter to the Trustees, thanking them for their kindness to Tomochi-chi. This letter was painted, in hieroglyphics or the like, on the neatly dressed skin of a young buffalo, and the Trustees had it framed, and hung up in the Georgia office.

Among General Oglethorpe's friends was that good Bishop Wilson whom Arnold calls one of the four greatest divines of the English Church. Oglethorpe now asked him to prepare a catechism for the use of the Indians, and after some years he complied with the request. "The Knowledge and Practice of Christianity made Easy to the Meanest Capacity" is the title of the book, and General Oglethorpe is mentioned in it with the highest praise. In acknowledging this book to the Bishop's son, in 1741, General Oglethorpe writes: "... This work breathes so strongly the spirit of primitive piety; its style is so clear and simple; its plan is so easy for minds even the most limited, and at the same time so well adapted to make them understand the most profound mysteries, that it is a true representation of the religion in which it instructs its readers. our Methodists [we shall hear of them!], instead of their lofty imaginations, been taught enough of the language of the Indians to be able to translate this book; or had they [the Indians] been sufficiently instructed to permit them to read it with advantage. I doubt not that we should immediately see surprising results from it; but God will accomplish his good work by the means which he will judge proper to employ." General Oglethorpe at once ordered five pounds' worth of copies of this work, but it does not seem to have been extensively used.

General Oglethorpe's name does not appear in Cobbett's Parliamentary History for these years, but he is said to have spoken on several occasions, and particularly in support of two acts which were ratified in January, 1735—one to prevent the introduction of rum into Georgia, and the other of slavery. In regard to the act forbidding slavery, Mr. Wright has placed together the opinion of Burke, a good deal later, that it was unwise, and the opinion of Governor Belcher of Massachusetts, at the time, that it was wise and necessary.

Of General Oglethorpe's real life at any time we know nothing. In 1735 the centre of his interests probably lay in Georgia, for in October we find him embarking once more at Gravesend. With him were sixty Salzburgers and other poor Germans under the care of Baron von Reck, and 220 English emigrants, much more carefully chosen than on any previous occasion. He took with him, as his righthand man, our friend and Job's, Mr. Francis Moore, who could not have been many weeks back from

the Gambia. General Oglethorpe had two ships, each of 200 tons or more—the "Symond," on which he himself went, and the "London Merchant." The government had detailed a sloop of war to convoy him, but he refused to go aboard it, preferring to remain in discomfort among his own people.

Some months later there appeared a shilling pamphlet in folio, containing three poems: "Georgia, a Poem"; "Tomo-chi-chi, an Ode," and "Verses on Mr. Oglethorpe's Second Voyage to Georgia." The author was, probably, the younger Samuel Wesley. Despite my lessening space, I must give a specimen from the Ode:

- "What stranger's this? and from what region far?
  - "This wondrous form, majestic to behold?
- "Uncloathed, but armed offensive for the war,
  - "In hoary age, and wise experience old?
- "His limbs, inured to hardness and to toil,
  - "His strong, large limbs, what mighty sinews brace!
- "Whilst truth sincere, and artless virtue smile
  - "In the expressive features of his face-
- "His bold free aspect speaks the inward mind,
- "Awed by no slavish fear, from no vile passion blind.
- "Erst in our isle, with such an air and mien,
  - "Whilst Britain's glory stood in times of yore,
- "Might some redoubted chief of hers be seen,
  - "In all his painted pride, upon the shore;
- "Or he, who graceful from the chariot's height,
  "When conquering Julius landed from the main,
- "Urged his confederated tribes to fight
- "For generous freedom, fierce Cassibelan;
- "Or he, whose fame in Roman annals told,
- "Must live through every age, Caractacus the bold.

- "From the wide Western Continent of land,
  - "Where yet uncultivated nature reigns,
- "Where the huge forests undiminished stand,
  - "Nor towers nor castles grace the naked plains;
- "From that new world undaunted he pursues
  - "To our famed nation his adventurous way;
- " His soul elated high with glorious views,
  - "Our strength, our arts, our manners to survey;
- "The boasted European skill to find,
- "And bear triumphant home, and civilize his kind.
- "Thine with thy OGLETHORPE's fair fame shall last,
- "Together to Eternity consigned,
- "In the immortal roll of heroes placed,
  - "The mighty benefactors of mankind;
- "Those heaven-born souls, from whose high worth we know
- "The Deity Himself best imaged here below."

#### CHAPTER XII.

## FREDERICA, 1736.

THERE was in General Oglethorpe's career a silent sort of self-abnegation which has only met with silence for recognition. Wherever the point of danger lay, there, he felt by instinct, was the place for him, and he went there without talking about it. Such was his course on the present occasion. peaceful tent beneath the pine-trees at Savannah was to be his home no longer. The Spaniards had been making ugly demonstrations all along the Alatamaha, and the only law of that land was possession. As we have seen that three years before he had seized and held the Savannah in order to defend Charleston, so now he was going out to seize and hold the Alatamaha for the defence of Savannah. He had lived but fifteen months in the comparative comfort of Savannah; all the rest of his stay in America, or more than five years, he was to spend on the wild little island at the mouth of the Alatamaha of which so few now know the name. But he seems to have given up Savannah in the same spirit in which he gave up Westbrook or the Old Palace Yard.

Of this second voyage we know more than of any

other which General Oglethorpe took, for we have at least two diaries of it. It was most stormy and Sailing from Gravesend on the 14th of vexatious. October, 1735, the vessels were, in some marvellous way, two months before finally getting off from the Isle of Wight. All the provisions were exhausted, and new provisions had to be laid in at exorbitant prices. Mr. Parton has given us an idea, in his "Life of Franklin," of what Atlantic voyaging was like in the last century, and Mr. Francis Moore has filled out the desolate details: "All those who came upon the Trust's account were divided into messes: and besides the ship's provisions, the Trustees were so careful of the poor people's health, that they put on board turnips, carrots, potatoes, and onions, which were given out with the salt meat, and contributed greatly to prevent the scurvy. The ship was divided into cabbins, with gangways, which we call streets, between them. The people were disposed into these by families; the single men were put by themselves. Each cabbin had its door and Whenever the weather would permit, partition. the ship was cleaned between decks, and washed with vinegar, which kept the place very sweet and healthy. There were constables appointed to prevent any disorders, and everything was carried so easily, that during the whole voyage there was no occasion for punishing any one, excepting a boy, who was whipped for stealing of turnips.

"When the weather permitted, the men were exercised with small arms. There were also thread,

worsted, and knitting-needles given to the women, who employed their leisure time in making stockings and caps for their family, or in mending their cloaths and linen. . . . Whenever the weather was calm enough to permit it, Mr. Oglethorpe went on board the "London Merchant," to see that the like care was taken of the people on board her, with whom we kept company all the way." The sloop-of-war had been parted from her consorts on the second day, and did not find them again before reaching Georgia.

Among the passengers who daily watched the steely face of the waters, the angry winter sunsets, through all this tormented passage, were two nobleminded young men, who were going out to suffer and to do most miserable things in Georgia. way of diversion in austerity, they had given up meat and wine, and were living on bread and rice, when the bright idea struck them that they might just as well live on bread alone. One of them had to sleep on the floor on an occasion, when the sea had wetted his bed; and after this he seems to have slept on the floor by preference. They rose at four (think of it, in the haggard ocean mornings!) and from four to seven they praved and studied the Bible. Then for fifteen hours, with little intervals for writing sermons or for studying German, they preached, and read, and prayed, and exhorted, and preached —to the emigrants, to the ladies, to the sailors, to General Oglethorpe. By ten o'clock at night they were so wearied that they went to bed(?), where

neither the roaring of the sea, nor the waving of the ship, could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave them. Among their fellow-passengers were twenty-six Moravians, with David Nitschmann, their Bishop, going out to join their brethren who had gone to Georgia the year before under the Reverend Mr. Spangenberg. As the question of languages permitted, our young ascetics affiliated more and more with these strange quietists—the only body among the sects which seems to have attained to the secret of peace. They noticed that when the winds split their sails, and the waves rolled between the decks as if the sea had already swallowed them up, these Germans alone were fearless, calmly singing on; and they realized that there could be no difference comparable to that between a smooth and a rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions. The reader will have something to read about when he comes to a chapter on "The Wesleys in Georgia."

Probably with every care that was taken, a peep at this day into the hold of a westward-bound Florio would give but an inadequate idea of the comforts of the passengers, and of what the Italians call mille fiori. Such was the life for which General Oglethorpe had refused his snug quarters on board the sloop-of-war. We are told that he almost always lived on the ship's provisions, but that he kept a special table for the Captain, the missionaries, and some young gentlemen whom he was taking out at

his own expense to establish in life, and that he was generous in distributing delicacies among the sick. On one occasion he is said to have defended the missionaries, when some of the gentlemen tried to take liberties with them, and to have announced that these were no "tithe-pig parsons." Another ancedote is given as follows on John Wesley's authority by the Reverend Henry Moore, one of Wesley's biographers: "Mr. Wesley hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, stepped in to inquire the cause; on which the General immediately addressed him: 'Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too much for a man to bear. You know, the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain, Grimaldi (his foreign servant, who was present and almost dead with fear), has drunk nearly the whole of it. But I will be revenged. He shall be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so; for I never forgive.' 'Then I hope, sir,' said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, 'you never sin.' The General was quite confounded at the reproof; and after a pause, putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a bunch of keys which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, 'There, villain! take my keys, and behave better for the future '"

Mr. Wright has taken the liberty to disbelieve this story entirely, and perhaps we may do the same;

particularly as the sloop-of-war was not with the two transports during any part of the voyage.

In order to catch the Trade Winds they had sailed as far south as the 19th degree of north latitude, and at Christmas they found the weather as warm as at midsummer in England. As they neared the coast of Georgia it became bitterly cold. Early in February, 1736, they began to see ships and land, and on the 5th of February they cast anchor at the mouth of the Savannah, under the shelter of Tybee Island.

General Oglethorpe's return to Georgia was to begin with vexation. When he left Georgia two years before, he had made arrangements for the erection of a light-house at Tybee. This was the "noble signal or light-house, ninety feet high, and twentyfive feet wide," of which he speaks in his account in Salmon's "Modern History." He had provided material, and workmen, and money, and he had expected to see it shining across the waters to welcome his return. But nothing had been done, to speak of. It was Carolina rum and Georgia demoralization. This was a bitter disappointment to General Oglethorpe; but he had to swallow his rage and make a new contract with the same architect, for the very provincial reason, as it appears, that there was no other workman in Georgia sufficiently skilled to do the work.

At Savannah General Oglethorpe was welcomed by all the freeholders under arms, and with the discharge of all the cannon. The settlement had grown,

in its three years of life, to nearly 200 houses and to 600 inhabitants, and several ships were now unloading at the wharves. But Savannah was to be, in a peculiar sense, his town no longer. He had given it life, to be sure; but during his absence it had developed an existence of its own, which was too often to be asserted in defiance of his wishes. He was coming back now in order to give it security. after having given it life; but he never lived at Savannah again, and its independent history cannot concern us. We will only notice, on this occasion, his delight at the blooming condition of the Botanical Gardens, which had been constantly fostered from England by the wealth and care of his friend Sir Hans Sloane.

Southward, southward, was all General Oglethorpe's ambition now. Yet he paused to listen to the complaints of the good Salzburgers at Ebenezer. They were highly prosperous and peaceful; they were the only people in Georgia to make the silk-culture productive, as they were the only ones who still opposed the introduction of slavery. for some reason or other they greatly wished to have the location of their town changed to the riverside, and General Oglethorpe lingered long enough to direct and to aid them in their migration. After this we hear no more of Mr. Commissary von Reck. Probably, while Oglethorpe was flying to the south. he was returning to that stimulating life at Halle of which we know, enlivened only by attendance on college lectures.

Long before the little month was over, General Oglethorpe was off for St. Simon's. As the captains were unwilling to risk their vessels in such unknown waters, he had purchased a sloop at great cost, and sent her on a few days before. He now followed in a scout-boat, leaving most of the new emigrants on Tybee Island in charge of Mr. Francis Moore. But Mr. Moore was good enough to obtain some vivid particulars from "one who went along with him."

"The scout-boat," says Mr. Moore's informant, "went along through the channels, between the islands and the main; these channels are in some places above a mile, and in others not above 200 yards wide. In many places, the woods of pines, evergreen-oaks, and cedar-trees grow close to the water-side, which with the clear sea-green color and stillness of the channels, sheltered by the woods, is very delightful to the eye. In other places, on the banks, are wide marshes, so hard that cattle feed upon them, though at some of the very highest spring-tides they are just covered with water. . . . The tides of flood carried us up along-side the islands, and the tides of ebb down to the sea. Mr. Oglethorpe being in haste, the men rowed night and day, and had no other rest than what they got when a snatch of wind favoured us. They were all very willing, though we met with very boisterous weather. The Master, Captain Ferguson, is perfectly acquainted with all the water-passages, and in the darkest night never missed the way through the woods

and marshes, though there are so many channels as to make a perfect labyrinth. The men vied with each other, who should be forwardest to please Mr. Oglethorpe. Indeed, he lightened their fatigue by giving them refreshments, which he rather spared from himself than let them want. The Indians, seeing the men hard laboured, desired to take the oars, and rowed as well as any I ever saw, only differing from the others, by taking short and long strokes alternately, which they call the *Yamasee* stroke.

"On the 18th, in the morning, we arrived at the island of St. Simon's. . . . Mr. Oglethorpe afterwards laid out several booths, without digging under ground, which were also covered with palmetto leaves, to lodge the families of the colony in when they should come up; each of these booths were between thirty and forty foot long, and upwards of twenty foot wide. . . . We all made merry that evening, having a plentiful meal of game brought in by the Indians. On the 19th, in the morning, Mr. Oglethorpe began to mark out a fort with four bastions, and taught the men how to dig the ditch, and raise the rampart."

Such, in February, 1736, was the foundation of Frederica, the bulwark against Spain of the North American colonies. It was named, of course, after that precious Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose claim to human remembrance was that he begot George III., and that Alexander Pope once presented him with a dog, bearing this legend on the collar:

"I am his Highness' dog, at Kew:

"Good reader, pray, whose dog are you?"

Frederica was situated on the western side of the island, on a bold bluff washed by a bay formed by one of the mouths of the Alatamaha before it passes to the ocean through Jekyll Sound. It was laid out in streets which were subsequently named after the officers of General Oglethorpe's regiment. General Jones says that it was about a mile and a half in circumference, including the camp on the north, the parade on the east, and a small wood on the south, which served as a blind to the enemy in case of attack from ships coming up the river. A few years later, at its most flourishing time, it had a population of 1,000, including the soldiers.

A body of 150 Gaelic Highlanders had been settled the year before at a place called Darien, a dozen miles or so up the river. General Oglethorpe now went to visit them, wearing the Highland costume. They received him under arms, and "made a very manly appearance with their plads, broad swords, targets and firearms." He completely won their hearts by his behaviour. "Captain Mackay invited Mr. Oglethorpe to lie in his tent, where there was a bed and sheets [a rarity as yet in this part of the world]. He excused himself, chusing to lie at the guard fire, wrapt in his plad, for he wore the Highland habit. Captain Mackay and the other gentlemen did the same, tho' the night was very cold." Mr. Moore tells us that these Highlanders were excellently located, on a hill, and that they had with them many of Tomo-chi-chi's Indians, who brought them in venison, and agreed with them "mighty well."

On the 25th of the same month of February on the 5th of which he had anchored under Tybee Island coming from England, he was back at Tybee for the emigrants. He managed admirably with them, forcing none to go against his will, and by the 2d of March he was on his way back to Frederica with the greater part of them. They travelled in periaguas, or large flat-bottomed row-boats of twenty or thirty tons each. He kept these boats together, and up with himself, by putting all the beer in his own boat, which led the line. On the 8th of March, 1736, they reached their new home at Frederica.

It remained to vindicate the boundaries of Georgia. A special messenger who had come from England for the purpose, and had been despatched to St. Augustine in February, had not returned. And so, when Mr. Francis Moore reached Frederica on the 23d of March, he found "Mr. Oglethorpe was gone to the Spanish frontiers." Tomo-chi-chi was with him. The old chieftain had been overjoyed to see his friend again. Two messengers had been kept standing for weeks before Oglethorpe landed in Georgia, in order to announce the good news of his arrival through all the nations of the Creeks. Now he had come to join Oglethorpe at Frederica, for he was always glad of an opportunity to hunt the buffalo, or to fight the Spaniard.

On General Oglethorpe's movements for the next

1736]

few years we cannot dwell, for most of their interest is military. In the course of an expedition in April. 1736, he named Amelia Island after the Princess Amelia, and allowed Toonahowi to name Cumberland Island after the Prince William who had given him a watch in order that he "might know how the time went." "We will remember him at all times," said Toonahowi, "and therefore will give this island his name." General Oglethorpe founded Fort St. Andrew on Cumberland Island, and, in vindication of the claims of England, erected Fort St. George at the very mouth of the St. John's. One night the Indians suddenly ran up to General Oglethorpe's "They seemed in such a rage as is hardly to be described. Their eyes glowed, as it were, with fire. Some of them foamed at the mouth, and moved with such bounds that they seemed rather possessed. Mr. Oglethorpe asked Umpeachy what the matter was? He replied: 'Tomo-chi-chi has seen enemies, and has sent us to tell it, and to help you.' Being questioned why the mico did not come back himself, he responded, 'He is an old warrior, and will not come away from his enemies who hunt upon our lands, till he has seen them so near as to count them. . . . He will make a warrior of Toonahowi, and before daylight will be revenged for his men whom they killed whilst he was gone to England. But we shall have no honour, for we shall not be there." General Oglethorpe had to go to Tomochi-chi, and after an amusing conversation persuaded him to wait until morning before attacking the en-

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emy, as it was a mark of fear to attack by night. And in the morning the enemy proved to be his envoy, returning in safety. So this expedition ended peaceably after all.

General Oglethorpe made many other expeditions this year, hardly one of which offers a salient point. He met with much insolence from high-stalking, shadowy Dons, and he gave them some insolence in return. Often it looked as if war would break out. but by negotiation it was still averted for a time. The Indians from far and near gathered about General Oglethorpe, and thus insured the safety of the English settlements. "The Chicasaws," says Mr. Bancroft, "animated by their victory over the Illinois and d'Artaguette, came down to narrate how unexpectedly they had been attacked, how victoriously they had resisted, with what exultations they had consumed their prisoners by fire. Ever attached to the English, they now deputed thirty warriors, with their civil sachem and war-chief, to make an alliance with Oglethorpe, whose fame had reached the Mississippi. They brought for him an Indian chaplet, made from the spoils of their enemies, glittering with feathers of many hues, and enriched with the horns of buffaloes. The Creeks, Cherokees, and Chicasaws were his unwavering friends, and even the Choctaws covenanted with him to receive English traders."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

THE WESLEYS IN GEORGIA, 1736-1737.

### 1. The Wesley Family.

MRS. WESLEY, writing early in the last century from that quaint, tender, beautiful parsonage home at Epworth to her wandering husband, who would be off attending Convocation when his income could not stand it and his people could not spare him, says:

"But after you went to London last I light on the account of the Danish missionaries [to Greenland, in 1721]. I was, I think, never more affected with anything. I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister, yet I might do something more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare each night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Henry, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday."

These are noble words from a noble heart. The sons of such a mother could not grow up to any life of vegetation. Jacky was John Wesley (1703-1791); Charles was the sweet singer of Methodism (1708-1788).

John Wesley went to the Charterhouse, and thence, in 1720, to Christ Church, Oglethorpe's own college at Oxford. He worked well, and in 1726 was elected Fellow of Lincoln. The voice of his dear old father breaks as he acknowledges this news. "What will be my own fate before the summer be over," he writes, "God knows; sed passi graviora—wherever I am my Jack is fellow of Lincoln."

Charles Wesley went to Westminster, where his much older brother, Samuel (Ode to Tomo-chi-chi), was an usher, and in 1726 to Christ Church. Southey tells a story of how, at Westminster, he was shadowed for years by a childless Irish gentleman of the same name, who paid his bills and wanted him to go to Ireland and be his heir. Charles, however, was content with the prospects that England offered him, and the mysterious millionaire's money went to another gentleman named Wellesley, who on the strength of it became Earl of Mornington, and grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley and of the first Duke of Wellington.

John Wesley early indicated the path that he was to tread with such fervour and happiness. In all his troubles, at this time, he went to his parents, but especially to his mother, for help. "Resolve to make religion the business of your life," she writes to him, "I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of vourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have the satisfaction of knowing, it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy." And again: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasures, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength or authority of the body over the mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in "Happy," observes Mrs. Oliphant, "the vouth who has such counsellors, and understands his good fortune in having them! The only thing that casts a shadow on the picture is the extraordinary fact that Wesley, their son, lived to believe that this wise, tender, and most Christian pair were unenlightened, unconverted sinners at the very time when they were thus guiding his feet into every good and perfect way."

Charles Wesley, though five years younger than his brother, in some ways anticipated him in forming that picturesque little first brotherhood of Methodists at Oxford of which we all know. And "on the Sundays," says Mrs. Oliphant, "an eager-eyed boy, homeliest of poor students, a servitor of Pembroke by name George Whitefield [1714-1770], hereafter to be one of their leaders, watched them wistfully as they made their way through the jeers of the crowd to St. Mary's, to receive the communion, longing, poor lad, to follow, and not disinclined at the same moment to bestow a stray buffet on the foul mouths that laughed at the young saints."

It was known in England that General Oglethorpe wished to take back missionaries with him for the conversion of Tomo-chi-chi's Indians. Old Mr. Wesley had died in April, 1735, six months before General Oglethorpe began his second voyage. Dr. Burton, President of Corpus Christi College, now introduced John and Charles Wesley to Oglethorpe, and urged the young men to go. When they applied to their noble mother, who was left widowed and in poverty, she replied: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

And so, in October, 1735, the Wesleys sailed for Georgia. John was thirty-two, and was going to Savannah as a missionary of the famous Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Charles, at the time of sailing, was not quite twenty-seven. He was going with General Oglethorpe to Frederica as his secretary and chaplain. There were two other young clergymen with them. In the pages that follow I shall not concern myself with the accounts of the biographers, but shall keep to the journals of the two Wesleys. We shall have need to remember,

whatever happens, that these young men were scholars, and gifted with a more than literary power of expression.

## 2. Charles Wesley at Frederica.

It took Charles Wesley less than seventy days (March-May, 1736) to make Frederica too hot for him. It is a sad story. One cannot look at his face, one cannot read parts even of this journal, without loving him; and yet—we shall see.

Charles Wesley first set foot on St. Simon's Island on the 9th of March, the day after the body of the emigrants had landed. His spirits revived at once. The people seemed overjoyed to see him, and General Oglethorpe, in particular, received him "very kindly." He trembled at having to call the people his parishioners, and he found that the Reverend Mr. Ingham, his colleague, had already got into trouble over the Sunday question.

On the evening of the next day he had his first harsh word from General Oglethorpe. On Sunday he "preached with boldness." On the 16th, he was "wholly spent in writing letters for Mr. Oglethorpe. I would not spend six days more in the same manner for all Georgia." On the 18th General Oglethorpe "set out with the Indians, to hunt the buffalo upon the main, and to see the utmost limits of what they claimed." And "in the afternoon M. W. discovered to me the whole mystery of iniquity." We have already had hints of this mystery. There are two women on the scene, known only by their ini-

tials, shipboard converts of the Wesleys, who, apparently, are the rival mistresses of General Oglethorpe, or claim to be such, or are thought to be. They whip their waiting-maids, talk with emphasis, and carry themselves with great freedom. Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, è passa.

Poor young Charles Wesley, only twenty-seven, retired to his "myrtle-walk" to meditate on the mvstery of iniquity. While he was at one end a bullet whistled through the other end, which he felt sure was aimed at him. But we need not feel at all equally sure, for it appears casually that a few days before, while General Oglethorpe was in the house of one of the women with initials, a bullet had whistled through the wall close to him, and the cause of it had turned out to be merely an innocent recruit indulging in rifle-practice on the esplanade. two pages have we not got an "atmosphere" of our own? Wesley, in these days, was sleeping on the ground, or on a board, and thought it luxury if he could get a chest to lie in. He was rapidly falling ill with excitement and privation.

He had persuaded General Oglethorpe to make a law against shooting on Sunday. To be sure, Oglethorpe's motives might have been hygienic. But on Sunday, the 21st, Charles Wesley's second Sunday in Frederica, the doctor fired off a gun during sermon time. With some difficulty, Wesley had him arrested, for Oglethorpe was away, "hunting the buffalo upon the main," and the doctor claimed not to be looked upon "as a common fellow." Here-

upon, one of the women with initials charged and fired a gun, and wished to be arrested too, but was The doctor, in a rage, refused to visit his patients, though he had permission to do that, and he urged his wife to get the surgical instruments and commit some unimagined kind of revenge. were bubbling and boiling until General Oglethorpe's return. On the 24th, Wesley "was enabled to pray earnestly for my enemies, particularly Mr. Oglethorpe, whom I now looked upon as the chief of them." A man named Lawley was the loudest among Wesley's accusers. About this time Lawley's wife miscarried, owing to the absence of the doctor, and naturally this did not make him love Wesley any better. The people were up in arms, threatening to migrate, or what not, and Wesley was said to be at the bottom of it all.

We learn from Mr. Francis Moore that on the 25th of March, "in the evening, Mr. Oglethorpe returned from the Spanish frontiers." His activity during these months was something prodigious. He was spending himself and his wealth for the people. And when he returned to Frederica he found it in the state we have indicated. It had taken Charles Wesley, the man whom he had brought out as his servant and helper, just two weeks and two days to do all this.

I shall not repeat the conversations between Oglethorpe and Wesley for the next four weeks. Beyond all question General Oglethorpe was very angry with his secretary. Perhaps it is too much to assert that his conversations, as here reported, do not seem veracious, but at least we must remember that we are looking at things through a stained glass. Now he inclined to Wesley, now to Wesley's accusers. He appears as the absolute despot of a military community, whose frown might well mean a man's life; he threatens, at times, to shoot half a dozen men. He was eager to be off for the Spanish frontier, and he dared not leave his people in such a chaos. At one time he gives special orders to his servants to let Wesley use none of his things, and prevents his getting some boards to sleep on, which were to be distributed as great lux-Wesley is cut and scorned on all sides, and seems to take credit to himself for the fact. sends Mr. Ingham to fetch his brother John from Savannah, and as he watches Ingham putting off he exclaims: "O happy, happy, friend! Abiit, erupit, evasit! But woe is me, that I am still constrained to dwell with Meshech!" He has his texts. his prayers, his beautiful patience, for comfort. falls miserably ill, and his life is only saved by the kindness of Mr. Davison, his "good Samaritan." He gets an old bedstead to lie on, but General Oglethorpe gives it away from under him, and refuses to spare him a carpenter to make another. His congregation has dwindled to "two Presbyterians and a Papist"; the sand-flies are an infinite torment. Ah, why did not the foolish lad, one is tempted to exclaim, go to Ireland and become Earl of Mornington!

John Wesley comes, and makes matters worse by his intolerable meddling, and goes back to Savan-Then things mend. On Easter evening, April 24th, General Oglethorpe, starting on another perilous expedition, sends for him and gives him noble words of kindness, gives him a precious ring, which. in case of Oglethorpe's death, he is to carry to a powerful member of the Government. "His interest is next to Sir Robert's. Whatever you ask, within his power, he will do for you, your brother, and your family. I have expected death for some days. These letters show that the Spaniards have long been reducing our allies, and intend to cut us off at a blow. I fall by my friends: Gascoin [the at least inefficient commander of the royal sloop-of-war, "Hawk"], whom I have made: the Carolinians, whom I depended upon to send their promised suc-But death is to me nothing." "I could clear up all," he had said just before, "but it matters not. You will soon see the reason of my actions."

It is pathetic to watch the fearless soldier in such a mood. He was endlessly kind to Wesley, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, he embraced and kissed him. Wesley attended him to the scoutboat, "where he waited some minutes for his sword. They brought him first, and a second time, a mourning sword. At last they gave him his own, which had been his father's. 'With this sword,' says he, 'I was never yet unsuccessful.' 'I hope, sir,' said I, 'you carry with you a better, even the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.' 'I hope so too,' he

added." Wesley, as the boat put off, "ran before into the woods" to see the last of him. "Seeing me and two others running after him, he stopped the boat and asked whether we wanted anything. Captain Mackintosh, left Commander, desired his last orders. I then said, 'God be with you. Go forth, Christo duce, et auspice Christo.' 'You have,' says he, 'I think, some verses of mine. You see there my thoughts of success.' His last word to the people was, 'God bless you all!' The boat then carried him out of sight. I interceded for him, that God would save him from death, would wash out all his sins, and prepare, before he took, the sacrifice to himself."

For some days all in Frederica expected that the Spaniards would bring the news of Oglethorpe's death. Wesley was as if dazed; there was nothing he cared for in life. But on the 20th of April. "about half-past eight, I went down to the bluff to see a boat coming up. At nine it arrived with Mr. Oglethorpe. I blessed God for still holding his soul in life. In the evening we took a walk together, and he informed me more particularly of our past danger. Three great ships, and four smaller, had been seen for four weeks together at the mouth of the river; but the wind continuing full against them, [thev] were kept from making a descent, till they could stay no longer. I gave him back his ring, and said, 'I need not, Sir, and indeed I cannot, tell you how joyfully and thankfully I return this.' 'When I gave it you,' said he, 'I never expected to receive it again, but thought it would be of service to your brother and you. I had many omens of my death, particularly their bringing me my mourning sword; but God has been pleased to preserve a life which was never valuable to me; and yet, in the continuance of it, I thank God, I can rejoice.'"
They seem to have "made friends" completely. Their last words, on this occasion, were, Wesley: "I longed, Sir, to see you once more, that I might tell you some things before we finally parted; but then I considered that if you died, you would know them all in a moment." Oglethorpe: "I know not whether separate spirits regard our little concerns. If they do, it is as men regard the follies of their childhood, or as I my late passionateness."

After this, it is pleasant to learn, Wesley had all the comforts he could desire, and the promise of a house; the people aggravated him with their civilities when they saw that he was once more in favour with General Oglethorpe. During these days one hears incessantly of General Oglethorpe as starting off on some expedition, and wonders at the tireless activity of the man.

But Frederica was hopelessly not the place for Charles Wesley. So he effected an exchange with his brother at Savannah, where he had also some business to do for General Oglethorpe. And "at four the next day [probably May 15th] I set out for Savannah, whither the Indian traders were coming down to meet me, and take out licenses. I was overjoyed at my deliverance out of this furnace, and not a little ashamed of myself for being so."

From this moment his journal becomes altogether delightful: but we must not follow it. He kept his brother's place at Savannah for about two months (May to July), seeing him at times, often seeing Oglethorpe, who, with his night-travelling scout-boat, seems to have been omnipresent, but never seeing the palmetto cottages of Frederica, or his myrtle walk, again. He bathed with the alligators in the Savannah, and showed kindnesses to the colonists which would have won him their love could he have begun from the beginning. But he had determined on resigning, and on the 21st of July, "I heard by my brother that I was to sail in a few days for England." On the 25th he resigned his secretary's place. and had an affectionate farewell interview with General Oglethorpe, who gave him much kind advice, and told him to marry. He seems to have had a dim idea of returning, some time, for Oglethorpe said: "I shall be in England before you leave it. Then you may either put in a deputy or resign." And on the 26th of July, 1736, "The words which concluded the lesson, and my stay in Georgia, were, 'Arise, let us go hence.' Accordingly at twelve I took my final leave of Savannah. When the boat put off I was surprised that I felt no more joy in leaving such a scene of sorrows."

At Charleston he saw some of the beauties of slavery, which it is as well for us also to look at, as illustrating the sort of thing which General Oglethorpe was keeping out of Georgia all this time by the sheer power of his shoulders and elbows. "The

giving a child a slave of its own age to tyrannize over. to beat and abuse out of sport, was, I myself saw, a common practice. . . . Another much-applauded punishment is, drawing their slaves' teeth. One Colonel Lynch is universally known to have cut off a poor negro's legs; and to kill several of them every vear by his barbarities, . . . He [Mr. Hill, a dancing-master] whipped a she-slave so long, that she fell down at his feet for dead. When, by the help of a physician, she was so far recovered as to show signs of life, he repeated the whipping with equal rigor, and concluded with dropping hot sealing-wax upon her flesh. Her crime was overfilling a teacup." Wesley embarked from Charleston with a drunken captain in August; got to Boston with much pains (he calls the granite coasts "beautiful beyond all I had ever seen"); and after a pleasant stay in Boston set sail once more and "fell down into the Downs, over against Deal," on the 2d of December, 1736, thirteen months and a half after he had first left England.

# 3. John Wesley in Savannah.

Dr. Burton, the President of Christ Church, and one of the Trustees, sent a letter of admirable advice to John Wesley a little before he embarked for Georgia. "You will keep in view," he said, "the pattern of the Gospel preacher, St. Paul, who became all things to all men in order that he might save some. . . . As in all points we love ourselves, so, especially, in our hypotheses." The last sentence

is particularly suggestive, and reminds one of its converse in that saying of Aaron Burr's, that "a man may not own a hundred thousand dollars, but he owns his own opinion." Had John Wesley understood a little of these things, he would not have had to fly from Georgia like a felon.

It was of course as a missionary to the Indians that Wesley had come out. On the 14th of February, 1736, a week after the "Symond" had dropped anchor under Tybee, and while Wesley was still on board, Tomo-chi-chi, his wife Scenauki, his nephew Thleeanouhee (can this be our old friend Toonahowi?), and other Indian women and children, came to visit him. Tomo-chi-chi, through the interpreter. spoke to him in words of measured welcome. am glad you are come. When I was in England I desired that some would speak the great Word to me; and my nation then desired to hear it; but now we are all in confusion. Yet I am glad you are come. I will go up and speak to the wise men of our nation; and I hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians; we would be taught, before we are baptized." Wesley answered: "There is but one, He that sitteth in heaven, who is able to teach man wis-Though we are come so far, we know not whether He will please to teach you by us or no. If He teaches you, you will learn wisdom, but we can do nothing." On the following day, "another party of Indians came; they were all tall, well-proportioned men, and had a remarkable softness in their

speech and gentleness in their whole behaviour." And a few days later still, says Wesley, "my brother and I took boat, and passing by Savannah, went to pay our first visit in America, to the poor heathens. But neither Tomo-chi-chi nor Sinauky were at home. Coming back, we waited upon Mr. Causton, the chief Magistrate of Savannah."

In after days John Wesley was to call at Mr. Causton's quite too often for his own happiness, but he does not appear to have done anything more for "the poor heathens." To oblige the Trustees he took the position of chaplain at Savannah, for a time merely, and until he could learn the Indian language. But he never tried to learn the Indian language. is only recorded, that at a subsequent interview with Wesley Tomo-chi-chi made the following pungent remarks, as given by Southey, who never is accurate: "Why, these are Christians at Savannah! these are Christians at Frederica! Christian much drunk! Christian beat men! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! Me no Christian!" Scenauki was more courteous. She brought two large jars of honey to the missionaries, and one of milk. She begged them to come up to Yamacraw and teach the children, saying that the milk represented the needs of the children, and the honey the good wishes of the But the pretty parable was unregarded. people.

By his own statement, Wesley had come out, not to help others, but to save his own soul. That famous first question which the Reverend Mr. Spangenberg put to him before he left the "Symond" is the key-note to much that followed: "Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit, that you are a child of God?"

And it was a strange, wild parish in which he found himself—a place where, for example, the ladies had silk dresses to go to church in, but where, as often as not, they had no beds to sleep on at home. Mrs. Oliphant says that he made his appearance here in some such fashion as a flaming Ritualist of the present day might make his entry into an evangelical parish. "He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians who were brought to him for baptism. refused to bury the dead who had not been baptized in the Church of England, and shut out from the communion-table the devoutest Christian who could not stand this test. With that curious want of discrimination which distinguished him, he mixed up paltry matters of detail with great Christian principles, preaching sermons one day against depravity and drunkenness, the next against the pretty dresses with which the colonial ladies came to church on Sunday. . . . He interfered in family quarrels and the broils of social life." Before many months he was the most universally loathed man in Georgia. In the kindest phrasing of it, his mission was to make virtue odious. All the miserable details are written at large in his journal, which, for the rest, is full of vivid observation. We must touch it lightly, as it does not particularly concern General Oglethorne.

Once, in July, 1736, before the worst storm had

1737]

broken, five Chickasaw Indians, who were visiting Savannah, came, with their interpreter, to see him. Some curious Indian beliefs were elicited. "We believe there are four beloved things above; the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and he that lives in the clear sky. . . . We think of them always, wherever we are. . . . Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up." A beautiful young girl had died under tragical circumstances a few days before. The interpreter now remarked: "They said at the burying, they knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the Beloved Ones above to take up the soul of the young woman."

The final catastrophe of Wesley's Savannah life can be best expressed in Mrs. Oliphant's delicate reduction. It does not read pleasantly in the original. There is, throughout, a hardness about Wesley's character which does not call for sympathy. Twelve months had passed since he reached Georgia. He was, at this time, writing to General Oglethorpe, who was in England, letters strangely compounded of insolence and of perfunctory gratitude.

"Among the ladies of the colony," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was a certain Miss Sophy [this was Sophia Hopkins, a niece or wife's niece of Thomas Causton, the scoundrelly chief magistrate of Savannah. He was appropriating the public stores and moneys all the while, and living in splendour at Oakstead; but he had to answer for it soon, and died on the Atlantic.]—a certain Miss Sophy, who either moved by genu-

ine liking for the preacher, or by a coquette's desire to vanquish all, or, as Wesley's historians say, by a deep laid scheme to tempt him out of his austerities, gave herself a great deal of trouble to reach the heart of the austere young saint. It is an office which some woman generally undertakes either for good or evil in the life of most confessors. came his penitent, with religious difficulities to solve; and his pupil, with a pretty thirst for knowledge. She 'dressed always in white, and with the utmost simplicity, to please his taste'—she nursed him through a fever. The young man fell a victim to these wiles. It seems very doubtful whether she had any intention in the whole matter but that of amusing herself, as wicked young women will. . . . At last, with a strange exhibition of the utter want at once of passion and of delicacy in his nature, Wesley determined to submit the question, whether or not he should propose to marry her, to the Moravian Church / The elders sat upon it in solemn conclave, and advised him to proceed no further in the 'The will of the Lord be done,' said the business. pious suitor. And yet it cost him a pang. On 'March 4th,' the day of this meeting, he says in his journal, 'God commanded me to pull out my right eye, and by His grace I determined to do so; but being slack in the execution, March 12th, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not.' This latter ambiguous sentence means that Miss Sophy on that day put him out of pain by marrying another—a tolerably clear indication that

her sport with the poor clerical mouse had been but a cruel play."

Not to quote any more of Wesley's texts, Miss Sophy married a Mr. Williamson on the 12th of March, 1737. But Wesley, as Mrs. Oliphant briefly and well puts it all, "could not be done with his false love though she had forsaken him. After a while we find him reproving her according to his ancient custom: but the wife did not accept the reproof as the maiden Sophy had done, and the consequence was that he took the rash and unaccountable step of refusing her admittance to the communion-table." Naturally, he was pulled up in court by the indignant husband and uncle for defamation of character, damages £1,000. Wesley had consistently preached against obedience to the law, and done what he could to sap the authority of the magistrates: he "used to come into the Court in a menacing manner," says Colonel Stephens, "crying out, Liberty, calling to the people to remember they were Englishmen, etc." Now that he was in trouble, these strange magistrates did not prove friendly to Things went from bad to worse, and on the 2d of December, 1737, one year after his brother Charles had dropped "down into the Downs," he determined to shake the dust of Savannah from his feet. That is all he says, but Colonel Stephens, and others, have given us details. Colonel Stephens, who had come out a few weeks before, whose journal is our most valuable authority for some years to come, and who was afterward General Oglethorpe's deputy in Georgia, says that he stole away by night in a boat to Purrysburg, up the river, with the three most obnoxious men in Georgia after himself—a lazy, seditious constable named Coates, who was flying from his debts; a pert fellow named Gough, who "now went off in many people's debt, leaving a wife and child behind him, who even in this forlorn state scarcely grieve at his absence, since he used to beat them more than feed them"; and a loose, insignificant barber named Campbell, who was also flying his creditors. There was a loud howling in Savannah, and "Noscitur ex sociis was the common by-word."

The four allies tried to walk from Purrysburg to Beaufort; were misdirected by an old man, walked into a swamp, and lived for several days on a piece of gingerbread and prayers. After many tribulations. Wesley sailed over Charleston bar on the day before Christmas, hoping that it was not for the last time. He went to do his life's work—a work which. Mrs. Oliphant says, "is almost as great, taken from a merely external, political point of view, as that of founding a kingdom;"—but he does not concern us much more. On nearing England at the end of January, 1738, he says for our benefit: "It is now two years and almost four months, since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I the least of all suspected), that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God."

As John Wesley was dropping into the Downs, there was an outward-bound vessel in the offing, trying to get started. On this vessel, he learned, was George Whitefield, not yet twenty-four, whom he had summoned to Georgia. Now he wanted to stop Whitefield, and so drew lots, and sent the following letter after the ship: "When I saw God by the wind which carried you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have enclosed." The enclosure was a slip of paper containing this sentence: "Let him return to London."

Wesley landed in England on February 1st, 1738, the day which was being celebrated in Georgia as the anniversary of the founding of Savannah: his letter did not reach Whitefield for months. On hearing of his arrival in this guise, General Oglethorpe was at first very angry, and Wesley even seems, for a time, to have been in danger of the law; but Oglethorpe's patience with him, now as always, was infinite. He never loved John Wesley, as he loved Charles; but there is an old story, preserved by Sarah Wesley, to the effect that General Oglethorpe, on suddenly meeting John Wesley after long years, took him by the hand, and kissed it, and treated him with the utmost reverence and affection.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

TO ENGLAND FOR TROOPS, 1737-1738.

I HAVE said that it is impossible to dwell upon the details of General Oglethorpe's tireless expeditions to the Spanish frontier. They make deadly dull reading, and they are all of a type. He generally sets out in a scout-boat at midnight: in the morning there are two Spanish horsemen waiting among the sedges with perfectly inadmissible messages. There are Indians always about who complain frantically of the murder of their companions by the Spaniards, and once in a great while make a quaint speech or render an interesting war dance. are men-of-war in attendance, with inefficient commanders, and cowardly and dishonest volunteers from Carolina. There are high-stalking Dons, "with their stately Spanish grace," and their devilish hearts, who are, and must remain, mere shadows for us. There are ungrammatical Highlanders with their plaids and broadswords: surprises, forced marches, reliefs of forts, seldom any deaths. The small-beer chronicles of the settlement of Savannah or of Frederica have at least a certain human interest: these ramrod details have none. But it was by just such labours that General Oglethorpe had spent himself.

and defended Georgia, for nine incessant months, from February to November, 1736. The Spaniards had beaten him back from Fort St. George, on the St. John's; but he still held Cumberland Island and the line of the St. Mary's. And now the Spaniards were getting so outrageous that the Trustees wanted his advice at home, and he himself felt the need of going back to fetch regular troops. The people of Carolina were even worse than the Spaniards; interfered with all trading regulations, invaded parts of Georgia with their negroes, and tried to stir up the Uchees to attack Savannah. "This will never do"; and on the 29th of November, 1736, General Oglethorpe set sail for England, we do not know from what port.

In December, it seems from Charles Wesley's journal, Oglethorpe was daily expected in London. Wesley himself was not many days back, and he tells us of some of our friends, among others, of "good old Sir John Phillips, who received me as one alive from the dead." A great source of sorrow to him in these days was the publication of the misleading first part of his brother John's journal, which the latter had sent over with characteristic ill taste, and which was immediately in everybody's hands. also reads "the poor Purisburger's case," which we are unable to detail, and thinks it "an eternal monument of Carolina's infamous breach of faith." the 7th of January he writes: "The news was brought of Mr. Oglethorpe's arrival. The next day I waited on him, and received a relation of his wonderful deliverance in the British Channel [storms1]. The people of Carolina, he told me, were quite mad, had hired men to murder the Indians,—the Spaniards—[sic] had burned Augusta, etc. He then inquired about Appee [of whom later]. I gave him some little account of his misbehaviour, together with an extract of my journal. He seemed sorry he had ever employed him; talked admirably of resignation; and the impossibility of dying when it is not best."

Charles Wesley saw much of General Oglethorpe during the next few weeks. He went to see "Mr. Pope's house and garden," and was "sensibly affected" at the plain Latin inscription on the obelisk to Pope's mother: Ah, Editha! matrum optima, mulierum amantissima, vale / But he saw the most of a strange German nobleman who was then in London for a short time, with his Countess and Bishop Nitschmann, on behalf of the Moravians. This was Count Zinzendorf (1700-1760). Wesley seems to be falling rather into his sphere, and out of General Oglethorpe's. We know that in January Count Zinzendorf had an interview with Oglethorpe which could not have been other than pain-For the Moravians in Georgia were not getting along well. They raised silk-worms; they were kind to the Indians, and had built a school for them called "Irene"; they had established on the river side, half way between Savannah and Ebenezer, a little community very much on the type of that which Carlyle describes at Herrnhut: "An opulent enough,

most silent, strictly regular, strange little town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress. Missionaries, speaking flabby English, who have been in the West Indies or are going thither, seem to abound in the place; male population otherwise, I should think, must be mainly doing trade elsewhere; nothing but prayers, preachings, charitable boarding-schooling and the like, appeared to be going on. Herrnhut is 'a Sabbath Petrified; Calvinistic Sabbath done into stone,' as one of my companions called it."

But these good Moravians, when Georgia was threatened by Spain, by the Indians, by Carolina, would not lift a finger to help; would not arm, would not contribute. It was of no use; the Georgians were not in a mood to stand any trifling, and the Moravians had to go. Some of them went within a year:—went to Pennsylvania, to Germany, and elsewhere, after paying back, with much honesty, the money which the Trustees had advanced for their passage. The others went in 1739, when war had actually been declared between England and Spain, when even Pennsylvania had voted supplies. It must have been a sad breaking up. We still see the remnants of them at Bethlehem and at Nazareth, in Pennsylvania.

I must pause, before speaking of greater things, to mention a clever Dutch rascal from Surinam, named Appee. He was one of Charles Wesley's Frederica converts, and had been engaged to that beautiful Miss Bovey whose tragical death caused

such a flutter at Savannah, and at whose funeral the Chickasaw Indians thought the priest was speaking to the Beloved Ones to take up her soul. Appee was a great admirer of Gil Blas, and imitated him without striking success; he would make an interesting chapter if this volume could be stretched by a dozen pages. He had been employed in some capacity by General Oglethorpe, and came home with Charles Wesley, disclosing himself in several ways as a rascal-bragging loudly of his personal intimacy with Oglethorpe, and claiming that he had been sent, among other more important objects, to keep an eve on Wesley, who was not compos mentis. By January, 1737, Appee had worked himself into a debtors' prison. On Oglethorpe's arrival he applied to him. We read in Wesley's journal for January 13th: "Mr. Oglethorpe acquainted me, that he had been sent to again by Appee, in Newgate. Upon my expressing pity for him, he added, 'I can do He has tied my hands. nothing. If I released him, it would confirm all his lies. We are such dear friends, that I must even leave him where he is." But General Oglethorne could not long resist any similar appeal, and within three weeks we find Appee out of prison, and once more dodging Charles Wesley, to whom he owed money.

General Oglethorpe had come back this time in an emphatically public capacity. He was received with ovations by the Trustees, and on his first reception he made them a speech on the necessity of defending Georgia which became the sensation of the day. The newspapers are full of him. The Spanish Ambassador was indiscreet enough to present a memorial protesting against Oglethorpe's return, and this put the finishing touch to his popularity. "It is of course," remarks the "London Daily Post," "a glorious testimony of his merit, and a certificate of his patriotism that ought to endear him to every honest Briton." At the same instant arrived the news that the English merchants had been expelled from St. Augustine, and that a great armament was daily expected there from Havana.

General Oglethorpe's help in Parliament had been wanted by the Trustees when they summoned him home, and he seems now to have spoken frequently. One of his speeches is perhaps worth quoting in part. It was delivered on the 9th of June, and was directed against the famous bill for punishing the provost and the city of Edinburgh for that Porteous Riot of which we all know from "The Heart of Midlothian."

"Sir," he said, "I never had the happiness to be married, but I have been told, and believe, that marriage is a very happy state. I have often heard the union betwixt us and our neighbouring nation compared to marriage, and I think not improperly, for the happiness of both parties must consist in a mutual harmony and good understanding, which can never be, if the stronger shall pretend to oppress the weaker; and the Scots, Sir, when they entered into this state with us, put so absolute a confidence in our honour, that it would be both ungenerous and unjust for us to give them the least cause to repeat

their bargain. I shall readily own that a most horrid riot and murder happened in Edinburgh, and that there were several obvious measures neglected which might have prevented it; but I think the punishment intended by the present Bill is far too severe, both with respect to the Lord Provost and the city itself.

"As for the Provost, I am of opinion that he did all that could be expected of a man of his age and abilities, and I cannot see any reason why he should be singled out for punishment. And, Sir, as gentlemen have in this affair been pleased to quote Puffendorf and Grotius, I shall beg leave to quote the words of an author whom I am sure most gentlemen in this House have read twice for once that they have read those two authors. The words are in a book which I have in my pocket, and which is called "Hudibras."

- "' Though nice and dark the point appear,"
  - "(Quoth Ralph) 'it may hold up and clear.
- "' That sinners may supply the place
- "'Of suffering saints is a plain case;
- " Justice gives sentence many times
- "'On one man for another's crimes."

"These lines, Sir, introduce an account of a bedrid weaver in New England, who was hanged for the murder of an Indian, committed by a preaching cobbler. The Indians, it seems, insisted warmly that the murderer should be hanged; and as they did not know his person, the saints thought it much better to hang up the bed-rid weaver than the

offender, who was a useful man among them, by acting in the double capacity of preaching and cobbling. I leave gentlemen to apply this bed-rid weaver's case to the Lord Provost's. I shall only observe, that from what appears by the evidence given at the bar of this House, there were others equally if not more guilty. . . ."

There was a great snarl at this time about the trading relations between Georgia and Carolina. Georgia had received large grants of governmental help, but it looked for a while as if she might lose them. Charles Wesley, diarizing in May and June, lets out some vivid flashes. "I met Virelst and Counsel at Mr. Oglethorpe's, about the hearing they are shortly to have before the Board of Trade. When they were gone, Mr. Oglethorpe said, if the Government had dropped Georgia, he would not let the poor people perish, but sell his estate, which he could do for £45,000, and support them upon the interest. . . . At ten we were again before the Board of Trade. Till twelve Carolina side was heard. Then our Counsel (confused enough) was heard for Georgia. . . . After my affidavit was read, Murray made our defence; but so little to Mr. Oglethorpe's satisfaction, that he started up, and ran out." Things seem to have come out right soon after. This Murray was Pope's friend, "Murray, long enough his country's pride," the Lord Mansfield of fifty years later. About the same time, our friend Appee stole a watch from a Mr. Laba, a cutler, and ran away with it to Paris.

In the waning of this year, 1837, Oueen Caroline, "the mother of England," lay dying at Hampton Court. "The eldest son, the Esau, who had sold his birthright [our Frederica Prince of Wales] was not there. He was at his own house in town, flattering himself that 'we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer.' Nor was Anne, the Princess Royal [Princess of Orange], at her mother's bedside. But she had her boy. Williamhim, whom in this solemn domestic scene one grudges to think of as Cumberland—and her younger daughters." The King lay blubbering across her . bed, and when she counselled him to marry again he managed to get out the immortal answer: "Non. j'aurai des maîtresses." "Ah, mon Dieu!" was her only reply, "cela n'empêche pas /" Then her Minister, "the man whom she had made and kept supreme in England, came to sav his farewell." "My good Sir Robert," she said to him, "you see me in a very indifferent situation. I have nothing to say to you but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care." "Even in the presence of the dying," says Mrs. Oliphant, "Sir Robert's heart gave a throb of terror as he scrambled up plethoric from his knees. Where was the Oueen's usual prudence and menagement? Caroline had come to the bare elements, and could menager no more." Her last word, a little later, was "Pray." "With it the shadows fell around one of the most remarkable lives that has ever been lived in England. . . . 'Her Grace was in a heavenly disposition,' the prudent Archbishop said, as he stole through the questioning crowd."

During all this winter Oglethorpe was busy in raising and equipping his regiment. For in the previous Iune, when the Trustees had praved for some further defence to their colony, he had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the King's forces in Carolina and Georgia; and in October he had kissed the King's hand on receiving his commission as Colonel in the army. His regiment was to consist of six companies of one hundred men each. To these a grenadier company was afterward added, and he carried out with him a body of supernumeraries at his own expense. The newspapers say that he raised this battalion in very quick time, as he disdained selling commissions, in the way then com-He also engaged to carry out twenty poor young cadets at his expense, and some of these proved themselves to be very poor types indeed of gentility. But as he would not be able to start before mid-summer, and was anxious for the safety of Georgia in the mean time, it was decided to send a small body of troops from Gibraltar. It was with these troops that George Whitefield was going, by way of Gibraltar, when John Wesley sighted him, in January, 1738, beating about the Channel for a The Gibraltar company, with Whitefield, did not reach Savannah before May. At about the same time, several companies of Oglethorpe's own regiment, who had been sent ahead under Colonel Cochrane, reached Charleston, and at once marched south to Darien.

Some months earlier a brave young adventurer, with five halfpence and a vile inherited melancholia for all his fortune, had come up from Lichfield to make his living by literature. In May, 1738, when he was not twenty-nine, appeared his "London; a Poem. In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal." This has little of the sombre force and splendour of his "Vanity of Human Wishes," yet to come, but it has lines which no one else living in England, except Pope, could have written. And there were special reasons to recommend it to Oglethorpe and to a warlike public. Listen to such passages as these:

- "Sense, freedom, piety, refined away,
- "Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey-"
- "Has heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
- "No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
- "No secret island in the boundless main?
- "No peaceful desert, yet unclaimed by Spain?
- "Quick, let us rise, the happy seats explore,
- "And bear oppression's insolence no more!"

For Oglethorpe did love this poem. Dr. Warton has told us that "Johnson had a high regard for him [Oglethorpe], for he was one of the first persons that highly, in all companies, praised his London." And James Boswell, who was not yet within some years of being born, wrote more than fifty years later: "Johnson's London was published in May, 1738; and it is remarkable that it came out on the same morning with Pope's satire, entitled '1738'; so that England had at once its Juvenal and Hor-

ace as poetical monitors. The Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, to whom I am indebted for some obliging communications, was then a student at Oxford, and remembers well the effect which London produced. Everybody was delighted with it; and there being no name to it, the first buzz of the literary circles was 'here is an unknown poet, greater even than Pope!' And it is recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year, that it 'got to the second edition in the course of a week.'

"One of the warmest patrons of this poem on its first appearance was General Oglethorpe, whose 'strong benevolence of soul' was unabated during the course of a very long life; though it is painful to think, that he had but too much reason to become cold and callous, and discontented with the world, from the neglect which he experienced of his public and private worth, by those in whose power it was to gratify so gallant a veteran with marks of distinction. This extraordinary person was as remarkable for his learning and taste, as for his other eminent qualities; and no man was more prompt. active, and generous, in encouraging merit. heard Johnson gratefully acknowledge, in his presence, the kind and effectual support which he gave to his London, though unacquainted with the author."

The effectual support of a poem, in those days, was apt to include a *douceur* to the poet. We are aware, from Charles Wesley's charming journal, of General Oglethorpe's consistent kindness to him. He seems to have supported Wesley, as his nomi-

nal secretary, until a little before he sailed; and when Wesley insisted, at last, on resigning, he offered to let him keep the position and fill it by deputy.

It was in the spring of 1738, and before Oglethorpe left, that, as Carlyle puts it, the Ear of Jenkins reemerged, and set all England bellowing. The story is simple enough. By treaty the English had the right to send one ship a year, of a certain generous tonnage, to the Spanish Main, the golden coasts of South America. But they sent a score of little ships as well, which loaded up the big ship by night while she unloaded by day; and the trade of Spain was almost ruined. So the Spaniards, claiming right of search, went for every little English ship they saw. Many sad scenes were enacted; and in 1731 one Skipper Jenkins, of the ship "Rebecca," while innocently cruising in the Gulf of Florida, had had his ear hacked off by a devil of a Spanish captain, who told him to take it to his king. Poor Jenkins hastened to Court, "with his owners"; but at such a pacific time it was hopeless to try to get the ministers to listen. Seven years had passed. Jenkins had been," says Carlyle, in his wonderful way, "all this while-stedfastly navigating to and fro, stedfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labours, vet privately 'always keeping his lost ear in cotton' (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling), no mortal now knows." But during this spring he was certainly in England once more. The ministers had to hear him now. The opposition leaders said that

there was no need of foreign alliances, his story alone would arm the country.

"Own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,

"Who cropped our ears and sent them to the king,"

sneered Pope, in his "1738." Sir Robert would not, even yet, listen to war, for he knew that England was not fit for it; but England was aflame, "feeling one of its Berserkar impulses of battle coming on." General Oglethorpe was in the midst of it all, and we may trust him for having bellowed with the loudest.

His regiment was now ready. It is reported that he tried to further the interests of his colony by offering double pay, and other advantages, to the men who would marry. In spite of his published opinions on the subject, he seems to have thought that population *per se* was a good thing, at least in a new country. At this time he was only a Colonel in England, but more than a General in America.

He sailed from Portsmouth on the 5th of July. The first time he went to America he had sailed with one little ship. The second time he went with two ships and a man-of-war. Now he had no less than five ships, probably with a large number of colonists besides the soldiers, and two men-of-war. He made a straight line for his destination, and landed at St. Simon's on the 18th of September, after an uneventful voyage. He was the last Englishman who hated the Spaniard with the unreasoning, instinctive hatred of the Elizabethan days. Before long he was to have full swing at "the Inquisition dogs, and the Devildoms of Spain."

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE DEVILDOMS OF SPAIN, 1738-1743.

THE five years included in this chapter, from 1738 to 1743, form the culmination of General Oglethorpe's active career. It was during these years, when he was from forty-nine to fifty-four years of age, that his exertions against Spain were the most tireless, and his self-sacrifices the most reckless. Yet it is over precisely this period that we shall have to pass the most lightly. He chased the Spaniard from the land; he spent his own fortune in defending and assisting Georgia; and he afterward had much difficulty in getting the home government to indemnify him. But the breath of life has somehow passed away forever from these details. haps it was merely because the poet was wanting at the time; perhaps they were essentially unworthy to be chronicled by a poet; in any case, it is too late to revive them. It is not for lack of room that we must pass over this period so lightly, for room could have been found: it is not for lack of documents, for it would be easy to put together from the old records and from General Oglethorpe's despatches, as Mr. Wright has done, a hundred pages which no man could read without agony. But we

must remember Voltaire's curse on mere facts as such: "Malheur aux details /" It is only the interesting facts which concern history.

General Oglethorpe's first care, on landing at St. Simon's in September, 1738, was to complete the He set all hands at work, and built. fortifications. among other defences, a famous curvilinear road across the island, which ran blindly for six miles between a forest and a marsh, and which afterward contributed greatly to the defeat of the Spaniard. From this time, for months to come, we hear of constant mutinies and quarrellings among the soldiers. It seems to have been a common experience for General Oglethorpe, while in Georgia, to have his face singed by the bullets of his own people suddenly whistling by him. Spanish emissaries turned up in his own regiment, and he was too good-natured in dealing with them, and thus encouraged others. An agent was discovered who proved to belong to the Irish-French regiment of the great Marshal Duke of Berwick (Oglethorpe's quasi fosterbrother, according to the old story!). The Gibraltar troops rose in arms because the government, after supporting them for six months, in addition to their pay, would not do so any longer. The officers set a bad example, and there was a miserable row between Colonel Cochrane and Captain Hugh Mackay, Oglethorpe's old Highland host on that cold night about the watch-fire at Darien three years before, which made it necessary to send them both home for Colonel Cochrane's court-martial.

Yet at the end of the year General Oglethorpe could write home in high spirits to Mr. Winnington, the Paymaster of the Forces. "Here are some Worcestershire gentlemen," he says, "who daily drink your health. I wish they do not commit idolatry, for they seem to remember you with as much veneration as the Greeks did their gods over their cups. Captain Burridge (of the "Blandford" manof-war) is foremost. I hope you will use your interest for to continue him stationed in Georgia. The ships stationed at Charlestown are of no use to us, for the same south wind which would bring up the Spaniards to attack us keeps them, who lie to the northward, from coming down to our assistance." And in the same letter he puts in a nutshell the terrible financial situation of Georgia. Parliament, to defray the charges of the colony of Georgia, and the military defence thereof, used to grant £20,000 for a year. The King ordered a regiment for the defence of the colony, and thereupon the Trustees were contented to abate £,12,000 in their demands, and £8,000 only was granted to them. But as the regiment did not arrive till near a year afterward, the Trustees were obliged to support the military charge of the colony during that whole time, which was very dangerous by reason of the threatened invasion of the Spaniards, of which you received so many accounts. No officer of the Trustees dared abandon a garrison, reduce any men, or dismiss the militia whilst the Spaniards threatened the province, and the King's troops were

not arrived to relieve them. A debt of near £12,000 is contracted because, by unforeseen accidents, the regiment was delayed, and the military expense was continued till their arrival, though the Parliamentary grant ceased." "If," he concludes, "the people who furnished with necessaries a colony then threatened with invasion, and the people who then bore arms for the defence of it (and thereby secured that important frontier till the arrival of the King's troops), should be ruined by not being paid their just demands, it would prevent, hereafter, any frontier colony from receiving assistance."

During the first six months after his return Oglethorpe visited Savannah several times, and Charleston at least once. Tomo-chi-chi was delighted to see him. He had been very ill, but he said that the sight of "the Great Man," as he called Oglethorpe, made him moult like an eagle. The chiefs of the Indian tribes soon gathered from far and near to welcome back General Oglethorpe. In their simplicity they had been seduced to St. Augustine by the Spaniards, under the strange pretext that he was there, but they broke away as soon as they discovered the snare. They promised 1,000 Creek warriors to march wherever he should command. begged him to prevent the traders from cheating. invited him to visit, next summer, certain of their towns which lay 400 miles west of the Savannah, and ended by giving a famous war-dance in his honour.

Oglethorpe's first visit to Savannah, in October,

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was not pleasant, though it was celebrated by salutes and bonfires. He found the people in a perfect panic, owing to the sudden stoppage of governmental grants, and to the recently discovered defalcations of their chief magistrate, Thomas Causton. They were migrating by scores to Carolina, where all sorts of unfair advantages were offered in order to entice them over. Oglethorpe tried nobly to stem the tide: he did all that one man could. "The General," writes an eye-witness, "by his great diligence, and at his own expense, has supported things, but we are apprehensive that cannot last long, for the expenses are too great for any single man to bear." Yet he refused to make any alteration in the laws. The people were wild for slavery: they could not get along, they thought, with "white servants." But Oglethorpe set his face like a flint; if negroes were introduced into Georgia, he declared, he would have nothing more to do with the colony. There was no standing against him, for he was the founder and the delegated legislator of Georgia, the civil and military head of the state; and the Trustees warmly supported him from home. The people, whom one must guess to have been but a poor lot, were angry; and Oglethorpe left behind him, says Colonel Stephens, "a gloomy prospect of what might ensue, and many sorrowful countenances." Of his visit to Charleston we need only say that throughout these

critical years the Carolinians, under their Lieutenant-Governor Bull at home, the same Colonel Bull who had been sent to conduct Oglethorpe to Savannah

in 1733, and under their Colonel Vanderdussen abroad, a scandalous sort of Copper Captain, an East India Dutchman much worse than Appee. behaved as badly as it is possible for men to behave.

In the following summer (1739) we find General Oglethorpe preparing to set off for a wild journey into the interior-to meet the Indians on the Chattahooche. In his own letters he has set forth the circumstances. "I have received," he writes, "frequent and confirmed advices that the Spaniards are striving to bribe the Indians, and particularly the Creek nation, to differ with us; and the disorder of the traders is such as gives but too much room to render the Indians discontented; great numbers of vagrants being gone up without licenses either from Carolina or us. Chigilly, and Malachee, the son of the great Brim, who was called Emperor of the Creeks by the Spaniards, insist upon my coming up to put all things in order, and have acquainted me that all the chiefs of the nation will come down to the Coweta town to meet me, and hold the general assembly of the Indian nations; where they will take such measures as will be necessary to hinder the Spaniards from corrupting and raising sedition amongst their people.

"This journey, though a very fatiguing and dangerous one, is quite necessary to be taken; for if not, the Spaniards, who have sent up great presents to them, will bribe the corrupt part of the nation; and, if the honester part is not supported, will probably overcome them, and force the whole nation into a war with England. Tomo-chi-chi and all the Indians advise me to go up. The Coweta town, where the meeting is to be, is near 500 miles from hence: it is in a straight line 300 miles from the sea. All the towns of the Creeks and of the Cousees and Talapousees, though 300 miles from the Cowetas, will come down to the meeting. The Choctaws, also, and the Chickasaws, will send thither their deputies; so that 7,000 men depend upon the event of this assembly. The Creeks can furnish 1,500 warriors, the Chickasaws 500, and the Choctaws 5,000. I am obliged to buy horses and presents to carry up to this meeting." The Indians also wanted to fall upon the French settlements far to the westward, and this would have made complications. find," writes Oglethorpe, "I cannot prevent them by any other means than by going up myself amongst them, and I set out to-morrow. I shall insist upon their not making war with the French, and hope to succeed."

On the roth of July, Colonel Stephens, writing at Savannah, says: "In the evening the General arrived from the south, and was received under a discharge of the cannon, and about forty of the freeholders under arms; which, he was pleased to say, was more than he expected not run away." After a few days Oglethorpe pushed on, with a few attendants, twenty-five miles up the river to the Uchee town. Here he plunged into the wilderness. Over swamps, through tangled thickets, along ravines, past rivers

that had to be crossed on rafts or by swimming, and all beneath the sun of Georgia, he kept his way to the westward. Now, as always during these campaigns, he slept on the ground by the watch-fire, though he tried to provide huts for his attendants, and every reasonable comfort. At the most, if the night was wet, he sheltered himself under a covert of cypress boughs spread upon poles. For more than 200 miles he journeyed without meeting a soul; as he neared his destination he found that his simple hosts had laid out provisions for him in the woods, and they went out to meet him at a distance of forty miles.

The Indians are rarely demonstrative, but they melted with joy when they saw Oglethorpe. He listened through long days to their "talks"; he smoked the pipe of peace with them, and drank their foskey, or black medicine drink, and watched their dances; he promised to keep the traders within bounds; he persuaded them not to make war upon the French, persuaded them not to fall upon Carolina; he secured the confirmation of the grant to England of all the coast-lands between the Savannah and the St. John's, secured to England the sole right of pre-emption in the inland, secured the promise of the Indians, which they kept, to have no further dealings with the Spaniards.

No wonder that the Trustees wrote to him in gratulation: "The Carolina people, as well as every one else, must own that no one ever engaged the Indians so strongly in affection as yourself." No wonder that Mr. Spalding, who afterward came into possession of his house at Frederica, and who was his first biographer, says: "When we call to remembrance the then force of these tribes, the influence the French had everywhere else obtained over the Indians, the distance he had to travel through solitary pathways exposed to summer suns, night dews, and to the treachery of any single Indian who knew -and every Indian knew-the rich reward that would have awaited him for the act from the Spaniards in St. Augustine or the French in Mobile: surely we may ask, what soldier ever gave higher proof of courage? What gentleman ever gave greater evidence of magnanimity? What English Governor of an American province ever gave such assurance of deep devotion to public duty?"

But the hardships of this life, or his many anxieties, were almost too much for him; and on his way back he was prostrated by a severe fever. He had to stop for some weeks at Fort Augusta, a prosperous trading town 120 miles up the river from Savannah, which had been established five years before, during his first absence in England. Here, in September, the grand news reached him that war was at last declared, that the Governor of Rhode Island had begun to issue commissions to privateers. The news was true so far as concerned the Governor of that warlike little commonwealth, but open war was not to be yet for some weeks. General Oglethorpe hastened on to Savannah, and there busied himself in making the place defensible, and

in controlling the ravages of a negro insurrection that was raging in Carolina, inflamed by the Spaniards.

And during these autumn days his old friend Tomo-chi-chi lay dying beneath his native forests. He lay upon a blanket: Scenauki sat beside him, fanning him with a fan of feathers. Whitefield was there, telling him he would go to Hell; and Oglethorpe, we may be sure, was there too, with other messages. Of his death we know no particular incidents. A letter in the "Gentleman's Magazine" says:

"King Tomo-chi-chi died on the 5th of October, at his own town, 4 miles from hence, of a lingering illness, being aged about 97. He was sensible to the last minutes, and when he was persuaded his death was near he showed the greatest magnanimity and sedateness, and exhorted his people never to forget the favours he had received from the King when in England, but to persevere in their friendship with the English. He expressed the greatest tenderness for General Oglethorpe, and seemed to have no concern at dying but its being at a time when his life might be useful against the Spaniards. He desired his body might be buried amongst the English in the town of Savannah, since it was he that had prevailed with the Creek Indians to give the land, and had assisted in the founding of the The corpse was brought down by water. The General, attended by the magistrates and people of the town, met it upon the water's edge. The corpse was carried into Percival Square. The pall was supported by the General, Colonel Stephens," and four others. "It was followed by the Indians, and magistrates and people of the town. There was the respect paid of firing minute guns from the battery all the time during the burial, and funeral—firing with small arms by the militia, who were under arms. The General has ordered a pyramid of stone, which is dug in this neighbourhood, to be erected over the grave, which, being in the centre of the town, will be a great ornament to it, as well as testimony of gratitude.

"Tomo-chi-chi was a Creek Indian, and in his youth a great warrior. He had an excellent judgment, and a very ready wit, which showed itself in his answers on all occasions. He was very generous, giving away all the rich presents he received, remaining, himself, in wilful poverty, being more pleased in giving to others than possessing himself; and he was very mild and good natured."

Colonel Stephens gives, less well, essentially the same account. The pyramid, or "obelisk," has not been erected yet, to the shame of Georgia. Yet some of the instances of his "very ready wit" may keep him alive. "We know nothing," he had once said to John Wesley. "We are in the dark. But white men know much. And yet white men build great houses, as if they were to live forever. In a little time white men will be dust as well as I. . . . I believe that He will not teach us while our hearts are not white, and our men do what they know is

not good. Therefore, He that is above does not send us the Good Book." And criticism will long remember his "Devil Christian! Me no Christian!"

At last Sir Robert Walpole would not or could not, resist any longer the universal English demand for war. They might ring their bells now, he sighed, but before long they would be wringing their "In an ill hour for herself," says Mr. Bancroft, "in a happy one for America, England, on the twenty-third of October, 1730, declared war against Spain." Carlyle has told us a little of what were the long issues of this same war. "The Jenkins-ear question," he puts it, "which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it, which were curious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. the world lav hidden in embryo under it. Colonial Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half of the world be England's, for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplicationtable at least, and other plain laws? or shall it be Spain's, for arrogant-torpid, sham-devotional purposes, contrary to every law? The incalculable Yankee nation itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautifulest) of these ages, this too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation, shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense."

The war lasted, more or less, for nine years; with what result we all know, more or less. Oglethorpe's part in it, which we shall take the liberty of practically skipping, lasted through the first four years, 1739-1743. The colony went to the dogs during this time. General Oglethorpe was always moving, and his movements were very much of the unreadable type described a chapter or two above, except that he had now a thousand men where he had a score in the old days, and that blood flowed everywhere like water. Out of his incessant movements we will disentangle and notice two: 1st, his unwise, and altogether unsuccessful, attack on St. Augustine, in May, June, and July, 1740, and, 2d, his most gallant and successful repulse, in June and July, 1742, of the great Spanish Armada which sailed against Frederica.

"An expedition improvidently projected, and unsuccessfully attempted," General Oglethorpe had written, in 1732, of Colonel Moore's attack upon St. Augustine from Carolina in 1702. It does not seem at all unjust to apply the same expression to his own attack upon St. Augustine from Georgia in 1740.

In the middle of May, 1740, General Oglethorpe moved upon St. Augustine with a land army consisting of 600 regulars, 400 Carolina militia (they ought to have been 800) under Colonel Vanderdussen, and an uncertain number of Indians, anywhere from 200 to 1,200. He was supported from the sea, and most ineffectively, by half a dozen men-of-war under

Sir Yelverton Peyton. St. Augustine, as he invested it, had just been reinforced from Havana, and it contained, besides Indians, about 1,300 good soldiers under Don Manuel de Monteano. Don Manuel invited General Oglethorpe to come and shake hands within the city, and Oglethorpe does not seem to have appreciated the joke. The Carolina militia behaved outrageously ill; the fleet was somehow unable to co-operate; and the city was defended extremely well. After a siege of five weeks General Oglethorpe withdrew from St. Augustine, without having done the Spaniards any harm, and disdaining to ravage their fields or plunder their scattered houses.

This unsuccessful expedition against St. Augustine was a great deal talked about for years to come, and there is a little literature of controversy on the subject. The British Museum also has a copy of a curious Spanish pamphlet headed "Ave Maria!" which contains an account of the attack on St. Augustine by "Don Diego Obgletorp, General Inglês," sent to a friend in Seville by a long-named priest who was present during the siege as the representative of the Bishop of Cuba, and who calls himself Bishop of Nicopolis. Such a clamour was raised against General Oglethorpe that his old true friend and kinsman, the Jeannie Deans Duke of Argyle, had to vouch for him in the House of Lords. "One man there is, my Lords," he said, "whose natural generosity, contempt of danger, and regard for the public prompted him to obviate the designs of

the Spaniards, and to attack them in their own territories; a man whom by long acquaintance I can confidently affirm to have been equal to his undertaking, and to have learned the art of war by a regular education, who yet miscarried in the design only for want of supplies necessary to a possibility of success."

This attack on St. Augustine had at least the result that the Spaniards kept more quiet for the next two years, and allowed General Oglethorpe time to strengthen the defences on St. Simon's. He was ill after returning from St. Augustine, and Colonel Stephens, visiting Frederica in September, says: "But [I] wished to have found his Excellency in better health, for a lurking fever that hanged on him for a long time past had worn away his strength very much; so that he indulged himself pretty much on his bed, and seldom came down-stairs, but retained still the same vivacity of spirit in appearance to all whom he talked with, though he chose to converse with very few; wherefore I never was urgent to speak with him," etc.

The only home that General Oglethorpe ever owned or claimed in Georgia, was on St. Simon's, and this was but a cottage. "Adjacent to it," says General Jones, "were a garden, and an orchard of oranges, figs, and grapes. Magnificent oaks threw their protecting shadows above and around this quiet, pleasant abode, fanned by delicious seabreezes, fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and vocal with the melody of song-birds. To the west-

ward, and in full view, were the fortifications and the white houses of Frederica. Behind rose a dense forest of oaks." Such was the scene of what the historians of Georgia persist in calling the Thermopylæ of America.

For, after two years, the Spaniards were preparing in Cuba an armada huge for those colonial regions. It was to consist of thirty or forty large vessels; it was to carry 5,000 European soldiers; it was to be commanded by Don Manuel de Monteano, seconded by Don Antonio de Rodondo, the most skilful of engineers; and its mission was to wipe off from the coast of North America all traces of heretic settlements.

"Mit Kettenklang, und einem neuen Gotte, "Und tausend Donnern, naht sie dir."

Slowly the news and the terror of it floated northward. At the mention of it the people of Carolina thought that they were the ones aimed at, and weltered in a selfish panic. Slave insurrections broke out all over their colony; they thought only of defending Charleston, recalled their forces from Georgia, and, with every circumstance of absurdity and cowardice, appointed Colonel Vanderdussen Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, the armada was outside the mouth of the St. Mary's. Fort William, which General Oglethorpe had built at the southern end of Cumberland Island, held out well, and defended the entrance to the river, until Oglethorpe, fighting his way through the Spanish vessels, could re-enforce it. Then, with no

more than 600 or 700 soldiers, and a hundred or so of Indians, he threw himself into St. Simon's.

On the 28th of June the Spanish armada was seen riding outside of Simon's Bar. On the 5th of July, with a brisk gale, and a flooding tide, it entered St. Simon's harbor, and succeeded in passing the English batteries on the southern point of the island. General Oglethorpe spiked his guns and withdrew to Frederica, leaving the southern part of St. Simon's to the Spaniards. It is hard to follow the details of the next week, but there were terrific combats in the narrow avenue which curves between the morass and the woods. Two hundred Spaniards at a time were slain here: the invaders have left a significant memorial in the name of the "Bloody Marsh." "The woods," said a Spanish sergeant, pathetically, "were so full of Indians that the Devil could not get through them!" A panic seemed to fall upon the Spaniards. On the night of the 14th they fell off again to the south, with Oglethorpe at their heels. They attacked Fort William once more, but it was bravely held by Captain Stuart and his garrison of fifty men. On the 24th of July Oglethorpe could order a general thanksgiving for the end of the invasion.

Such are the simple, heroic facts. "The deliverance of Georgia from the Spaniards," writes Whitefield at the time, "is such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament. I find the Spaniards had cast lots, and determined to give no quarter. They intended to have attacked

Carolina; but, wanting water, they put into Georgia, and so would take that colony on their way. . . . They were wonderfully repelled, and sent away before our ships were seen." Another contemporary, not friendly to Oglethorpe, says: "That 5.000 men. with so good an officer as the Governor of St. Augustine, should fly before 600 or 700 men and about 100 Indians, was matter of just astonishment to all." Oglethorpe himself only says: "I hope his Majesty will approve of the measures I have taken. and I must entreat your Grace [Duke of Newcastle] to lay my humble request before his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to order troops, artillery, and other necessaries sufficient for the defence of this frontier and the neighbouring provinces, or give such directions as his Majesty shall think proper; and I do not doubt, with a moderate support, not only to be able to defend these provinces, but also to dislodge the enemy from St. Augustine if I had but the same numbers they had in this expedition."

The addresses of Oglethorpe's letters are changed, for early in this year (February, 1742) Sir Robert Walpole, after a savage struggle, was driven from the place which he had held so long and so well. He had lasted for less than five years after the death of Queen Caroline; he was succeeded as Prime Minister by that Lord Carteret (1684–1757), whom we have heard of as freely ceding to the Trustees, ten years before, his one-eighth part of the territory of Georgia. Walpole's motive for clinging to his place

so long after his power had passed, has been variously explained, but by none so nobly as by Mrs. Oliphant. It was the instinct of the good workman, she says, clinging to his work. "Walpole was a better minister than he was a man; no doubt in the depths of his nature, in the silence which a character prone to superficial and coarse expression of itself could never put into any words, he felt that his work was the best part of him, and that any salvation there could be for him lay in it. He clung to his work—it is the only interpretation which seems to us to throw any light upon this persistence."

For another year, until far into 1743, General Oglethorpe defended the Spanish line, in a manner useful, no doubt, but hopelessly uninteresting. received almost universal gratulations and acknowledgments for his defence of Frederica, but the Carolina people, with their Bull and their Vanderdussen, were jealous, and behaved most foully. One of Oglethorpe's own officers, too, a Colonel Cook who will be infamously remembered, began bringing charges against him. In March, 1743, the powdermagazine at Frederica was blown up by a vagabond Irishman. In this year Toonahowi, the nephew of Tomo-chi-chi, after many brave and amazing exploits, fell in an attack upon Fort Francis de Pupa. The Spaniards continued their old practices toward the Indians, cutting off the heads of the wounded, etc.; and the Indians remained true to Oglethorpe. A Creek chieftain, named Similly, who had gone into St. Augustine "to know what they were doing,"

expressed the situation well. The Spaniards told him that the Squire (Oglethorpe) was poor, and could not give him as much as they offered; "it is foolish for you to go to him." But Similly answered: "We love him. It is true he does not give us silver; but he gives us everything we want that he has. He has given me the coat off his back, and the blanket from under him."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## FAREWELL TO GEORGIA, 1743.

On the 23d of July, 1743, General Oglethorpe left Georgia forever. His departure was sudden, and the most preposterous conjectures have been advanced to account for it. Mr. Spalding, for instance, thinks that his military reputation had become so great that the English ministers were unwilling to let him remain out of England at a time when they were anticipating rebellions and French invasions. We only know that he left Georgia on the 23d of July, reached England in September, and is next heard of writing letters there as if nothing had happened.

He had given eleven years of his life entirely to Georgia, and for nine years more he was to be the nominal Governor, and to give a great deal of time and pains to the thankless colony. His kindly interest in Georgia he was never to lose. He had spent for Georgia a large part of his noble patrimony; on a single occasion we find that his dishonoured drafts upon the home government amounted to £12,000; he subsequently, after wearing out his soul over it, received a partial indemnity, but never any real compensation. He had done for

his colony what no other philanthropist had dreamed Penn and Baltimore have been most often compared to him, but both of these had built up lordly estates for themselves, and had laid the foundations of what soon proved to be intolerable despotisms. Oglethorpe's work alone had been non sibi, sed aliis. The youngest, by far, of all the American colonies, Georgia was certainly the one established on the noblest principles. What were Oglethorpe's feelings as he tossed upon the weary Atlantic, in all that weary revulsion of spirit which follows the cessation of prolonged and intense exertion, it is hard to guess. Perhaps he felt that a man is not permitted to do for his fellow-men more than a certain amount, and that he had tried to transgress the limits. Perhaps, in spite of his reason, he felt the sheepish self-satisfaction which a man has in knowing that he has been better to others than they deserve.

He had done his utmost. For good or for ill, Georgia must now go her own gait. And we know that she did not hesitate to follow every path which was most opposed to his desires.

The wise and tender Franklin (1706-1790), who was for a long time agent in London for Georgia, and who had abundant other opportunities of knowing of what he spoke, has severely censured Oglethorpe's policy in the settlement of Georgia. "Instead of being made," he says, "with hardy industrious husbandmen, it was with families of broken shop-keepers, and other insolvent debtors, many of

idle habits, taken out of the jails, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for." True, too true; but perhaps such an accusation only redounds to the glory of Oglethorpe. "Hardy industrious husbandmen" were welcome in any of the twelve other colonies; who would have taken pity on Oglethorpe's poor beggars if he had not given them one more chance?

They were a feeble people, a knock-kneed generation, a race of invertebrates, with the malice and the ingratitude of their kind. It is refreshing to remember with what fervour many of them hated Oglethorpe. Perhaps they had good reason, according to their lights. It was no paradise to which he had brought them, though lying in the same latitude with the Earthly Paradise. When the hideous sun, which had scorched them all day, lay, a pillar of fire, on the sluggish waters of the Savannah, they might be forgiven if they grew

"Weary for the by-gone days, "And mindful of their glad and bitter ways";

if they remembered the homes of England, and cursed the man who had led them from so sumptuous a land of bondage. When they saw the Carolina planter lying under his pines, drinking his run and whipping his negroes, no wonder they thought that such might have been their own happier lot but for this or for that pestilent restriction of "the General." This feeling found expression in several

pamphlets, of which the ablest is the "True and Historical Narrative" of the condition of Georgia. Historical it may be, as most narratives, but it is not true. Its author was a Dr. Patrick Tailfer (not of the Tailfer family which has since deserved well of Georgia), who is occasionally mentioned in the journals of the period, and who had attended the beautiful Miss Bovey. He indulged in riotous speech and behaviour, and he had to leave Georgia, with his companions, for unknown ends. The fate of his pamphlet has been a rough one. It can hardly be mentioned except once in fifty years, in connection with Oglethorpe; and no biographer of Oglethorpe can be expected to speak of it with much patience. Yet it is an able production, clear, and coherent, and conclusive; and it has a grain of truth when it accuses Oglethorpe of a fondness for overlegislation.

When Oglethorpe left, in 1743, Georgia must have had a population of several thousand. It was divided into two countries, Savannah and Frederica, although Frederica was not fully organized. For nine years it lived under Colonel Stephens, or other deputies, and quarrelled incessantly with the Trustees. In 1752, a year before their charge would naturally have expired, the Trustees could stand it no longer, and threw up their Trust. Georgia was taken under the Royal Government, introduced slavery by the help of the Reverend George Whitefield, and became prosperous in its own way. Of the latter gentleman, "the greatest orator I even

heard, and I cannot conceive of a greater," says Lord Chesterfield, we cannot speak long. He lived in Georgia during the last years of Oglethorpe's administration, and was brought much into contact with him, but he behaved well, comparatively speaking. He built his orphanage at Bethesda, and vexed the colonists intolerably by stealing their children and wards in order to fill it. He preached a vigourous sermon against the Reverend Alexander Garden, of Charleston, on the text, "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works." He went to Harvard College, and while remarking that he feared he should not meet this or that famous divine in Heaven, was told by old Tutor Flint that it might not be their fault. He quarrelled with John Wesley about the dogma of Election, according to which, as Wesley puts it, the Elect are saved, do what they will, and the rest of the world damned, do what they He was a friend of Franklin, and on one famous occasion charmed him first out of all his coppers, then out of all his silver change, and at length out of his gold. He had always said that he would rather wear out than rust out, and he died at Newburyport in 1770, at the age of fifty-six. With him passes the last Georgian whom we know. may be helpful to recollect that George Washington was born in 1732, the year in which Oglethorpe sailed for Georgia, and that Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, the year in which Oglethorpe finally returned to England.

Savannah is now a prosperous little city of about 60,000 inhabitants; one of its modern mayors, General C. C. Jones, is, in the opinion of Mr. Bancroft, and of some others, the best historian that any American State has yet had. It may not be amiss to give a few facts concerning Oglethorpe's other city, the forgotten Frederica.

Upon the confirmation of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, five years later, the troops were withdrawn from St. Simon's Island, and the fortifications soon began to fall into decay. Frederica was destroyed by the English in 1778, and never recovered. "All efforts," says General Jones, "to revivify the dead town, to perpetuate something like a corporate existence, to realize a revenue by special taxation of abandoned premises, to maintain a semblance of public streets, commons, and private lots, to clothe water fronts with the dignity of commercial wharves, and transmit the physical impressions of the older days, proved utterly futile. Frederica lost its importance when it ceased to be the stronghold of the southern frontier. Its mission was accomplished when the Spaniard no longer Its doom was pronounced in the hour threatened. Upon the withdrawal of Ogleof its triumph. thorpe's regiment its decadence began, and ceased not until its fort became a white ruin, its public parade a pasture ground, and its streets and gar-Omnia dehentur morti." dens a cotton-field.

In 1804, sixty years after Oglethorpe had left the country he had saved, the erring and lovable Aaron

Burr (1756-1836), the most brilliant man of his time, the dme damnée of American history, passed a month at St. Simon's. It may be well to say that the tradition of him is still vivid among the fewscore inhabitants. Mr. Parton, in his perfect "Life of Aaron Burr," gives us a charming glimpse of the historic and forgotten island. " About the middle of August," he says, "Colonel Burr, accompanied by Samuel Swartwout (a younger brother of the indomitable John), and attended by his favourite slave. Peter, a good-humoured blunderer of fifteen, secretly embarked for St. Simon's, an island off the coast of Georgia, then the residence of a few wealthy planters. He had old friends upon this island, and the arrival of a Vice-President was itself an event to excite the few inhabitants of a place so remote from the great world. He was welcomed, on his arrival, to a mansion luxurious and hospitable, and the resources of the island were placed at his disposal. He was serenaded by the island's only band of music. He saw no more averted faces and lowering brows, and heard no more muttered execrations. as he passed. His southern friends, he found, had very different feelings with regard to the duel from the people at the north, and the society of St. Simon's bestowed every mark of consideration upon him that hospitable minds could suggest. have no idea,' he wrote to Theodora, 'of the zeal and animation, of the intrepidity and frankness, with which Major Butler (his host) avowed and maintained;-but I forget that this letter goes to

Savannah by a negro, who has to swim half a dozen creeks, in one of which, at least, it is probable he may drown,' etc. . . .

"After a month's detention at St. Simon's by the devastations of a hurricane, he crossed to the mainland, and made his way, with immense difficulties, travelling four hundred miles of the distance in an open canoe, to his daughter's home in South Carolina. He was almost black from exposure when he arrived."

In the spring of 1830, Frances Anne Kemble (Mrs. Butler) visited St. Simon's. Her iournal throbs and burns with her fine hatred of slavery, but there are some descriptive passages. The island seems to have gone down in thirty-five years. . . . "Off for St. Simon's: it is fifteen miles lower down the river, and a large island at the very mouth of the Altamaha. . . . At the end of a fifteen miles' row we entered one among a perfect labyrinth of arms or branches, into which the broad river ravels like a fringe as it enters the sea, a dismal navigation along a dismal coast called "Five Pound," through a narrow cut or channel of water divided from the main stream. The conch was sounded, as at our arrival at the rice island, and we made our descent on the famous long staple cotton island of St. Simon's. . . . Captain F—— told me that at St. Clair General Oglethorpe, the good and brave English governor of the state of Georgia in its colonial days, had his residence, and that among the magnificent live-oaks which surround the site of the former settlement, there was one especially venerable and picturesque, which in his recollection always went by the name of General Oglethorpe's Oak. How wrathfully the old soldier's spirit ought to haunt these cotton-fields and rice swamps of his old domain, with their population of wretched slaves!

"On Sunday I rode to a place called Frederica. ... How can I describe to you the exquisite spring beauty that is now adorning these woods, the variety of the fresh new-born foliage, the fragrance of the sweet wild perfumes that fill the air? Honeysuckles twine round every tree; the ground is covered with a low, white-blossomed shrub more fragrant than lilies of the valley. The accacuas are swinging their silver censers under the green roof of these wood temples; every stump is like a classical altar to the sylvan gods, garlanded with flowers: every post, or stick, or slight stem, like a Bacchante's thyrsus, twined with wreaths of ivy and wild vine, waving in the tepid wind. Beautiful butterflies flicker like flying flowers among the bushes, and gorgeous birds, like winged jewels, dart from the boughs,—and—and—a huge ground snake slid like a dark ribbon across the path while I was stopping to enjoy all this deliciousness, and so I became less enthusiastic, and cantered on past the little deserted church-vard, with the new-made grave beneath its grove of noble oaks, and a little farther on reached Mrs. A.'s cottage, half-hidden in the midst of ruins and roses.

"This Frederica is a very strange place; it was

once a town, the town, the metropolis of the island. The English, when they landed on the coast of Georgia in the war (1778), destroyed this tiny place, and it has never been built up again. Mrs. A.'s, and one other house, are the only dwellings that remain in this curious wilderness of dismantled crumbling gray walls compassionately cloaked with a thousand profuse and graceful creepers. These are the only ruins properly so called, except those of Fort Putnam, that I have ever seen in this land of contemptuous youth. I hailed these picturesque groups and masses with the feelings of a European, to whom ruins are like a sort of relation. In my country, ruins are like a minor chord in music, here they are like a discord; they are not the relics of time, but the results of violence; they recall no valuable memories of a remote past, and are mere encumbrances to the busy present. Evidently they are out of place in America, except on St. Simon's island, between this savage selvage of civilization and the great Atlantic deep. These heaps of rubbish and roses would have made the fortune of a sketcher: but I imagine the snakes have it all to themselves here, and are undisturbed by camp-stools, white umbrellas, and ejaculatory young ladies."

The latest literary voyager to St. Simon's seems to have been our own Colonel Higginson, while in command of a black expedition up the St. Mary's in January, 1863, at a time when the little island had entirely fallen. "Pleasant still seemed our enterprise," he says, "as we anchored at early morning

in the quiet waters of St. Simon's Sound, and saw the light fall softly on the beach and the low bluffs, on the picturesque plantation-houses which nestled there, and the graceful naval vessels that lav at anchor before us. When we afterward landed the air had that peculiar Mediterranean translucency which southern islands wear; and the plantation we visited had the loveliest tropical garden, though tangled and desolate, which I have ever seen in the South. The deserted house was embowered in great blossoming shrubs, and filled with hyacinthine odours, among which predominated that of the little Chickasaw roses which everywhere bloomed and trailed around. There were fig-trees and date-palms, crapemyrtles and wax-myrtles, Mexican agaves and English ivies, japonicas, bananas, oranges, lemons, oleanders, jonquils, great cactuses, and wild Florida lilies. . . . I remember that, as I stood on deck, in the still and misty evening, listening with strained senses for some sound of approach, I heard a low continuous noise from the distance, more wild and desolate than anything in my memory can parallel. It came from within the vast girdle of mist, and seemed like the cry of a myriad of lost souls upon the horizon's verge; it was Dante become audible; and yet it was but the accumulated cries of innumerable sea-fowl at the entrance of the outer bay.'

#### CHAPTER XVII.

### TWO EVENTFUL YEARS, 1743-1745.

PROBABLY one reason which had brought General Oglethorpe from Georgia was the desire to answer the charges brought against him by Colonel Cook. He demanded a court-martial: and as some of Cook's witnesses had to be brought from America, the court could not be held for many months. June, 1744, a board of General officers, after sitting for three days, pronounced all of the charges to be "groundless, false, and malicious," and at their request the King expelled Cook from the service. The character of General Oglethorpe, says an American annalist, the father of our Dr. Holmes, "now appeared in resplendent light; and his contemporaries acknowledged, what impartial history must record, that to him Carolina was indebted for her safety and repose, as well as Georgia for existence and protection."

In the spring-time of this year, 1744, Alexander Pope was passing dreamlike from the life which had been to him but a troubled dream. "A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity," says Thackeray, "hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain, and weaknesses

of his delirium, there was something almost sacred." For he heard unearthly music in these days, when the bonds of the body were breaking, and saw strange hands advancing from the wall. To the last he "was always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends"; treating them now, as always, better than they ever treated him. Dr. Johnson has told how once, toward the end, he was sit-· ting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, when he saw Martha Blount, the friend of his whole lifetime, to whom he had been faithful with an absolute faithfulness, for whose sake he had taken that £1,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough of which it is now the fashion to make so much, to whom he left his little fortune, to gratify whose whim he mentioned the good Mr. Allen with insult in his will;—he saw Martha Blount at the foot of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to hand her up. The bad-hearted Bolingbroke, whom he had praised as no man before ever praised another. who was to weep at his bedside and afterward publicly to disown his friendship, now merely crossed his legs, and sat still. Lord Marchmount, who was younger, and less captious, went down the terrace. As he neared Mrs. Blount, she asked: "What, is he not dead yet?" No matter: "weary, heavy-laden soul; deep sleep now descending on it,—soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all."

There is just one death-bed in all history or fiction to which I can compare this of Pope. It is that of the grotesque and vindictive dwarf, Turlutu, in the second part of Heine's "Florentine Nights": "This death-bed was properly a cradle, and the poor dwarf lay inside with his yellow, shrivelled old face. A little girl of some fourteen years sat beside him, and rocked the cradle with her foot, and sang in a laughing, roguish tone: 'Sleep, little Turlutu, sleep!'"

And in September of the same year, General Oglethorpe, who was only a year younger than Pope, married for the first time. His bride was Elizabeth Wright, the daughter and heiress of Sir Nathan Wright, of Cranham Hall. There are a good many poems and odes, which I have not quoted, addressed to General Oglethorpe by the younger Samuel Wesley. One of these, written in 1728, concludes with an exhortation to marriage:

- "'Tis single, 'tis imperfect light,
  - "The world, from worth unwedded, shares;
- "He only shines completely bright,
  - "Who leaves his virtues to his heirs.
- "Oh, thus too may his offspring haste
- "His glory to improve,
  And, freed by love to Britain, taste
- "The bliss of private love.
- "With joy his summons I attend, And fly with speed away;
- "Let but the patriot condescend
  - "To fix his marriage day!"

Samuel Wesley (1690-1739) did not survive to attend the Patriot's wedding summons, but General

Oglethorpe seems to have done his best to obey the exhortation. He was fifty-five and his bride was thirty-five. She came of an old family of mercantile baronets, and whatever else she did for the Patriot she certainly restored his broken fortunes. Cranham Hall, which she brought with her, was henceforth his favourite home for more than forty years. It lies near the village of Cranham, in Essex, some sixteen or eighteen miles to the north-east of London. Here he died, and in Cranham Church he is buried beside his wife. After his marriage he never lived at West-The place was shut up, and became in time the centre of much curiosity, and of some strange A correspondent of Horace Walpole, for stories. instance, writing in 1781, remarks: "Near Godalming I went to see a house of General Oglethorpe's, built soon after the Restoration, which has all the furniture remaining statu quo, as when put into it." General Oglethorpe would almost appear to have taken a dislike to Westbrook: it is said that he frequently visited the manor without once going inside the house, and also that he had once been arrested there for debt. Certain it is that Westbrook remained encumbered for many years with the burdens he had put upon it in order to be able to help the Georgians.

His marriage seems to have been very happy: one of those calm unions where kindliness and good sense supply, not unsuccessfully, the place of passion, and where people have seen too much of life to make any unreasonable demands. A friend of the family,

writing to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1787, after Mrs. Oglethorpe's death, says that "to her magnanimity and prudence, on an occasion of much difficulty, it was owing that the evening of their lives was tranquil and pleasant, after a stormy noon."

The most irritating experience of General Oglethorpe's life was now approaching. In January, 1744, the Young Chevalier had stolen out of Rome. "I trust, by the aid of God, that I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your Majesty's feet," he had said, on parting from his father (the "Old Pretender," Oglethorpe's foster-brother!) And the poor old futile Pretender had answered, "Be careful of yourself, my dear boy. I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world!" "with," says Mrs. Oliphant, "one can imagine, what smile and what sigh!"

For more than a year Prince Charlie did not get much further than Paris. In February, 1745, Horace Walpole writes that he is "as near England as ever he is like to be." But people's tone soon changed. We all know the heartrending story—how, on the 19th of August, the standard was raised in Glenfinnan, how the Highlanders swept through Scotland, how they marched as far as Derby and then marched back again.

And we know who commanded the English army. It was Carlyle's Fat Boy, or Martial Boy, or Babe of War—that William, Duke of Cumberland (1721—

<sup>&</sup>quot;A field of the dead rushes red on my sight,

<sup>&</sup>quot;And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight."

1765), after whom Oglethorpe had named so many a cape and island and fortress, whom Toonahowi had wondered to see, eleven years before, as he performed his exercise of riding the managed horse. "A most brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature," says Carlyle, "hopeful Son of Mars, could he once get experience—which alas, he never could, though trying it for five-and-twenty years to come, under huge expense to this Nation!" And again, "Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does." This was the Commander-in-Chief of the English armies. Under him was old Marshal Wade—

" Had you seen but these roads before they were made,

"You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade!"—who had previously had more or less, of a dull sort, to do with General Oglethorpe; and among the four active Major-Generals who were entrusted with the defence of England was, unluckily for himself, General Oglethorpe, just promoted to that rank.

The campaigning details given hereupon by Mr. Wright are, like all his details, simply maddening in their stupidity: I shall have nothing to do with them. The fact for us is merely that, while the Duke of Cumberland, with Oglethorpe leading the vanguard, was pursuing the rebels through Lancashire, General Oglethorpe encamped, one wretched night in December, at a wretched little village called Shap. During the night the Duke pressed on beyond him, and in the morning Oglethorpe found himself at the

rear, instead of at the front of the Royal army. Hereupon the Duke took it into his horse's head that Oglethorpe was turning traitor, and he had him court-martialed for "lingering on the road." was huge indignation throughout England at this behaviour of the Duke's; Oglethorpe was unanimously acquitted by the court-martial, and the King. immediately afterward, confirmed the verdict. the Duke was Commander-in-Chief, and it doesn't do to be court-martialed too often, no matter how innocent one is. A shadow, faint but visible, seems ever afterward to have rested upon Oglethorpe's lovalty, and it has availed, even at a recent day, to mislead so respectable a writer as John Forster. vain is it to fight against stupidity. General Oglethorpe was never employed again; with forty years of life before him, he was shelved.

This miserable affair gave Oglethorpe's enemies a chance to kick at him. A pamphlet, signed "Philaxias," was written against him, and the old booklet of Mrs. Shaftoe was reprinted in shilling form. We do not know how he took it all. It meant nothing less than a first-class career ruined. At this distance it makes our blood boil to read of such things. Probably General Oglethorpe had learned not to let his blood boil easily.

There is a foolish story of how at the Battle of Culloden, where Oglethorpe never was, the Duke of Cumberland came suddenly upon him as he was reading some treasonable papers. The Duke asked to see them, and Oglethorpe threw them into the fire,

putting his foot upon them. The Duke tried to snatch them from under Oglethorpe's feet, and, not succeeding, remarked; "Oglethorpe, you are a head too tall!" Hereupon Oglethorpe rushed back to Westbrook, built "martello" towers on the mansion, erected fortifications commanding the pass between Godalming and Portsmouth, and——"my story's done."

In 1743 had died General Oglethorpe's old tried friend, the Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. And in 1745, the year of his troubles, died, "like a poisoned rat in a hole," Dean Swift, the intimate of Lady Oglethorpe, to whose wily courses may be ultimately traced this obstruction of her son's career. In 1745, also, died Sir Robert Walpole.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

## MISCELLANEOUS, 1745-1785.

In the September of 1747 General Oglethorpe was appointed Lieutenant-General, perhaps as some little compensation for the irreparable wrong that had been done him. After his death it was stated by one Philip Thicknesse, who in his youth had been befriended by Oglethorpe, and had afterward lost his favour, that for some years after the Rebellion "he was in such awkward circumstances that he practised physic in and about Brussels." It is curious that such a story should be repeated by Larousse, and curious, too, that a charge of mere poverty should be intended and taken as a serious calumny. Mr. Wright has pointed out that the mere fact that, in 1744, General Oglethorpe bought the estates of Puttenham Bury and Puttenham Priory, in Surrey, and sold them in 1761, refutes this story.

For some years he took a rather prominent part in politics. He rendered conspicuous services to the Moravians, which they have acknowledged, and he was always their friend, notwithstanding their having had to leave Georgia. In 1750 he spoke frequently on army matters, and uttered some brave words on the subject of secrecy in court-martials,

and of the right of appeal to the House of Commons. "A good and upright judge," he says, "will never desire to make a secret of any part of his proceedings; but a wicked one certainly will; for, from the highest authority, we know who they are that love darkness rather than light; and no man, I think, who has a due regard for that authority can ever be for indulging them in their choice. . . . If the members of those courts should only come to be more afraid of their General, or Admiral, than of the resentment of this House, they may manage it so as in a few years to set that General or Admiral above the resentment of either or both Houses of But how shall we make our resentment terrible, if we part with that power which alone makes it terrible? What is it that makes the resentment of this House terrible to evil-doers? is our being the grand inquest of the nation. we perform that function if men are tied up by oath from making any discovery?"

And a little later, on several occasions, he stood up well for the rights of the common soldiers to appeal, and to claim discharge. "I hope," he says, "that both the officers and soldiers of the army are all subjects of Great Britain; and it is our duty to take notice of every complaint made to us by every British subject, unless it appears to be frivolous or unjust. Nay, farther, as we are the great inquest of the nation, it is our duty to inquire diligently if any subjects of Great Britain be exposed to oppressions. and to take the most effectual method for procuring them relief. This, I say, is our duty, and I wish we would attend to this part of our duty more frequently than we do, especially with regard to those who serve in our armies either by sea or land; for they are by the nature of the service more exposed to oppression than any others of his Majesty's subjects, and it is likewise more dangerous for them to complain. . . . Suppose we should, now and then, reject a frivolous, or punish an unjust, complaint, can we imagine that this would bring upon Parliament the detestation of the soldiers? No. Sir: a common soldier has common understanding as well as other men, and every one of them not concerned in the complaint would judge impartially, and approve what the Parliament had done. Nothing can bring us into contempt but our refusing to hear a just complaint, or neglecting to give redress when the facts have been fully proved.

"Let us consider that a board of general officers, or a general court-martial, must be appointed by an order from the crown, or the Commander-in-Chief. When a commissioned officer has been injured by his colonel, he may have interest enough to obtain such an order; but how shall a poor soldier obtain it, when he has been injured by his colonel? A regimental court-martial he cannot trust to for relief, even supposing that the colonel should order one at his request; and a general court-martial he cannot obtain, because it is so difficult for him to get access either to the Crown or the Commander-in-Chief, but to a member of this House he may get access.

By means of that member he may get justice done him by Parliament: and now and then an instance of this kind would attach all the soldiers to the Parliament, and would be a continual check upon those officers that are apt to oppress and tyrannize over the soldiers that have the misfortune to be under their command. . . . That this would be any prejudice to the discipline of our army, there is not the least ground to apprehend. Can oppression and tyranny be necessary for preserving discipline and subordination? Shall such a doctrine ever be adopted by a British House of Commons? On the contrary, do we not know that discipline, subordination, and, what is of still more consequence, the courage of the soldiers, are preserved by just and gentle usage? And this I take to be the chief reason why the common soldiers of the British army face danger with more intrepidity than the common soldiers of any nation under the sun. Do not, therefore, let us encourage brutal officers, if any such there are, or ever should be, to use the soldiers ill, by laving it down as a maxim that Parliament must not intermeddle in any disptues or differences that happen in the army. To refute this doctrine was the only end of my standing up. I shall always be jealous of a power the exercise whereof is trusted to the absolute and arbitrary will of a single man; nor do I think that any such power can ever be necessary in time of peace; for though in time of war such a power must often be granted, yet even then it ought to be as little made use of as possible."

In this year Oglethorpe made himself prominent as a member of the Council of the British Herring Fishery Company, particularly at a great dinner given at Fish-mongers' Hall to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was the President, and who was introduced by Oglethorpe. And in the following year, 1751, Prince Fred died. These lines, says Carlyle, are "his main monument with posterity:"

- " Here lies Prince Fred.
- "Who was alive and is dead.
- "Had it been his Father,
- "I had much rather:
- "Had it been his Brother,
- "Sooner than any other:
- "Had it been his Sister,
- "There's no one would have missed her;
- "Had it been his whole generation,
- "Best of all for the Nation.
- " But since it's only Fred,
- "There's no more to be said."

In 1752, as we have noticed, the Trustees of Georgia threw up their Trust, a year before the time, and let the stubborn settlement take its own way. In 1753 Bishop Berkeley's daughter, bringing him a "dish of tea," found him lying dead on the sofa. The next year, 1754, General Oglethorpe and his old colleague were defeated in a severely contested election at Hazlemere. General Oglethorpe never sat in Parliament again. He had represented Hazlemere for thirty-two years, or through seven Parliaments. He was sixty-five years of age.

One Saturday morning in October, 1760, King

George II. (J'aurai des maîtresses!) fell down dying as he took his chocolate. "King said faintly, 'Call Amelia,' and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King."

In 1763 Florida, for which Oglethorpe had so struggled, came to England by way of exchange for Havana, which had been captured during the Seven Years' War. The whole population, says Mr. Bancroft, was not 3,000. "Most of the people, receiving from the Spanish treasury indemnity for their losses, migrated to Cuba, taking with them the bones of their saints and the ashes of their distinguished dead; leaving at St. Augustine their houses of stone, and even the graves, without inhabitants."

In 1765 the Duke of Cumberland, the man who had upset Oglethorpe's career, died at the age of forty-four. "He was the soul of honour" says Carlyle; "brave as a Welf lion; but of dim poor head; and had not the faintest vestige (allergeringste says Mauvillon) of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day."

In the same year, 1765, Oglethorpe attained the full rank of General. He was now seventy-six. He soon became, and was long to remain, the oldest General in the British Army.

In 1769 Benjamin Franklin was appointed Agent in London for Georgia. Georgia had, at this time, a

population of 5,000, and was, according to Mr. Bancroft, the most prosperous, though the smallest, of all the American colonies.

The American Revolution broke out; and there is a story, not worth repeating, that Oglethorpe, as the oldest officer, was offered the command of the English forces, but declined from old age, or difference of opinion. In 1778 his own city of Savannah underwent a terrible siege, and Frederica was laid waste. The foremost Georgian general was Lachlan Mackintosh, the son of one of his old frontier Highland officers, a boy whom, thirty-five years before, he had prevented, with kindly force, from leaving Georgia in order to join the Pretender.

General Oglethorpe must now have been so old that these strange happenings seemed like dreams to him. Mr. Bancroft has described his position in two capital sentences: "In a commercial period, a monarchist in the state, and friendly to the church, he seemed even in youth like the relic of a more chivalrous century. His life was prolonged to near five-score; and, even in the last year of it, he was extolled as 'the finest figure' ever seen, the impersonation of venerable age; his faculties were bright, his eye undimmed; heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry, he was like the sound of the lyre, as it still vibrates after the spirit that sweeps its strings has passed away."

In Miss Burney's Memoirs of her father there is a quaint passage: "Here, also, [at Mrs. Montagu's] the Honourable Horace Walpole, afterward Lord

Orford, sometimes put forth his quaint, singular, often original, generally sarcastic, and always entertaining, powers. And here the Doctor [Burnev] met the antique General Oglethorpe, who was pointed out to him by Mr. Walpole for a man nearly in his hundredth year; an assertion that, though exaggerated, easily gained credit, from his gaunt figure and appearance. The General was pleasing, wellbred, and gentle. . . . At the side of General Oglethorpe, Mr. Walpole, though much past seventy [not quite-1717-1797, and twenty-eight years younger than Oglethorpel, had almost the look, and had quite the air of enjoyment, of a man who was yet almost young; and so skeleton-like was the General's meagre form, that by the same species of comparison, Mr. Walpole almost appeared, and again, almost seemed to think himself, if not absolutely fat, at least not despoiled of his embonpoint: though so lank was his thinness, that every other person who stood in his vicinity, might pass as if accoutred and stuffed for a stage representation of Falstaff."

Did General Oglethorpe, I have wondered, seem as old and thin to himself as he seemed to little Miss Burney? And if so, did he ever think of the fables in "Purchas his Pilgrimage," about the Florida Indians who lived for centuries, until they simply shrivelled away from old age, and of his own explanation, fifty years before, of the story of Tithonus being changed into a grasshopper?

He was, indeed, getting to be a very old man. The boyish Charles Wesley who was his secretary at Frederica so long ago, was now nearing his own death at the age of eighty, and it is pleasant to hear that the two old fellows used to meet at the famous musical concerts of Wesley's son, that third Samuel Wesley who has been called the father of modern English organ-playing. The American Revolution whirred on its way, bringing only defeat to England, and yet leaving England, somehow, never before so feared and respected.

And the war of the Revolution ended; and when feelings had cooled a little, in 1785, John Adams (1735-1825) came as the first American Minister to England. We all know John Adams, and know Mr. Parton's description of him: "Glorious, delightful, honest John Adams! An American John Bull! The Comic Uncle of this exciting drama! The reader, if a play-goer, knows well the fiery old gentleman who goes blustering and thundering about the stage, grasping his stick till it quivers, throwing the lovers into a terrible consternation, hurrying on the catastrophe he is most solicitous to prevent, pluming himself most of all upon his sagacity, while he alone is blind to what is passing under his very nose! Such is something like the impression left upon the mind of one who becomes familiar with the characters of this period, respecting the man who, as Franklin well said, was always honest, often great, and sometimes mad."

In 1785 John Adams was fifty, and was twelve years yet from his Presidency. In Adams' old age

Dr. Abiel Holmes rescued from him certain inaccurate memories of Oglethorpe.

"This," says Dr. Holmes, "it has been justly observed, is the first example, in modern times, of the founder of a colony, who has lived to see that colony recognized by the world as a sovereign, independent state. . . . The late president Adams saw General Oglethorpe in 1785, a short time before his decease. Within a day or two after his arrival in London, as ambassador from the United States, had been announced in the newspapers, the general called upon him, and was very polite and complimentary. 'had come to pay his respects to the first American ambassador and his family, whom he was very glad to see in England; expressed a great esteem and regard for America, much regret at the misunderstanding between the two countries, and was very happy to have lived to see the termination of it!' Mr. Adams returned this visit, and had another interview 'of an hour or two' with the general, of which he gave me this account. 'He said much about himself, and his enterprise in Georgia, but mentioned no particulars of any consequence which I remember, except that he had entered very early into the army; had been early a general officer, and particularly that he had been a general officer under the duke of Marlborough [??]. He convinced me that he must be very aged; but I did not yet realize his true age. I saw no more of General Oglethorpe. In about a month the newspapers informed us of his death at his country-seat, at the uncommon age

of 104 [??] years.' Letter of the late president Adams, in answer to my inquiries respecting General Oglethorpe, dated 'Quincy, November 14, 1807.'"

General Oglethorpe, in these last days, evidently tried gallantly, pathetically, to keep up with the times: but the times had passed him by. Long, long ago, he had ceased to be looked upon as any possible actor in human affairs: the last generation or two had grown up regarding him as an interesting, perhaps, but certainly useless, specimen of narrative old age. Horace Walpole has the brutality to speak of his age as the only curious thing about him. must have stood upon that pedestal of melancholy isolation which is inevitable from even moderate old age. The grandchildren of his contemporaries were now old men; his own grandnephew, for instance, of whom we shall yet get a glimpse, was a General officer in France. The Great Duke, alas, who had got him his first commission, was dead these sixty years. Prince Eugene nearly fifty. Florida, for the possession of which he had so struggled, which had actually come to England in 1763, had gone back to the devildoms of Spain in 1783, and the 25,000 English settlers had been scattered to the winds. Howard and Wilberforce, who had taken their cue from his labours against slavery and against prison abuses half a century before, were at the end, or in the midst, of their own careers. But he had learned from Tomo-chi-chi how to live long, and he still lived on in a world of new things. Samuel Rogers, the Nestor of another century, was then a boy of

twenty-two, and he used to tell at his table how General Oglethorpe looked at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, in 1785—very, very old, and his skin altogether like parchment: the youngsters whispered with awe that in his youth he had shot snipe in Conduit Street, near the corner of Bond Street. With all his toughness of spirit and of body he must, at times, have presented the image of the "Last Leaf" of another Dr. Holmes:

- "The mossy marbles rest
- "On the lips that he has pressed "In their bloom:
- " And the names he loved to hear
- "Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.
- . . . . .
- "I know it is a sin
- "For me to sit and grin,
  - "At him here.
- "But the old three-cornered hat,
- "And the breeches, and all that,
  - "Are so queer !"

### CHAPTER XIX.

LITERARY FRIENDS OF HIS LAST FORTY YEARS, 1745-1785.

# 1. Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774.

GOLDSMITH'S story is known to all. Like his contemporary, Rousseau, he only had genius when the pen was in his hand. That "outward passage of inward greatness," of which old Fulke Greville speaks, was hopelessly lacking in his case. And he had to pay the penalty. "Since I knew what it was to be a man I have not known these things." he writes, with a sob in his throat, to his brother, when speaking of such trifles as home, and solvency, and respectability. Yet for a few years he had his swing, and dressed in peach-bloom coats, and kept fine company. Among the latter was General Oglethorpe, and we have, from Goldsmith, but a single glimpse of their acquaintance. The time is about 1768, the year of the "Deserted Village," when Goldsmith was forty, Oglethorpe seventy-nine. I quote from Mr. Forster's delightful volume:

"An amusing illustration, which belongs nearly to this time, of inconveniences sometimes undergone from his Grub-street protegés and pensioners, will properly dismiss for the present this worshipful company of Kenricks and Hiffernans. The hero of the anecdote had all the worst qualities of the tribe: and 'how do you think he served me?' said Goldsmith, relating the incident to a friend. 'Why, sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe; and, sitting himself down, with the most intolerable assurance inquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon; in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputably; when all of a sudden, as if recollecting something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea, and a half pound of sugar, I have brought you; for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you nor any man else, shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' 'This,' added Goldsmith, 'was too much.'

"'I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly, which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar; and I never saw him afterward.' Certainly Hogarth

should have survived to depict this scene. No less a pencil could have given us the fastidious face of Beauclerc, than whom no man ever showed a more uniform and even painful sense of the ridiculous, when the screws of tea and sugar were produced!" And in a note, Mr. Forster adds: "Cooke says that Pilkington was the hero of this anecdote, which Goldsmith always told with extraordinary humour; but I doubt if Pilkington reappeared after the white mice."

We have also a letter; not worth giving, addressed from Oglethorpe to Goldsmith. "How just, Sir," it begins, "were your observations, that the poorest objects were by extreme poverty deprived of the benefit of hospitals erected for the relief of the poorest!" It incloses five pounds, to be distributed at Goldsmith's discretion (discretion!), and asks him out to Cranham Hall in case "a farm and a mere country scene will be a little refreshment from the smoke of London."

Goldsmith sometimes appears on the same scene with Oglethorpe in the glorious pages of Boswell; and in the "Deserted Village" there is a fancy sketch of the colonization of Georgia:

- "To distant climes, a dreary scene,
- "Where half the convex world intrudes between,
- "Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
- "Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
- " Far different these from all that charmed before,
- "The various terrors of that horrid shore;
- "Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
- "And fiercely shed intolerable day;

- "Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
- "But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling.
- "Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
- "Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
- "Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
- "The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
- "Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
- "And savage men more murderous still than they;
- "While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
- " Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
- "Far different these from every former scene,
- "The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
- "The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
- "That only sheltered thefts of harmless love."

Goldsmith died in the summer of 1774, when he was forty-six, Oglethorpe eighty-five. "Let not his frailties be remembered," Johnson always said of him; "he was a very great man."

# 2. James Boswell, 1740-1795.

A man of Mr. Forster's scholarship at once, and relish of literature, has remarked that General Oglethcrpe's "has become, by the compliment of Pope, and in the page of Boswell, an historical name." That is how it seems to many; our hero is historical, not at all because he founded Georgia, but because he walks, with his tie-wig and his gold-headed stick, through a corner of Boswell's great panorama.

It would be hard to say anything worse of Boswell than he has said of himself. He had a most uncalculating tongue. "One great fault of mine," he says, "is talking at random. I will guard against it." He admits that he had little personal cour-

age, and says that he was "utterly wanting in solidity and force of mind." "I, James Boswell, Esq.," he writes on one occasion, "you know what vanity that name includes." And so the circle of his confessions might be continued. But it has come to be felt, with more and more of irritation, that Macaulay's classification of all Boswell's qualities by the single label, "Fool," is intolerable. This fool has done better work in biography than even Macaulay ever did in history. Indeed, it may be said that no man mentioned in the course of this volume did the thing which he undertook to do, so supremely well as James Boswell. To every biographer hereafter he must remain master, and king, and lord.

Mr. Hill has remarked what a huge pity it was that the two greatest geniuses that Avrshire, or perhaps Scotland, ever produced, Boswell and Burns, should at the same time have been drinking themselves to death within a few miles of each other. What does it matter? unless, parenthetically, in so far as the possibility of such things happening in the last century, may extenuate certain phases of General Oglethorpe's legislation. Greatly as Boswell relished wine, says Mr. Hill, he relished fame still more. He worked hard for fame: and he has told us how he enjoyed it: "I have obtained my desire: and whatever clouds may overcast my days, I can now walk here among the rocks and woods of my ancestors, with an agreeable consciousness that I have done something worthy."

In 1765, when barely twenty-five, he made a most

plucky expedition alone into the wild interior of Corsica. In 1768 he published his "Account of Corsica:" the book which revealed Paoli and the Corsicans to Europe, which merely "amused" Horace Walpole, but which "strangely moved" his correspondent, the musing Gray. Boswell has told us, in a note to his account of a famous evening at General Oglethorpe's, how it was to this book that he owed his acquaintance with the General.

"Let me here," he says, "be allowed to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude to the memory of that excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because my first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publication of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honour to call on me, and approaching me with a frank and courteous air, said, 'My name, Sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you.' I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent man, of whom I had read in Pope, from my earliest years,

- 'Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
- 'Will fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole.'

[badly misquoted,—for true reading see page 140]. I was fortunate enough to be found worthy of his good opinion, insomuch, that I not only was invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his table, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be disengaged; and in his society I never failed to

enjoy learned and animated conversation, seasoned with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion."

Boswell was gallantly collecting subscriptions in money, cannon, etc., for the Corsicans, and in September of the same year, writing to his friend Temple, he says: "Old General Oglethorpe, who has come to see me, and is with me often, just on account of my book, bids me not marry till I have first put the Corsicans in a proper situation. 'You may make a fortune in the doing of it,' said he; 'or, if you do not, you will have acquired such a character as will entitle you to any fortune." In still another letter of the time we get a glimpse of Oglethorpe: "I have had David Hume in the forenoon, and Mr. Johnson in the afternoon, of the same day, visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr. Franklin, and some more company dined with me to-day: and Mr. Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr. Garrick alone another, and David Hume and some more literati dine with me next week. I give admirable dinners," etc. And in a note to his "Tour to the Hebrides," relating a little anecdote of Dr. Johnson, he speaks of their having had many a valuable day at General Oglethorpe's.

In his account of the famous evening at General Oglethorpe's, of which I have spoken, Boswell says: "On Monday, April 10, I dined with him [Dr. Johnson] at General Oglethorpe's, with Mr. Langton and the Irish Dr. Campbell, whom the General had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very

high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad. . . . He [Dr. Johnson] this day enlarged upon Pope's melancholy remark,

'Man never is, but always to be blest.'

"He asserted, that the present was never a happy time to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, Never, but when he is drunk!

"He urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his life. He said, 'I know no man whose life would be more interesting. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it.'" And in a note, Boswell adds: "The General seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subsequent occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed to writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehending that his friends were so soon to lose him; for notwithstanding his great age, he was very healthy and vigourous, and was at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fatal at any period of life." Johnson seems never to have

seriously undertaken the Life of Oglethorpe, and Boswell's undertaking went the way of his intended Life of Hume; Dr. Holmes and Mr. Wright have in vain tried to stir up any traces of it among the Boswell papers still in possession of his family. And so the hero who might have had a Boswell or a Johnson for his poet, has had a Wright, or myself.

By one of the queer chances of life, the memoirs of the aforesaid "Irish Dr. Campbell" turned up at the antipodes nearly a century after this dinner party of 1775. His notes are more explicit than Boswell's. He states that when Dr. Johnson pressed Oglethorpe to write his Life, the old General excused himself by saving that the life of a private man was not worthy of public notice, and seemed also to excuse himself on the ground of incapacity. Yet he asked Boswell to bring him some good almanac, that he might recollect dates; whereupon Boswell said he need only furnish the skeleton, and that Dr. Johnson would supply bones and sinews. "He would be a good doctor," retorted Oglethorpe, "who could do that." "Well," answered Dr. Campbell, "he is a good Doctor!" and Dr. Johnson shook with laughter.

Two years before this, in April, Boswell had recorded a dinner at Oglethorpe's house, with Johnson and Goldsmith. A splendid discussion took place between Johnson and Goldsmith, but we must not notice it, as Oglethorpe took no part, and as it resembles another conversation at the same table a few years later, when Oglethorpe took a prominent

part. "We drank tea with the ladies; and Goldsmith sang Tony Lumpkin's song in his comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune (the 'Humours of Ballamagairy'), which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle; but as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out. He afterward wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears amongst his poems. Dr. Johnson, in his way home, stopped at my lodgings in Piccadilly, and sat with me, drinking tea a second time, till a late hour."

In 1776 Dr. Johnson let off a bit of criticism about General Oglethorpe's conversation. "The uncommon vivacity," says Boswell, "of General Oglethorpe's mind, and variety of knowledge, having sometimes made his conversation seem too desultory, Johnson observed, 'Oglethorpe, Sir, never completes what he has to sav.' He on the same account made a similar remark on Patrick Lord Elibank: 'Sir, there is nothing conclusive in his talk.'" And in 1778, when Johnson was sixty-nine, Oglethorpe eighty-nine, occurred the last of the famous dinners at Oglethorpe's house. "On Tuesday, April 14th, I dined with him [Dr. Johnson] at General Oglethorpe's, with General Paoli and Mr. Lang-General Oglethorpe declaimed against luxury. JOHNSON: 'Depend upon it, Sir, every state of society is as luxurious as it can be. Men always take the best they can get.' OGLETHORPE: 'But the best depends much upon ourselves; and if we can be as well satisfied with plain things, we are in the

wrong to accustom our palates to what is high-seasoned and expensive. What says Addison in his 'Cato,' speaking of the Numidian?

- "Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
- "Amid the running stream he slakes his thirst,
- "Toils all the day, and at the approach of night,
- "On the first friendly bank he throws him down.
- "Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
- "And if the following day he chance to find
- "A new repast, or an untasted spring,
- "Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

"'Let us have that kind of luxury, Sir, if you will.' [Did he remember that bitter night at Darien, fortytwo years before, when he refused Captain Mackintyre's single bed with sheets, and slept in his plaid by the watch-fire, with the delighted Highlanders?] JOHNSON: 'But hold, Sir; to be merely satisfied is not enough. It is in refinement and elegance that the civilized man differs from the savage. A great part of our industry and all our ingenuity is exercised in procuring pleasure; and, Sir, a hungry man has not the same pleasure in eating a plain dinner that a hungry man has in eating a luxurious dinner. You see I put the case fairly. A hungry man may have as much, nay, more pleasure in eating a plain dinner, than a man grown fastidious has in eating a luxurious dinner. But I suppose the man who decides between the two dinners to be equally a hungry man.'

"Talking of different governments-Johnson: the more contracted power is, the more easily it is destroyed. A country governed by a despot is an inverted cone. Government there cannot be so firm, as when it rests upon a broad basis gradually contracted, as the government of Great Britain, which is founded on the Parliament, then in the privy-council, then in the king.' Boswell: 'Power, when contracted into the person of the despot, may be easily destroyed, as the prince may be cut off. So Caligula wished that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might cut them off at a blow.' OGLETHORPE: 'It was of the Senate he wished that. The Senate, by its usurpation, controlled both the emperor and the people. And don't you think that we see too much of that in our own Parliament?'"

Two other prominent passages in which Boswell mentions Oglethorpe have been already quoted in the earlier portions of this narrative. Our last glimpse of him as Johnson's friend occurs in 1783. Johnson was seventy-four, within twenty months of his death, and fast breaking; Oglethorpe was twenty vears older, relished life still, and had more than two years of it left. Writing for Saturday, March 22d, Boswell says: "I had paid a visit to General Oglethorpe in the morning, and was told by him that Dr. Johnson saw company on Saturday evenings, and that he would meet me at Johnson's that night. When I mentioned this to Johnson, not doubting that it would please him, as he had a great value for Oglethorpe, the fretfulness of his disease unexpectedly showed itself; his anger suddenly kindled, and he said, with vehemence, 'Did not you tell

him not to come? Am I to be hunted in this manner?' I satisfied him that I could not divine that the visit would not be convenient, and that I certainly could not take it upon me of my own accord to forbid the General.

"I found Dr. Johnson in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room at tea and coffee with her and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were also both ill: it was a sad scene, and he was not in a very good humour. . . . I was glad when General Oglethorpe's arrival was announced, and we left the ladies. Dr. Johnson attended him in the parlour, and was as courteous as ever. The General said he was busy reading the writers of the middle age. Johnson said they were very curious. OGLETHORPE: 'The House of Commons has usurped the power of the nation's money, and used it tyrannically. Government is now carried on by corrupt influence, instead of the inherent right in the King.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, the want of inherent right in the King occasions all this disturbance. What we did at the Revolution was necessary; but it broke our constitution.' OGLETHORPE: 'My father did not think it necessary.'"

Thus Oglethorpe's last word in Boswell is about his father, that turbulent Sir Theophilus who had died more than eighty years before. It does not appear that he ever again met Dr. Johnson, who died his victorious death, at the age of seventy-five, on the 13th of December, 1784.

### 3. Horace Walpole, 1717-1797.

It is an example of the hardness of life, the doating admiration which Boswell had for Horace Walpole, the way in which he would dream, as a bov. of some day so winning Walpole's friendship as to be able to have his works printed on Walpole's private press at Strawberry Hill, and the bitterness of the scorn with which Walpole always speaks of Boswell alive or dead. In truth, it goes against one's grain to mention Walpole among the friends of any man save General Conway; yet he must be quoted here for a page. He was that youngest child of Sir Robert Walpole, "so unlike him," says Mrs. Oliphant, "in every particular, and who is calmly described, with the incredible composure of the time, as not his son at all, but somebody else's." He it is who is also described, in loose accounts, as the father of General Horatio Gates, who won the critical battle of the American Revolution. He was eight-and-twenty years younger than Oglethorpe, and was not seventy at the time of either of the following entries, though he did make such a fuss about his age. Oglethorpe's name has previously occurred half a dozen times in Walpole's correspondence, but only in a casual way.

Writing to the Countess of Ossory, in February, 1783, a month before Oglethorpe's last recorded interview with Johnson, Walpole says, in tones of unwonted gentleness: "I am a Methusalem from the scenes I have seen; yet, t'other day, I made an ac-

quaintance with one a little my senior; yet we are to be very intimate for a long time, for my new friend is but ninety-four. It is General Oglethorpe. I had not seen him these twenty years, yet knew him instantly. As he did not recollect me, I told him it was a proof how little he was altered, and I how much. I said I would visit him; he replied, 'No, no; I can walk better than you; I will come to you.' He is alert, upright, has his eyes, ears, and memory fresh. If you want any particulars of the last century, I can promise them, but I know nothing of what is to happen to-morrow."

And in April, 1785, less than three months before Oglethorpe's death, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann: "In short, you must not talk of age to me, who am as much broken as if I was an hundred. General Oglethorpe, who sometimes visits me, and who is ninety-five, has the activity of youth when compared with me. His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom; two years and a half ago, he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor—I could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol. There is, indeed, a circumstance that makes me think myself an antediluvian; I have literally seen seven descents in one family. I do not believe Oglethorpe can boast of recollecting a longer genealogy, etc. . . . The east wind lasts, too, so that in every respect it looks like

the beginning of winter; and one so long neither Oglethorpe nor I remember."

## 4. Miss Hannah More, 1745-1833.

In the year 1784 Miss Hannah More was not at all the dear old lady, authoress of "Cœlebs," and of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," who walks through the beginning of Macaulay's Life. To be sure, she was nearly forty, and she had already a taste for keeping Sunday: but her eyes were bright. and shine bewitchingly from under powdered locks in the early portraits, and her heart was light, as it always was; she was the writer of successful plays and romantic poems, the pet of Dr. Johnson's old age, the favourite of the highest and the gayest circles when she came up from Bristol on her yearly visit to London. Listen as she writes to her sister from Mrs. Garrick's house in the Adelphi, some time in the season of 1784—exact dates are sadly wanting:

"I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender [so this lie is already in vogue!], and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great, his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever; he is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield [does the reader remember Ogle-

thorpe flinging out of the room in a rage at Murray's bad pleading in the case of Georgia versus South Carolina, in 1737?] and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and of all the wits of that time. He is perhaps the oldest man of a gentleman living. I went to see him the other day, and he would have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldred ["Sir Eldred of the Bower," Miss More's first romantic poem, in pretty stanzas of the ballad measure]. He is quite a preux chevalier, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry."

And again, in the same year, describing to her sister "a very small and choice party, which was made [at Mrs. Vesey's] for Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland," Miss More says that Burke "talked a great deal of politics with General Oglethorpe. He told him, with great truth, that he looked upon him as a more extraordinary person than any he had read of, for that he had founded the province of Georgia; had absolutely called it into existence, and had lived to see it severed from the empire which created it, and become an independent state. I could have added, whose wicked eloquence was it that helped to bring about this mighty revolution? and by his looks, I believe the venerable Nestor had the same thought."

It seems to have been to General Paoli that General Oglethorpe had succeeded as Miss More's chief beau and flirt. Mr. Pepys, writing to her in 1784, speaks of her "gay and gallant admirer, General

Oglethorpe." And the last mention we have of him is when, writing in 1785, but a very few days before his death, Miss More says: "I am just going to flirt a couple of hours with my beau, General Oglethorpe."

#### CHAPTER XX.

DEATH, AND SINCE, 1785-

On the 1st of July, 1785, General Oglethorpe died at Cranham Hall, in Essex. To be sure, he was carried off, as Boswell says, by a violent fever, which might have proved fatal at any age; but he seems merely to have dropped off, like any other last leaf in a frosty gale. He was just past ninety-six years of age.

He was buried in the little church at Cranham, and an epitaph of intolerable length was written for him by Mr. Capel Lofft. However, it contains a useful summary, and I give it, mercifully run together for the benefit of the reader:

"Near this place lie the remains of JAMES ED-WARD OGLETHORPE, ESQ., who served under Prince Eugene, and in 1714 was Captain-Lieutenant in the 1st troop of Queen's Guards. In 1740 he was appointed Colonel of a regiment to be raised for Georgia. In 1745 he was appointed Major-General; in 1747, Lieutenant General; and in 1765 General of his Majesty's forces. In his civil station he was very early conspicuous. He was chosen M. P. for Haslemere in Surrey in 1722, and continued to represent it till 1754. In the Committee of Par-

liament for enquiring into the state of the Gaols, formed February 25th, 1728, and of which he was Chairman, the active and persevering zeal of his benevolence found a truly suitable employment, by visiting, with his colleagues of that generous body, the dark and pestilential dungeons of the Metropolis; detecting the most enormous oppressions; obtaining exemplary punishment on those who had been guilty of such outrages against Humanity and Justice, and restoring multitudes from extreme misery to light and freedom. Of these, about 700, rendered, by long confinement for debt, strangers and helpless in the land of their birth, and desirous of seeking an asylum in the wilds of America, were by him conducted thither in 1732. He willingly encountered in their behalf a variety of fatigue and danger, and thus became the founder of the Colony of Georgia; which (founded on the ardent wish for liberty) set the noble example of prohibiting the importation of Slaves. This new establishment he strenuously and successfully defended against a powerful invasion of the Spaniards. In the year in which he quitted England to found this settlement, he nobly strove to restore our true national defences by Sea and Land, a free Navy without impressing: a constitutional Militia. But his social affections were more enlarged than even the term Patriotism can express. He was the friend of the oppressed Negro; no part of the world was too remote, no interest too unconnected or too opposed to his own. to prevent his immediate succour of suffering humanity. For such qualities he received from the evermemorable John, Duke of Argyle, a full testimony in the British Senate to his military character, his natural generosity, his contempt of danger, and his regard for the Publick. A similar encomium is perpetuated in a foreign language; and, by one of our most celebrated Poets, his remembrance is transmitted to Posterity in lines justly expressive of the purity, the ardour, the extent, of his benevolence. He lived till the 1st of July, 1785, a venerable instance to what a fulness of duration and of continued usefulness a life of temperance and virtuous labour, is capable of being protracted. His widow, Elizabeth, Daughter of Sir Nathan Wrighte, of Cranham Hall, Essex, Bart., and only sister and heiress of Sir Samuel Wrighte, Bart., of the same place, surviving with regret (though with due submission to Divine Providence) an affectionate husband, after an union of more than 40 years, hath inscribed to his memory these faint traces of his excellent character."

And beneath are some verses by the Reverend Moses Brown, beginning, if I remember, "Religion watching o'er his urn," and not worth quoting.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1785, appeared an obituary by General Oglethorpe's friend, Mr. Granville Sharpe. The following are the more important parts, copied from the almost illegible yellow pages:

"July 11th.

"Mr. Urban.

... On the 30th of June [note the origin of a

common error], 1785, at Cranham hall in Essex, died James Edward Oglethorpe, esq., a general in the army. The papers mention his age to be 102; but," etc. "However this may be (and he would never tell his age) he retained his understanding, his eyesight (reading without spectacles), his hearing, and the use of his limbs, till within two or three days of his death.

"In 1729 he engaged in the generous enquiry into the state of the gaols, on finding a gentleman, whom he went to visit in the Fleet, loaded with irons and used in the most barbarous manner. He was chairman of the committee appointed by the House of Commons to make this enquiry, on which such facts came out as were shocking to humanity. It seemed incredible that such infamous oppression should have so long remained unpunished, in a country where (happily,) the law is superior to power. The good effects of this interposition have been felt ever since by the unhappy prisoners.

"Remarkable for his abstemiousness, he enjoyed good health; and, such was his activity, that to the last he would outwalk younger persons.

"If he indulged himself in a sort of garrulity, it was that of one, who having read and seen much, with much observation, was willing to communicate his knowledge; and few who attended to him did so without receiving information.

"His private benevolence was great. The fam-

ilies of his tenants and dependents were sure of his assistance whilst they deserved it; and he has frequently supported a tenant whose situation was doubtful, not merely by forebearing to ask for rent, but by lending him money to go on with his farm.

S."

Two days before the date of this letter, Horace Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory: "I make no commentary on General Oglethorpe's death, Madame, because his very long life was the great curiosity, and the moment he is dead the rarity is over; and, as he was but ninety-seven [ninety-six], he will not be a prodigy compared with those who reached to a century and a half. He is like many who make a noise in their own time from some singularity, which is forgotten, when it comes to be registered with others of the same genius, but more extraordinary in their kind. How little will Dr. Johnson be remembered, when he is confounded with the mass of authors of his own calibre!" in his "History of the Reign of George II.," Walpole gives this summary of General Oglethorpe's worth: "It was uncertain whether he was a Whig or a Jacobite, whether very brave or a coward, for he had fought several duels, and ran away in the Rebellion; very certain that he was a troublesome and tiresome speaker, though even that was now and then tempered with sense."

Dr. Joseph Warton, on the other hand, commenting on Pope's famous couplet on Oglethorpe,

says, in a paragraph of which I have already quoted parts: "Here are lines that will justly confer immortality on a man who well deserved so magnificent an eulogium. He was at once a great hero and a great legislator. The vigor of his mind and body have seldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different scenes in which he had been engaged, make one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. Johnson once offered to do it, if the General would furnish the materials. . . . But his settlement of the colony in Georgia gave a greater lustre to his character than even his military exploits."

For myself, there remains little to say about General Oglethorpe. His claims to be either a great legislator or a great hero are certainly inadmissible. The true life of General Oglethorpe it is forever too late to write. We know a little what he did, but we can never know what he was. Any impressions that we may now obtain can only be painfully put together from the outside, something after the manner of a plaster cast after death. And judging him from what may be seen on the outside, I should not be disposed to call him a great man in any sense of the word. There is too much bustle and effort in what we know of him: the inevitable is lacking; it would seem to be more General Oglethorpe himself than genial nature, who wished him to be great. Rather than a great man, I should call him an active, benevolent one, whose fortune it was

to do considerable things, and to connect two centuries by his life. As such, he is admirable. He stands among the men of the eighteenth century, breathing the qualities of their fathers, who were better men than they. He seems

"Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre."

Readers may recollect that, some eighty years before, two of General Oglethorpe's sisters made great French alliances, of which we were to hear anon.

Eleanor Oglethorpe, the eldest sister, who was born in 1684, and who died in 1775 at the age of ninety-one, married, in March, 1708, Eugène Maria Bethisy, Marquis of Mezières, or of Mazières, as it is sometimes written. She seems to have had the turbulent and successful qualities of her mother and her father. Two at least of her daughters married French princes. We get an ill-natured glimpse or two of her in Horace Walpole's letters. For instance, writing to General Conway in May, 1753, when she was sixty-nine, he says: "There is a Madame de Mezières arrived from Paris, who has said a thousand impertinent things to my Lady Albemarle [wife of the ambassador to France] on my lord's not letting her come to Paris. I should not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of the woman, who, he says, is mother to the Princess of Montauban, grandmother to Madame de Brionne, sister to General Oglethorpe, and was laundress to the Duchess of Portsmouth."

One of Eleanor Oglethorpe's daughters married a Prince of Ligne, but not at all the famous Prince of Ligne of the time, Austrian general and memoirwriter. Of this Princess of Ligne, niece of General Oglethorpe, we are told that when, in 1766, Horace Walpole had written a pretended letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, she detected the English authorship of it, as who would not, from this sentence: " Je suis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs." Of one of her sisters, also, we have the following glimpse. "I made a visit yesterday," writes Walpole in 1769, "to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece (sister to the Princess de Ligne), and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezières, and thought I might, to a spiritual votary to immortality, venture to say, that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think," etc.

Now General Bethisy, a nephew of the Abbess of Panthemont and of the Princesses of Montauban and of Ligne, grandson of Eleanor Oglethorpe, was, in 1785, an officer in the French service. He is creditably mentioned in Mr. Jefferson's Paris correspondence of this period, and on hearing of General Oglethorpe's death he sent to Mrs. Oglethorpe a letter of condolence the reply to which has ultimately floated around to General Jones's place at Montrose, and which, by the courtesy of General Jones, I am enabled to print for the first time:

#### "CRANHAM HALL.

Octr. ye 12th, 1785

"I am truly sensible my dear Sir of the honour of your very affectionate Letter of condolence. I shall always retain the greatest esteem for every branch of my late most honour'd and dear Husband's Family, and shall be very happy to deliver the Picture into your hands as a mark of remembrance to the memory of your ever revered and dearest Uncle; As soon as I go to London will remitt the Picture to the care of Monsieur Barthelemy who I hope will convey it safe to you. And have the honor to be

My dear Sir your most obedient and most humble Servant,

ELIZ: OGLETHORPE.

Monsieur General Lte. de Bethisy."

Another of General Oglethorpe's sisters, Frances Charlotte, married the Marquis of Bellegarde. She was possibly the mother of the Princess of Rohan who is mentioned as General Oglethorpe's niece. Her son, or grandson, the Marquis of Bellegarde who ultimately became Oglethorpe's heir, was, as the newspapers are careful to inform us, not a Frenchman, but a Savoyard. He had a regiment in the Dutch service, and was a personal friend of the Stadtholder.

General Oglethorpe left most of his property to his widow. She survived him for a little more than two years, and left the property, with the exception of large legacies, to be sold for the benefit of the Marquis of Bellegarde. A very brief obituary appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, probably from the pen of Mr. Granville Sharpe:

"At her seat, Cranham hall, co. Essex, aged 77, Mrs. Elizabeth Oglethorpe, widow of the late Gen. O. . . . Very many and continual were her acts of benevolence and charity; but, as she would herself have been hurt by any display of them in her lifetime, we will say no more Not to have mentioned them at all would have been unjust to her memory, and not less so to the world, in which such an example may operate as an incitement to others to go and do likewise. S."

And underneath the inscription to General Oglethorpe, on the tablet in Cranham church, were engraved the following lines: "His disconsolate widow died the 26th of October, 1787, in her 79th [?] year, and is buried in this chancel. Her fortitude of mind and extensive charity deserve to be remembered, though her own modesty would desire them to be forgot."

After a couple of years the Marquis of Bellegarde, with the usual intelligence of Frenchmen about matters not French, and with an instinct after proprietory possessions, appears to have imagined that General Washington, who was born in Virginia in the year in which Oglethorpe was setting sail for Georgia, must have been an intimate of Oglethorpe. The following stately, gracious letter speaks for itself:

"To the Marquis de Bellegarde,
United Netherlands.
New York, 15 January, 1700.

"SIR:

I have received your letter, dated the 18th of September, 1789, and in reply to it must inform you, that, so far from living upon terms of intimacy and friendship with the late General Oglethorpe, as it appears by your letter you have understood that I did, I never was so happy as to have any personal acquaintance with that gentleman, nor any other knowledge of him than from his general character. The distance of our places of residence from each other, which is nearly one thousand miles, and the different periods in which we have lived, are circumstances which preclude the probability of our having been upon an intimate footing.

"I have, however, directed inquiries to be made among the gentlemen from the State of Georgia, who are now attending Congress in this place, respecting the affairs of the late General Oglethorpe, and am informed by them, that they know of no lands belonging to him. One of the gentlemen, a senator from the State of Georgia, mentions his having been written to some time since by Mr. Jefferson, our minister at the court of Versailles, upon the same subject, and in consequence thereof he made every inquiry in his power relative to the matter; but there were no lands in Georgia belonging to General Oglethorpe; and he further adds, that, if there had been property of that gentleman's in

Georgia, in the time of the late war with Great Britain, so far from its having been confiscated, it would have met with singular protection, in consequence of the high estimation in which the character of General Oglethorpe stood in that State. I should have been happy, Sir, to have it in my power to give you more pleasing information upon this subject. I am, etc.,

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The public would seem to have known little more about Oglethorpe than did the Marquis of Bellegarde. I have seen a contemporary obituary which states that Oglethorpe was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Peterborough. Other delusive accounts refer you dimly to Germanic sources, as if Oglethorpe were already an officer of mark when he served under Prince Eugene. For more than half a century Mr. Granville Sharpe's paper in the "Gentleman's Magazine" remained the best summary on the subject.

In 1840 the Honourable Thomas Spalding, who had come into possession of the Oglethorpe house at Frederica, published a brief memoir of General Oglethorpe, in the Transactions of the Georgia Historical Society. This is good so far as it goes, but it is meagre, and compiled only from public sources.

In the following year, 1741, the "Memorials of General James Oglethorpe" were privately printed at Boston for the author, the Reverend Thaddeus Mason Harris. Dr. Harris was a man of some eminence in his day, and the author of scores of books

and pamphlets with queer titles, such as "Save the Jews!" In these "Memorials" he abundantly shows himself to be a man of amiable character, with diligent and harmless literary proclivities. The book is a pleasing one to use, as it is printed with luxuriously large type and paper. It is, unfortunately, as full of mistakes as of pages, but it remained for years the best Life of Oglethorpe. In 1844, W. B. O. Peabody contributed to Sparks's Library of American Biography a half-volume on Oglethorpe. This is a base little compilation from Harris, with original mistakes, and is quite enough to justify Carlyle's characterization of Sparks as "buckram and hickory."

The best Life, by far, is the "Life of General James Edward Oglethorpe," by Mr. Robert Wright, the author of the "Life of General Wolfe." It was published in London, by Chapman and Hall, in 1867. It is almost flawlessly accurate; it gives, with a few exceptions, every fact about General Oglethorpe, small or great, interesting or deadly dull, that could be obtained at the time it was written. My obligations to this volume are so great that perhaps it is ungracious in me to remark upon its absolute want of form, or point, or narrative power.

One county and one town in Georgia, besides several hotels and Ladies' Seminaries, are all that commemorate the name of General Oglethorpe. There is no public memorial of him in Georgia, or, so far as I know, in the world. We have several earlier portraits of Oglethorpe, but without excep-

tion they present a bloated, swaggering, unheroic face, with goggle eyes. The only good portrait is the charming print of Ireland, taken as General Oglethorpe sat reading at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books in March, 1785, but a few months before his own death. This is tolerably reproduced in Harris's Oglethorpe, and is known the world over from the excellent queer little copy of it in the old illustrated Boswell.

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